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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

PAGE

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES. BY Edward Shippen, Medical Director U.S.N. 202, 307, 426, 522, 633

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE NATIONAL GUARD BY ARMY OFFICERS (THE). By John P. Wisser, First Lieutenant First Artillery U.S.A. . . 609

ARMY REFORM. By Wm. H. Powell, Major U.S.A. 225

BORDER-LAND OF STRATEGY AND TACTICS (THE). By John P. Wisser, First Lieutenant First Artillery U.S.A. 1

CANADIAN QUESTION (THE). A MILITARY GLANCE AT IT. By Terræ Filius 333

CAPTURE AND TRIAL OF MAJOR ANDRÉ (THE). By Howard A. Giddings . 164

CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS. By H. W. Closson, Colonel U.S.A. . 482

COAST-DEFENSES FROM A NAVAL STAND-POINT (OUR). By Richard Wainwright, Lieutenant U.S.N. 46

ENGLISH NAVAL MANŒUVRES (THE). By Richard Wainwright, Lieutenant U.S.N 500

EVOLUTION OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT (THE). Translated from the French by Edward Shippen, Medical Director U.S.N. 549

FACETIOUS NAUTICAL ANECDOTES. By F. S. Bassett, Lieutenant U.S.N. . 123

FAIR GEORGIAN (A). By William C. Bartlett, Captain U.S.A. 592

FIRE-SHIPS, POWDER-VESSELS, AND OBSTRUCTIONS DURING THE CIVIL WAR. By F. J. B. 142

FORT FISHER. DECEMBER, 1864, AND JANUARY, 1865. By E. S. . . . 11

FORT STEVENS. By D. R. B. Nevin, Late Major U.S.V. 87

FRENCH ARMY AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1789 (THE). By Colonel W. W. Knollys 176

FROM BARS TO STARS. By Edward Livingston Keyes . . 52, 132, 288, 339

FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF TEDDY TUBBS. By E. L. K. 157

FUTURE OF CANADA (THE). By James W. Bell 240

INCIDENT OF FREDERICKSBURG (AN). By Wm. C. Bartlett, Captain U.S.A. 467

LEGEND OF A SOUL (THE). By H. W. Closson, Colonel U.S.A. . . . 150

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES. 108, 223, 332, 444, 546, 654

MILITIA AS AN ELEMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE (THE). By A Lieutenant-Colonel 280

MILITARY REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION (SOME). By General T. J. Jordan 508

MOBILIZATION OF THE FLEET (THE). By P. H. Colomb, Rear Admiral R.N. 472

NAUTICAL NOMENCLATURE (CURIOSITIES OF). By F. S. Bassett, Lieutenant U.S.N. 272

NAUTICAL PROVERBS AND SAYINGS. By F. S. Bassett, Lieutenant U.S.N. 352

NAVAL POLICY (OUR). By Richard Wainwright, Lieutenant U.S.N. . 234

NEW NAVAL PROGRAMME (THE). By Armstrong 64

NEZ PERCE INDIAN WAR, 1877 (THE). By W. R. Parnell, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A. 364

OLD UNIFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES SERVICE. By H. D. Smith, First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service 192, 260, 375

PAGE

OUR FLAG AT SAMOA. TO THE "TRENTON." By Thos. H. Wilson, Lieutenant U.S.A. 51
RECRUITS AND RECRUITING. By Chas. B. Hall, Captain U.S.A. . . . 25
REMARKABLE EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR (A). By W. F. Prosser . . 615
ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY (THE). By "P. O. Lisman" . . . 404
SERVICE JOURNALS AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Edward Shippen, Medical Director U.S.N. 86
SERVICE SALAD 97, 214, 320, 438, 538, 646
SOLDIER OR GRANGER? By William H. Powell, Major U.S.A. . . . 445
SPECTRAL SEALER (THE). By F. S. Bassett, Lieutenant U.S.N. . . . 81
STORY OF THE REBELLION (A). By W. R. Hamilton, Lieutenant U.S.A. . 296
STRATEGY AND GRAND TACTICS. By Edward Field, Captain U.S.A. . . 118
TRIALS OF STAFF-OFFICERS (THE). TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE DUTY. By Charles King, Captain U.S.A. 76
UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE (THE). By H. D. Smith, First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service 454, 579
VIEW OF THE ARMY QUESTION (ONE). By W. H. Carter, Sixth U. S. Cavalry 578

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VOL. II.—JULY, 1889.—No. 1.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	The Border-Land of Strategy and Tactics. By JOHN P. WISSER, First Lieutenant First Artillery	1
II.	Fort Fisher—December, 1864, and January, 1865. By E. S.	11
III.	Recruits and Recruiting. By CHARLES B. HALL, Captain Nineteenth Infantry	25
IV.	The Spectral Sealer. By F. S. BASSETT, Lieutenant U.S.N. (retired)	31
V.	Fort Stevens. By D. R. B. NEVIN, late Major U.S.V.	37
VI.	Our Coast Defenses from a Naval Stand-point. By RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, Lieutenant U.S.N.	46
VII.	Our Flag at Samoa. To the "Trenton." By THOMAS H. WILSON, Lieutenant U.S.A.	51
VIII.	From Bars to Stars. By EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES	52
IX.	The New Naval Programme. (From the *Nineteenth Century.*) By ARMSTRONG.	64
X.	The Trials of Staff-Officers. Two Years of College Duty. By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.	76
XI.	Service Journals at Home and Abroad. By EDWARD SHIPPEN, Medical Director U.S.N.	86
XII.	Service Salad	97
XIII.	Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States	108

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THE BORDER-LAND OF STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

"Wohlanf, Kameraden, aufs Pferd, aufs Pferd!
Ins Feld, in die Freiheit gezogen!
Im Felde, da ist der mann noch was werth,
Da wird das Herz nock gewogen,
Da tritt kein Anderer für ihn ein,
Auf sich selber steht er da ganz allein."

THE strains that once fired the soldier's heart to deeds of valor seem to have lost their truth in these days of science, wherein strategy decides the day, the battle, the very war itself. Are we not told that the campaign of 1806 was decided the moment Napoleon's deployment was completed? In 1859 was not Napoleon III. secure of victory the day his army stood assembled on the plains of Northern Italy? Strategy, apparently, decided the matter, and the personal valor of the troops seemed to count as nothing.

This has been the special theme of military writers since 1865, and has found its way even into general literature. Indeed, this great art is credited with having accomplished all the great events of 1866 and 1870. With hesitation and much misgiving, therefore, do we venture to define the limits of the *art of war*.

The latter includes strategy and tactics. *Strategy* is the use of battles in war, and includes all those measures which relate to the grand field of operations, the direction of the troops towards the battle-field, and the measures taken to reap the rewards of success. It may be defined as the art of bringing armies on the field of action at the proper moment, in proper strength, and properly supplied.

Tactics is the use of troops in battle, and includes all the movements on the battle-field and in its immediate vicinity, and the methods for securing the safety and preserving the active power of the army on the march, in camp, and in battle. It may be defined as the art of moving troops in proper military manner on the battle-field. These two sister arts are so closely related, so intimately interwoven, that no one can draw the exact line of demarkation between them. Both are the immediate and natural outcome of the general political and financial condition of the country, of the life of the people and the state, of the organization of the armies and of history, and by all these influences have they been developed and ripened to the present state of the art of war.

But there is one circumstance not usually patent to the popular mind,—the loss of control of the troops from commander to commander, down to the individual soldier. This brings us to the borderland of strategy and tactics. There is a moment in every hard-fought battle when the lines waver, and success depends on which side has the grit to stand longest. Is that strategy? Is it tactics?

Captain Scheibert states[1] that at Chancellorsville General Lee remarked to him, "After weighing all the considerations, I exert my utmost energies to bring my army to the proper point. The moment the battle opens I turn over the direction thereof, in the name of God, to my generals, who can better see and better direct than I." The direction of the commander-in-chief, of the division and brigade commanders, largely terminates with the actual contact of the troops, and is then limited simply to the bringing up of the reserves. The better the instruction and discipline of the troops, the higher the *esprit* and the simpler the relations, the more perfectly will they be able to execute the plan of the commander-in-chief. In this way the army passes from the guidance of the commander-in-chief as soon as the orders for battle are given, the division from its commander, and so on, and even the regimental commander soon loses the reins; the battalion commander, in the larger battles of the future, will preserve control of the troops the longest, while in the smaller battles and combats, or in broken ground, the company commander will hold on a little longer. But in the last clashes it must be to-day the common soldier who fights out the battle individually.

All operations rely ultimately for success upon power of fighting, for it is of no avail to conduct an army into situations which it cannot maintain in battle. Strategy ceases when the battle opens; tactics comes to an end when the control of the troops is lost. Science no longer plays a part; the soldier is no longer part of a machine; his

[1] "An den Grenzen der Strategie und Taktik," an article to which I make my acknowledgments for many ideas here set forth.

individual valor now rules the tide of battle. What is it that decides him to stay and do his duty?

"Not our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative is King over us. Even in the dullest existence there is a sheen either of Inspiration or of Madness (thou partly hast it in thy choice which of the two) that gleams in from the circumambient Eternity, and colors with its own hues our little islet of Time. The Understanding is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst not make it; but Fantasy is thy eye, with its color-giving retina, healthy or diseased. Have I not myself known five hundred living soldiers sabred into crow's meat for a piece of glazed cotton, which they called their Flag; which, had you sold it at any market-cross, would not have brought above three groschen? Did not the whole Hungarian Nation rise, like some tumultuous moon-stirred Atlantic, when Kaiser Joseph pocketed their Iron Crown; an implement, as was sagaciously observed, in size and commercial value, little differing from a horseshoe? It is in and through *Symbols* that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being: those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognize symbolic worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a Symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the God-like?"

In the end, then, all things depend on the individual character of the soldier. To make clear this conclusion, let us cast a glance at the history of some of the more recent wars. In 1806 the campaign was already won, we are told, by Napoleon on the 8th of October, the day his army was assembled. In 1859, Napoleon III. was quite sure of victory the day he completed his strategical deployment, and he secured it in spite of all the mistakes he subsequently made. But the campaign of 1870 furnishes the most striking illustration. In this, strategy scored unheard-of triumphs. The general plans of campaign of Von Moltke, evolved years before the outbreak of war, were followed and executed almost to the letter, and justly excited the wonder and admiration of the military world.

In 1806, when strategy had done its utmost, was it not still necessary to win Jena and Auerstädt? Napoleon did not enter Berlin till the 21st of October; why all this struggle if *all* had been won on the 8th? Ah, yes, there are a few other elements that enter besides mere strategy. Suppose Hohenlohe had not been prevented from making his offensive movement on the 13th, would he not have completely destroyed Lannes's corps and driven it into the Saale? Had not the Duke of Brunswick been killed, would he not, in all probability, have defeated Davout's column at Auerstädt? And who knows but that the events of 1813 might have been enacted as early as 1806? The strongest is not always absolutely sure of success in war. Fortune plays her part too. Even the great Frederick often said, "That man has no luck; I can make no use of him."

In 1870, of what avail would have been the wonderful play, the fine conception, of the skillful strategian, had the battle of Wörth been lost or that of Spicheren ended in disaster, or even had either of

these battles been indecisive,—results by no means beyond the range of possibilities. Such a want of positive results, however, would have prevented that simple concentration of the German armies in the interior of France, and thus with one stroke the entire strategical plan would have been upset. New plans based on the new relations must have been prepared. In the first volley which opened these battles lay, and in all similar future actions will ever lie, the boundary line which marks the limit of the direct action of strategy; and tactics, including the instruction and discipline of the men, stepped into its place. The European nations, in proper appreciation of this fact, vie with one another in the attention bestowed on the military training of the soldier. With the very fire of energy the troops are drilled, instructed in gymnastic exercises and target firing, and practiced in field exercises and the larger and smaller manœuvres, and this is carried to the verge of endurance, on the ground that a bow that is often used improves in elasticity, and the sword that lies idle will rust.

Tactics, as such, may have grand triumphs in planned battles, but in the partially-improvised battles, as at Wörth, where, in addition, the steep and often terraced slopes, the thickly-grown vineyards, the wire fences, and impracticable ground broke up the tactical formations, or at Spicheren, where the thunder of battle called together the troops of several army corps almost by companies, the laws of necessity often forbid the use of tactical masses, and place the final result of the battle in the hands of the chiefs of the smaller subdivisions. But just such victories have been, and probably will be in the future, the preludes to the great dramas enacted in war.

What was the real cause of success in these battles? How did they differ from other battles? The closest inspection reveals nothing new in the way of manœuvres; even the methods prescribed by the latest authorities were not followed, for there was no three-fold development of the attack,—preliminary measures, decisive attack, and final assault,—as is required, almost imperatively, by the principles of modern battle-tactics: nothing of the sort. We find only the simplest tactical proceedings. The faultless march of the Guard Corps against St. Privat, even, did not in itself lead to the glorious results of that day, nor was the victory secured by any premeditated tactical order in the attacks or by any ingenious use of the units of combat. By no means. The causes of success lay deeper than the tactical advance.

To get a nearer view of these deeper causes we must follow the course of a modern battle. Those finer forms of tactical manœuvres, such as in ordinary field exercises call forth excessive praise, or in the model exhibitions on the drill-ground draw the admiration of tactical cranks, must in future, under fire, give place to a simple, plain handling of the troops; and the brilliant feints and passes must be trans-

formed into the strenuous blows of the giant. A battle does not consist, as many imagine, in a grand advance of victorious lines of attack sweeping everything before them, or the helter-skelter flight of the unfortunate defeated. The historian must so present it in his descriptions, the artist in his paintings. Even the writer of an official account must limit himself to the presentation of such moments as demand special treatment, or to such episodes as involve important and instructive tactical movements. All those events which are less striking, which pass more quietly, but which nevertheless contribute to the final result, cannot be reproduced without too much expansion.

Those incidents which no account of the battle, official or unofficial, takes any note of, the thousand and one events observed only by the participants, the innumerable cases in which the direction and control of affairs glide out of the hands of the officers,—these are the little drops of water that make the mighty ocean of battle and determine victory or defeat.

The opening of the day of a great battle is generally very prosaic. After an uncomfortable night passed in a wet or cold bivouac, where the men, wrapped in their overcoats, have been gathered shivering about the camp-fire trying in vain to get warm; after the simplest of breakfasts, of which perhaps the draught of pure cold water was the only palatable constituent, the soldier goes forth to battle. There he may never even see the enemy; indeed, usually only long halts, uncomfortable standing still under shrapnel fire, or apparently useless camping in mud and under small-arm fire await him. The feeling of being exposed to the invisible missiles of the enemy, mingled with the uncertainty as to what is going on to right and left, often produces in the best of troops great depression and a consequent falling off in offensive strength, even when the battle in general is making splendid progress. In such moments tactics is exhausted and it is only a question of grit and sense of duty. Sheridan tells us, "Indeed, the battle of Chickamauga was somewhat like that of Stone River, victory resting with the side that had the grit to defer longest its relinquishment of the field."

Still more pressing is the appeal to the *morale* of the troops when an unfortunate termination of the battle forces an army, which has done its full duty, to retire. Exhausted to the last gasp, its resistance, pushed to the highest pitch, gives way, and with frightful reaction the resistless mass plunges to the rear. This is to-day no longer an organized retreat from position to position, as our predecessors taught and practiced, but an uncontrollable current, like the mountain torrent which, fraught with havoc and disaster, overflows its banks. Woe to the land that can oppose no other dams to this stream than strategy, tactics, and the instruction of the troops; these will be washed away like sand-heaps by the roaring waters.

Many instances may be found in the history of recent wars of the rallying of retreating bodies of troops, but none more clearly illustrative of the above than Sheridan's ride from Winchester when he met his panic-stricken men coming from Cedar Creek.

"My first thought," he tells us, "was to stop the army in the suburbs of Winchester as it came back, form a new line, and fight there; but as the situation was more maturely considered a better conception prevailed. I was sure the troops had confidence in me, for heretofore we had been successful; and as at other times they had seen me present at the slightest sign of trouble or distress, I felt that I ought to try now to restore their broken ranks, or, failing in that, to share their fate because of what they had done hitherto."

Was it strategy, or tactics, or the military instruction of the troops that caused the stragglers to turn and follow him back to the field, that caused Getty's division and the cavalry to hold on when all else had broken and fled, that inspired the officers of Crook's corps to hold on to the colors of the troops, that moved Custer to throw his arms about Sheridan before advancing to the charge?

Let us look a little closer and consider several other episodes which form part of all combats. The brigades advance, the regiments gradually come in contact with the enemy, the battalions, forced by local obstacles to give up their linear mode of attack with advanced firing line, so much in favor of late, break up into company columns; at the final assault the rear lines enter the firing line, and the position is taken. A general intermingling of the subdivisions and a breaking up of all units is the result. Again we have arrived on the border-land of tactics. It is useless to make any further efforts at attack with the exhausted troops in any sort of organized units; rather is it a question of handling a heterogeneous mass of men. Still the fire of battle continues to rage; the officers, who can exert their animating and order-producing influence only here and there, play but a secondary part in this stage of the combat; the men are mostly left to themselves; their sense of duty controls them; on their personal bravery alone rest all tactical measures which may still be executed, and in this part of the line the field of battle is like a great mosaic, composed of larger and smaller actions, thousands of which produce the final effect.

"The guns are still: the end is nigh: we grasp our arms anew;
O now let every heart be stanch and every aim be true!
For look! from yonder wood that skirts the valley's further marge,
The flower of all the Southern host move to the final charge.
By heaven! it is a fearful sight to see their double rank
Come with a hundred battle-flags,—a mile from flank to flank!
Tramping the grain to earth, they come, ten thousand men abreast;
Their standards wave,—their hearts are brave,—they hasten not, nor rest,
But close the gaps our cannon make, and onward press, and nigher,
And, yelling at our very front, again pour in their fire!"

Still deeper let us enter into the details of the combat. In the captured position the men lie; a shallow trench or a gentle reverse slope gives them cover. They are often members of several different regiments. There they lie, mostly left to themselves, while the enemy is perhaps contemplating a counter-attack, which is generally introduced by a destructive small-arm or shrapnel fire. The noise of the bullets, every one of which seems to be designed for every particular hearer, is terrific; the pieces of lead are heard whizzing, whistling, and purring through the air, and distinctly call to every man lying down and seem to caution him to "*look out!*" Such uninterrupted warning has a terrible effect on the nerves of the young soldier, for, after all, every man is more or less of a coward (in the ordinary acceptation of that term), especially when the enemy—in this case the bullet—is one which cannot be seen, attacked, or avoided.

Under these circumstances one naturally endeavors to escape the unearthly hail by dodging; one is tempted to hide behind anything that furnishes cover, or at least to stoop down so as not to be seen. It is a natural impulse with all, and not even the best of tactical instruction is capable of educating a man, when unobserved by his comrades or superiors, to face the hail of shot and shell. Whence, then, the energy which carries on the work? We have reached the limit of action, not only of strategy and tactics, but even of the military instruction of the troops. What is it that now leads on to victory? It is simply *self-command* and *personal bravery* which now induce the skirmisher to do his duty, which inspire him with a desire to peep from behind his cover and see what the enemy is about, and which, in the end, urge him to oppose whatever measures the enemy may contemplate by firing upon him or by bearing down upon him in the charge.

That raising of the heads is full of significance. If every man remained lying behind cover the enemy would have no difficulty in retaking the position. On the raising of the heads, then, depends the fate of the troops on a large portion of the line of battle. In other words, *self-control* decides battles as well as strategy and tactics. Its value cannot be overestimated. Without it all the efforts of the tactician are in vain and a decisive victory is out of the question. It determines, to a great extent, the character of the material of an army, and, just as the most perfect skill of the stone-polisher, with the most perfect machines, can accomplish nothing unless the diamond be harder than the stone to be cut, even so tactics cannot secure victory if the elements it has to work with are not superior to the enemy's.

When weak hearts swing the sword the sharpest blade is but a dull weapon, and the priceless pearls of strategy will be lost in the mire if there are no flaming hearts to set them in their proper light. But, when strong hearts guide the battle, we know what has been accomplished by a Zeidlitz or a Murat, a Stuart or a Sheridan.

"There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strewed beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest—
There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Victory beaming from her breast!
While the broken line enlarging
Fell or fled along the plain:
There be sure *Murat* was charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!"

This personal bravery and self-command, which steels men's hearts to noble deeds, has as many phases as there are characters in men. Some are led on because they see the end and aim of the battle—yes, the fate of the country itself—dependent on every individual act on the field of battle; some are influenced by a simple sense of duty to the country; in others, and this is especially true of the officers, a sense of honor is the principal motive. In all, it is not the feeling of excitement which preserves the man intact, but an inner consciousness that sends a blush of shame to tinge the cheek at the approach of weakness. It were well to implant this sense of honor in the private soldier; but, in the short term of service and amidst the other work required of an officer, how can time be found to cultivate the sense of honor so far as to attain the end desired,—to enable the soldier in the heat of battle and in dangerous situations (and these are the moments that test the true quality of the man) to remain perfectly quiet and composed even in the very presence of death?

And yet even this has, at times, been accomplished, but not by mere military training alone. That men may reach this high state of self-command is evident if we but remember "the battery short of ammunition near Châteaudun, whose cannoneers mounted upon the chests to sing 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' as though amusing themselves;" or, in the storm at Samoa, the "Trenton's" band striking up the "Star-Spangled Banner" while the ship was apparently borne on to her destruction.

But such instruction cannot be given in the army; there is no time for it; it requires long-continued and careful training, and neither proper training nor the sense of honor or duty can be instilled into the hearts of the soldiers in their few years of service. We cannot hope to give the soldier a new moral character; we can only attempt to preserve what is present ready formed in the recruit, and build on that as a foundation, and for this foundation the people and the schools are responsible to the army.

The instruction must begin at the mother's knee. There, where we learned so many great truths so pleasantly, this too must be learned, and she who has done so much to train the heart, has also formed, quietly but none the less surely, the character.

"To teach them. . . . It stings there. *I* made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word 'country.' *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about the tyrant turned out.

"And when their eyes flashed. . . . O my beautiful eyes!
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not."

Well for the land if the mothers are still true to their sacred duty. With them rests the laying of the foundation, and how nobly they have built in the past! So long as such mothers teach our children,

"And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old,"

there is nothing to fear. Characters thus founded will bear the test at all times.

The main motive, however, which is certain to make a man reliable in dangerous situations and force him to the utmost performance of his duty, is the religious conviction of an existence after death. Religion appeals more powerfully than anything else to true manhood and bravery, and not the least of its influence is due to its teaching that

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"

and that even unseen or unnoticed faithfulness receives its reward. The higher this reward the braver will it make the combatants; the more barbarous the views the more fanatic will it make the people; the more ideal its foundation the more deeply will it affect the warlike bearing of the nation. Hence we see in wars of religion the most terrific fury and the most exalted devotion to the cause.

The late Oriental war furnishes a most interesting example of this. The tactically raw Moslems, led by pashas of only medium ability and by the most incapable of officers, held the great Russian army in check for many months. The cause of this wonderful resistance was certainly not tactics,—it was the well-known belief of the Turks in happiness after death. The Koran and the teachings of the Prophet picture to them a paradise, in which he who falls bravely enjoys in abundance all material pleasures that can rouse the Turk to the highest ecstasy,—pleasures in which perpetual youth furnishes the power of enjoyment and shining palaces afford the charming means. Should not a poor, hungry, and footsore Mussulman, freezing in the wet trenches, long for a death-dealing bullet, which shall release him from a most miserable existence and in a twinkling transport him on soft pinions to a palace of bewitching houries? Is it surprising that the Turk looks forward, in fatalistic

peace, to a death which promises him only the pleasures that are denied him here?

Although this may be an extreme example, is it not true that a religious man, who believes in a conscious existence after death, no matter in what form, will always be braver than the materialist, to whom death can only bring the destruction of all sources of pleasure, and whom it must cast into unsubstantial Nothingness?

The same truth, that the warlike deeds of a people keep equal pace with its moral or religious worth, is written in brazen letters on the tablets of history.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

The greatest deeds are not those of inferior nations, but they are the victories of a small number of brave spirits under trying circumstances. Foremost among these are the deeds of the Hebrews, who under the judges and kings, and later under the Maccabees, dealt blows which still fill the world with wonder,—blows which led to victory, however, only so long as the religious consciousness had full development, but which were transformed into ignominious defeat as soon as the Israelites began to worship pagan gods and indulge in pagan vices. So, also, the first generations of the Greeks and Romans carried on great wars while they still believed in the sacred Olympians, but decayed and fell when they began to mock the shades in Hades. The great campaigns of Napoleon were the result of a new political spirit that permeated the people: as soon as this fever was consumed in wooing renown and honor the sword lay broken on the ground.

If a people wishes to preserve its place among the nations—*i.e.*, if it desires to possess a strong army, equal to all emergencies—it must exert all its efforts to excel its neighbors in inner worth, self-command, bravery, and strength of soul; for only with strong and energetic elements can the sister arts, strategy and tactics, win decisive victories. But, since the ideal qualities of a people contribute most to develop the spirit and bravery of a people, every nation whose aim is high must cultivate and nurse them carefully; these tear the man from the degrading and enervating addiction to sensuality and pleasure and carry him to the height where he is taught freely to give his life for his country and to disregard death when a great duty is to be performed.

"D'rum frisch, Kameraden, den Rappen gezäumt,
Die Brust im Gefechte gelüftet!
Die Jugend brauset, das Leben schäumt,
Frisch auf, eh der Geist noch verdüftet!
Und setzet ihr nich das Leben ein,
Nie wird euch das Leben gewonnen sein."

JOHN P. WISSER,
First Lieutenant First Artillery.

FORT FISHER—DECEMBER, 1864, AND JANUARY, 1865.

NEVER, from the time when Captain Newport sailed up the James to the present day of grace, did Hampton Roads see so many vessels anchored in its fair waters at one time as in the autumn of 1864. The forest of masts reminded an observer of the busiest of commercial ports; but no commercial vessels were among those there lying, unless we call commercial such as had been chartered for the transport of coal, provisions, and powder, and of troops, some of whom were to be food for powder. Armed vessels of all kinds were there, from the great steam frigate to the monitor; transports, from the two-thousand-ton steamer to the coal schooner; and lookers-on, in the shape of French and English men-of-war. River steamboats were busy, too, for Grant was besieging Petersburg, and the traffic up the river to supply the needs of his army was immense.

Grim and black, in the midst of this crowd of shipping, lay the "Ironsides," a vessel which had made a name at Charleston, and was looked upon with curiosity by every one who passed her.

A huge mass of wood and iron, she was not handsome, from a nautical point of view, although "Jack" often quoted, in regard to her, the old saying, "Handsome is as handsome does." She mounted, in broadside, fourteen 11-inch guns, on compact wrought-iron carriages, beside two 150-pounder Parrott rifles, all on her gun-deck and inside an iron casemate. Of very light draught and great beam, she could carry this heavy battery into water where other large vessels could not go. Her armor was of 4-inch iron plates, with port shutters of the same, all much indented by shot from the forts at Charleston. To these latter the "Ironsides" had been a terror; for, once in position, she could keep up such a shell-fire that it was impossible for men to stand to their guns against her. Her ends were not armored, and were again and again penetrated by hostile shot, but no one had ever been killed by hostile shot, between her decks, during the many engagements through which she had passed.

Twice, while off Charleston, she narrowly escaped destruction. During one of the attacks upon the forts there, she lay for more than an hour right over an immense submarine mine containing two thousand pounds of powder, which had been sunk in the main ship-channel.

It was intended to explode it by electricity at the time when bearings showed that the vessel was over it; but, most fortunately, something was wrong with the wires, and the charge could not be exploded.

On another occasion, when lying off the bar, the vessel was approached by a cigar-shaped torpedo-boat, which was discovered through the darkness running straight for her at right angles with her length. The officer in charge of the watch jumped on the rail to hail the stranger, when he was shot with a musket in the hands of the person directing the torpedo-boat. Immediately the torpedo exploded alongside, shaking the ship very much, and starting some knees and stanchions, but causing no material damage. The torpedo-boat sank, but the person conducting her, an ex-lieutenant of the navy, swam to a vessel near, and was made prisoner. On this occasion the "Ironsides" was saved from destruction by having the great hole under water for the "outboard delivery" on the port side instead of the starboard, as is usual in steamers. And if the torpedo had been inserted into that, as was intended, the vessel would probably have been destroyed and sunk, with all on board.

The engines and boilers of the vessel were very fine, but had not power enough to drive the great mass in which they were placed at more than six knots at the best. Her steering apparatus was a curiosity, the rudder being fashioned like a double-flap shutter, intended to double upon itself, something like a fish's tail. It gave much trouble, but her crew managed to get into position whenever fighting was going on in spite of such drawbacks.

Having been sent up to Philadelphia from Charleston for much-needed repairs, when the "Ironsides" was ordered to Hampton Roads she was sent up to Norfolk Navy-Yard to "strip for a fight." Here the effects of war were seen in the destruction by fire of large storehouses, ship-houses, and shops, and the blowing up of splendid stone docks, while, sunk in the river, were the half-burned hulks of several fine men-of-war. Hauling alongside the wharf, the "Ironsides" put on shore all her spars but the three lower masts, coaled ship, and filled the huge magazines with powder and shell, after which she dropped down to Fort Norfolk. Here two thousand five hundred bread-bags were filled with sand and placed upon the spar-deck as a protection from plunging fire,—a work involving great labor, but which proved most useful in the hour of need. After this was done the ship returned to Hampton Roads, where drills of all kinds, target-practice, and boat exercises were the order of the day.

It was well understood that the powerful fleet collected there was destined to attack some important stronghold, and that could not very well be any other than Fort Fisher, situated on Federal Point, and commanding one entrance of the Cape Fear River, as Admiral Porter's command did not extend below North Carolina. At that period of the

war the most of the Atlantic and Gulf ports were either in our possession or effectually closed, so that the principal and important blockade-running took place in the Cape Fear River. To guard both entrances of this river a space of sixty miles had to be patrolled, with the dangers of shoals and winter gales, in a notoriously unsafe neighborhood for vessels. This was done, and well done, too; but, in spite of the large naval force stationed there, the blockade-runners' swift, low vessels, commanded by skillful and daring men, *would* slip by sometimes, on a dark night, in spite of everything. They were painted a dull lead color, hard to see at any time, and in their construction everything was sacrificed to speed, so that they were, as "Jack" says, "like a spider-crab, all legs and arms." Generally they made the land miles to the northward, and, trusting to their color and the darkness for concealment, ran down close in to the beach until New Inlet was reached. Once under the guns of Fort Fisher they were safe, and could choose their own time for picking their way across a bar which, at the best tides, only gave twelve fathoms. Yet this place had been the entrance and exit of many millions of dollars' worth of stores, munitions of war, and cotton during the years of the war. It was, therefore, most important to close this river, and to do that it was necessary to capture Fort Fisher, after which the other forts and batteries would necessarily be either captured or abandoned.

Everybody was anxious to be off, and the weather was becoming more wintry and bad, but we were still kept waiting, because General Butler had conceived an idea that a giant torpedo, or powder-boat, might be run in under Fort Fisher and there exploded so as to destroy the fortifications and kill or stun the garrison. The preparation of this boat detained us for weeks.

But at last everything was announced to be in readiness. The troops which were to participate in the expedition, under the command of General Butler himself, came down the James River in transports, packed like herring in a cask, and, on the 13th of December, we sailed from Hampton Roads,—a huge fleet of ironclads, monitors, frigates, sloops-of-war, and transports; and a beautiful sight it was, as we steered south in a line extending for many miles,—the most powerful fleet, so far as guns went, which had ever been seen in American waters.

Next day we got round Hatteras, and hauled up to cross the bight of Onslow Bay to Cape Lookout. Here, under the sandy cape, the larger vessels anchored, while the smaller craft—monitors, transports, and others—went in to Beaufort.

On the 18th of December the fleet got off again for their rendezvous, which was indicated in general orders as "twenty miles east of New Inlet." In this position, literally "at sea," we anchored,—a position in which, in peace times, it would have been considered foolhardy for any vessel to remain at that season of the year. And here,

sure enough, we had a week of fogs, gales, and heavy seas while things were culminating. During the gales the vessels, especially the monitors, were half under water, and a print of the latter riding out one of these gales (steaming up to their anchors, and often completely submerged by huge seas, except the tops of the turrets and smoke-stacks) is not at all exaggerated. People little know nowadays, when it is the fashion to laugh at the navy, what they went through then.

At last the "blessed" powder-boat, for which we had again been waiting, made its appearance. This conception of Butler's must have cost the recording angel a great many tears, as well as the dear old Uncle Sam many dollars, especially if we consider the cost of coal, and detention and delay, and the "blessings" bestowed upon the originator of one of the most silly and unscientific projects ever broached.

The "powder-boat" was an old steamer called the "Louisiana." She had been purchased and turned into a gunboat early in the war, and was rotten and worthless. Perhaps it was as well to blow her up, to keep her from drowning her officers and crew; but this was an expensive way of doing so.

About two hundred tons of powder had been placed on board, and ingenious means devised to ignite it. The vessel was painted lead color all over, and her officers even wore lead-colored tarpaulins. A false smoke-stack was mounted abaft the genuine one, so that in general appearance, especially at night, she very much resembled the regular English blockade-runners. While lying off at sea the fleet had the greatest respect for this dangerous neighbor, so that once, during the gale alluded to above, when she parted her cable and came drifting down upon the "Ironsides" and some others of the fleet, there was an anxious time until it was certain she would go clear. If the great prow of the "Ironsides," reared up and brought down by the sea, had ever struck the powder-boat, the chances were that she would have blown up, and destroyed both the ironclad and herself. She was at last caught by some of the light steamers and brought to an anchor again without damage.

On December 23, ten days after we had left Hampton Roads, the weather became settled, and changed to cold and clear, with light airs off the land. That night the powder-boat was sent in, and exploded at about two o'clock the next morning. So much concussion was expected by some persons as to cause an order to be issued recommending certain precautions on board the ships, low steam, etc.; but to us, some miles off, it seemed not much greater than that of two 15-inch guns fired together.

As far as any damage done to the fort or garrison it was a complete failure, and a waste of precious time and a great deal of money. It did, indeed, cause some stir and momentary consternation; but so little was the explosion supposed to be an act of war that the Wilmington papers of the next day, in reporting the occurrence, stated that a Federal

cruiser had chased a blockade-runner in under Fort Fisher, and in doing so had herself got on shore, and been fired and blown up to prevent her from falling into Confederate hands.

It is a curious fact that a blockade-runner did, that very night, thread her way through all our numerous vessels,—perhaps for the reason that there were so many, all intent upon the explosion,—and went in just ahead of the powder-boat. The latter availed herself of the range-light set for the blockade-runner to go in.

Early morning on the 24th of December saw a busy time in the fleet, the crews having had breakfast before daylight. The wind was light and off shore, and there was a smooth sea, and the vessels all stood close in to the fort, assumed their assigned positions, the "Ironsides" leading, and then anchored. The silence and waiting while this was being done led people to think of torpedoes and other deviltries which might be awaiting us in the shoal water; but none were there. When all got to work the bombardment was tremendous. Probably so severe a fire was never concentrated upon a fort before, and the return was not very brisk, for it was simply impossible to serve barbetted guns rapidly under such a fire of shot and shell. The fort was a huge earth-work, extending about four hundred yards across the space from sea to river, and three or four times that length along the sea-face, with powerful batteries at intervals. Most of their fire was bestowed upon the wooden vessels, although a few heavy shot struck the "Ironsides," indenting the armor, cutting away the rail and lower rigging, and tossing about the sand-bags on the spar-deck. One 10-inch shot came into the unarmored end, forward, driving before it an air-port, with its heavy iron stem and lead casing, entered the sick-bay, and smashed up everything in the dispensary, and then was deflected from the berth-deck and the powder-passers by a heavy barricade of hammocks, placed for just that purpose. Then the huge shot hopped over a swinging cot in which was lying the body of a marine who had died just as we were going into action, and finally made an indentation like a saucer in the heavy oak water-way, not injuring even the dead man.

All day long we pounded away at the heavy earth-works, the hardest things in the world to injure, and at night drew off, just out of range, and anchored.

The weary, smoke-begrimed men had been asleep about an hour when the drum beat to quarters, and every one roused out to hear that a torpedo-boat was supposed to be cruising about us. There was considerable anxiety, but no excitement. The people at their quarters could hear, "Do you make her out?" "No, sir; I *did* see her, but I don't now." "I hear her. I hear the water strike her side!" "Fire here, marines!" Then there came a spattering of musketry, and then a d—n or two, and a sort of chuckle, as we heard some one call out, "It's only a ship's boat, sir, capsized and adrift." And so it was,—but her

round bottom, lapped by the ripple, looked in the darkness very much like the "David" torpedo-boats which the enemy were then using.

"Beat the retreat!" And in a few moments all but the watch were asleep again. The next day was Christmas, and as fine as the day before, and at the fort we all went again, ding-dong,—a wonderful sight indeed. The garrison answered us from their heavy columbiads, Brookes, Blakelys, and Armstrongs, much more frequently than on the preceding day, and then, during the forenoon, the transports began to land troops upon the beach, about two miles to the northward of the fort. In the afternoon a considerable force was on shore, and they began to move down towards the fort, with skirmish line out; but nothing more was done by them that day. At sunset all the wooden vessels drew off again, but the "Ironsides" and monitors kept fast, although their crews were really more fagged and powder-sick than the others, for the reason that they began first and ended last, all in a very close place, the concussion from the heavy guns being very troublesome. The 11- and 15-inch guns have a mellow, pealing sound as compared with the sharp reports of smaller pieces, but of course the volume of sound is much greater. Our men, especially the spongers, were in some cases quite blind at the end of the day from the blast of hot sulphurous smoke which was driven inboard on account of our firing to windward.

On the 26th of December neither army nor navy did much. The weather had changed, and there was a southeast swell. The troops skirmished in the woods above with some battalions from Wilmington, and the gunboats shelled the bush now and then; but the comparatively quiet, gray day was a great contrast to the roaring times on the two days before.

Everything seemed uncertain, and General Butler appeared unable to make up his mind; but at last that military chief decided that an assault of the fort was not feasible, and the operation was abandoned, although competent judges aver that Fort Fisher would have yielded to assault on that day much more readily than she did three weeks afterwards.

The night passed quietly, and on the 27th the weather was fine, the troops re-embarked, and the transports moved off for Hampton Roads again as fast as they were loaded, while the naval vessels replenished their coal and stores from *their* transports and *waited.* Of course the garrison of Fort Fisher were much interested in these operations, and at last, after hardly daring to credit the evidence of their own eyes that they were being "left alone," did about as saucy and aggravating a thing as they could do,—viz., they fired a salute. It was no fault of the navy or of the troops that they had been brought so far to do nothing; but there was no getting over the fact that the expedition, so long

in preparation and setting out with such a flourish of trumpets, had *failed.*

Yet there is a consolation in the fact that the same ship, and the same troops, with a different commanding officer, took the place a little later, and when it was much stronger.

The naval vessels now went up to Beaufort, where we had first made rendezvous, and remained there until the 12th of January, during which we had a succession of heavy gales from southeast. The frigates and other large vessels put to sea on one occasion, and the light-draught craft went in over the bar; but the old "Ironsides" could not cross the bar, and could not steam to sea in face of such a gale, and so had to "lay it out." One night we lost an anchor and chain, and, in spite of our engine, were almost in the breakers, so that all hands were called to give them a chance. But the good ship was reserved for better things, and, after an anxious time, the gale abated, the sea went down, and we got out to our original anchorage. In the intervals between gales of wind we all managed to fill up with coal and powder from the transports, and it was with joy and exultation that we heard we were "to try again;" the same troops to accompany us, but to be under the command of General Terry.

On the date above mentioned we sailed again for New Inlet, with the troop-ships in close company, and having a light northwest wind and smooth sea.

There was no shilly-shally, or "backing and filling," as "Jack" calls it, this time, but early on the morning of January 13 we went at the fort again, the "Ironsides" leading in, as usual. As soon as we began to pound the huge earth-work the soldiers began to land, some distance above. It was evident that the garrison had been reinforced, and had mounted some more heavy guns, for our fire was returned very briskly, and we were struck more frequently, while the naval battery to the south, the guns of which were nearer the water surface, was particularly active and spiteful.

On this day we had an exhibition of the excitability and fighting qualities of a game-cock which had been on board a long time and was a great pet of the crew. On previous days of fighting he had been put away below, but on this occasion he escaped from his coop and reached the spar-deck, where he strutted about upon the sand-bags, fluttering his wings and crowing loudly, and evidently enjoying the roar of the battle, and by nightfall was as hoarse as any gun-captain. He had some narrow escapes from shot and splinters, and was once nearly swept overboard by a shower of sand from one of the bags which was torn with shot, but he never left the deck or dodged a bit.

At dark we ceased firing, the ironclads retaining their position. But about ten o'clock the enemy began firing 68-pound shot at the "Ironsides," and, as we could not return it to advantage, we hove up

our anchor and dropped out of range. Some of the "double-enders," which carried 11-inch guns, kept firing at intervals during the night to keep the enemy from repairing damages, which were apparently much greater than in our previous bombardment, for several fires had occurred in the fort during the day. During the night a boat came from the "Wissahickon," "double-ender," thus employed, for the writer to go from the "Ironsides" to her in a case of amputation. In the "wee sma' hours" he was ready to return, and shoved off in the "Wissahickon's" gig. It was a bright night, and "Johnny" in the fort saw the boat, and soon had solid shot coming to find out what she was doing. Some came so near that the water splashed over us.

"Give way, men!" said the writer; "give way *strong!*"

"Bless your heart, sir!" replied the man at the stroke-oar, "we're doin' *all* we knows. No use to tell us that!"

There was a sigh of relief when the boat shot in under the shadow of the "Ironsides'" great bulk; and after a rest and a drink (which was richly earned) the gig's crew started back, and arrived safely.

The 14th of January broke clear, and with a smooth beach and light westerly wind. The ironclads went in closer than ever, so that their keels were close to the sand,—impossible except with perfectly smooth water,—and the bombardment recommenced in quite a business-like way. Some reinforcements were observed to be thrown into the fort by a river steamer which had come down the Cape Fear River from Wilmington, and to-day the combatants were girding their loins for the final struggle, which every one felt to be near. By eleven in the morning the troops were all landed and intrenched among some scrubby woods about a mile and a half to the northward of the fort. South of this, towards the huge earth-work, there was an open space of sand and sedge for near a mile. At this time a storming-party of sailors and marines pulled on shore from the fleet, and were soon landed; and about half-past two the naval column was ready to advance along the beach, and at a given signal the fire of the fleet suddenly ceased, the quiet after such continuous uproar seeming quite unnatural.

The naval column moved close along the beach by the left flank, with the intention of assaulting the face of the angle or main work, which was about forty feet high and about like a railway embankment. In addition to these difficulties there was a very strong stockade, bolted and battened, and strapped together. Well, it was not a very pleasant job, but the sailors and marines marched down to try it.

As the fire from the fleet ceased the garrison came out of their bomb-proofs and manned the parapet of the sea-face of the fort, shooting at the sailors and marines from their "coigne of vantage" as if the seafaring people were a covey of partridges. To a looker-on the people who manned the parapet appeared only to fire the loaded pieces which

were handed them by people in the rear; and the fire was not only rapid but accurate. The beach was soon full of dead and wounded, for there was no protection from the fire. Some of those wounded when very close to the water staggered into the slight surf, and had to be assisted out. So heavy and fatal was this small-arm fire that few of the assaulting force actually reached the foot of the mound which formed the northeast angle of the fort. They could go no farther, and having reached a place of partial shelter at the foot of the sea-face of the fort, inside the stockade, they were obliged to stay there until the approaching darkness, and the hard fighting on the northern face of the fort, drew the garrison off, to the last man, and enabled the navy people to get away. In this foolhardy attempt twenty-one officers of the navy were killed and wounded, and the loss among the men was proportionate. As far as the assault went it was a perfect failure; but the lives lost were not entirely thrown away, as the naval attack created a diversion, drawing the garrison off to the sea-face, distracting their attention, and allowing the preparations for the real assault to go on unmolested.

About the time that it was evident that the naval attack was not to succeed, there emerged from the scrubby wood north of the fort the troops destined to assault the place. These were veterans from the Army of the James. Rough-looking, with frowzy clothing and disheveled hair and beards, after their long and hard experience in the transports, these soldiers had their arms clean and bright and cartridge-boxes filled with forty rounds, while they aligned and dressed in line of battle as coolly and precisely as if on ordinary parade. Probably there was not a man among them who had not been "in" a dozen times before. There was little fuss about it, and no noise of either bugling or verbal command. Then suddenly, at a "right shoulder shift" and a "double-quick," the line swept across the sandy plain which extended from the place of starting to the base of the huge mamelons which, running from sea to river, formed the northern side of the fort.

Some patches of rushes and dried salt grass were dotted here and there over the plain, but there was nothing else to obstruct the view from the "Ironsides." Nearly all the guns upon the northern face had been dismounted or disabled by the severe bombardment; but when the assaulting line came near enough the garrison opened on it with musketry, and a howitzer, which was run out from a sally-port, cut great gaps in the advancing line with grape and canister. Two field-pieces at the northwestern angle also began to fire, but were very quickly silenced by shell from the ironclads; but the one at the sally-port, which was drawn into a covered way to load, could not be hit, and continued to do execution. The assaulting force did not return a shot, and the onward sweep never ceased, although it swayed at times

when the gaps were cut in it. On such occasions we could see the officers spring to the front, and then the line straightened out again, and on they went, leaving many a poor fellow behind with the salt sand drinking in his heart's blood.

Such a charge soon carried them to the palisade at the foot of the great earth-works, and the pioneers' axes began to gleam in the western sun, as they chopped away at the palings, already shattered in some places by the bombardment. The fire of small-arms now became incessant, as the assailants began to respond.

After what seemed a long delay we saw the line pass through the obstruction, and, in another moment, they and their colors were seen on one of the western mamelons, sharply defined against the sky. Then there was a sharp musketry fight, and men, killed or wounded, rolled down the steep incline; yells of defiance and shouts of command grew louder and louder, and then there came a rush, a pell-mell struggle, and we see the colors slowly rise, and then established on the top of the next mound. Then more fighting, another rush, and the next mound was taken, after the most determined resistance. Seeing this, General Terry signaled the "Ironsides" to fire into the easterly traverses and clear them out, which was done with wonderful precision, until the advancing fight rendered the shelling as dangerous to our own troops as to the enemy.

The Confederates fought like tigers, and the sun went down and night closed in while this desperate infantry fight was going on, rendering it impossible to distinguish friends from foes by our glasses. Fearfully anxious, yet confident, we waited on the deck, listening to the varying sounds as the two parties fought at close quarters, guided in their fire by the flashes of their opponents' muskets. At last, about ten o'clock at night, there was tremendous cheering, and the tide of battle suddenly swept away down towards Federal Point, where the remnant of the garrison, about two thousand in number, laid down their arms. The surrender was instantly telegraphed to the fleet by means of signal lanterns, and every ship sent up round after round of hearty cheers; not only for joy at the achievement, but because there was an end, at last, of the blockade, on that dangerous coast, of a most important point,—so important, indeed, that General Lee had telegraphed not long before, "that it must be held, at any cost, otherwise he must evacuate Richmond." The Confederacy was by this capture completely isolated, and no more military supplies could go in, or cotton go out,—and cotton meant gold, the sinews of war.

Fort Fisher had been pronounced impregnable both by friend and foe, and was said to be much stronger than the celebrated Malakoff, at Sebastopol, by officers who had seen both places. Indeed, it was natural for the Confederates to suppose that the place would come off victoriously from the second attack, as they were much stronger in numbers,

and better armed and prepared in every way than at the time of the first attack in December. The success this time was no doubt due to the change in the commanding officer of the troops, for the men who carried the muskets were the same.

All the other forts about the Cape Fear were of the most approved and careful construction, and contained, among them, about one hundred and seventy heavy guns, with lines of piles, and torpedoes to be fired by electricity. An officer of high rank very pertinently remarked that the engineers who built such works, at the expense of so much time and labor, must have had an abiding faith in the Confederacy. Fort Fisher had been nearly four years in process of construction.

Early in the morning after the capture we came on deck to find a lovely day, and the morning sun shining upon the stars and stripes hoisted on the works. About seven o'clock, while still surveying the scene, we were startled by a terrible explosion within the fort, which threw great masses of earth and timber and bodies of men high up into the air, and then a dense balloon-shaped cloud of powder-smoke and dust hung above the spot in the clear air for many minutes. The magazine had blown up. How it happened no one will ever know, for those who could tell about it were all killed. Some persons suspected trains laid by the garrison for the purpose, but that was soon seen to be improbable in a high degree; and there was more show of reason in the supposition that careless drunken soldiers or contrabands had been exploring with open lights, and had fired some of the powder always found about on the floors of such places after a prolonged engagement. Some of the officers and seamen of the fleet, who had been on shore from the day before, were never heard from, and there is no doubt they had been led by curiosity to enter the fort, and were blown up. If they had been killed in the assault their bodies would have been found.

Just as the explosion took place the "Ironsides" was hauling off to deeper water, and to heave overboard the great mass of sand and rotten bags, torn to pieces by shot, which had so long made her deck look like a piece of common. This weight upon her deck had lately made her rather top-heavy, for she had fired very nearly four thousand rounds, and her shell-room and magazine were nearly empty. The paint-work all over the ship was begrimed with powder, and the crew, after getting clear of the sand, were set to work to wash this off. As the work would last some hours, a party of officers set off for the shore to look at the place which had withstood such a hammering for several days, and had given both army and navy so much trouble. Headed by the excellent Commodore Radford, we pulled for the beach, passing, on the way, boats conveying to their own vessels, or to the hospital-ship, those of the navy who had been wounded in the assault of the previous day. When we landed we found parties on the beach collecting and laying out in rows, side by side, the bodies of those who had been killed.

These were buried in the sand, a few yards from the water, after identification, in their blue flannel frocks and trousers, just as they fell.

The whole of the beach, as well as the sandy plain in the vicinity of the fort, we found strewn with fragments of shell, musket-balls, muskets, bayonets, cartridge-boxes and belts, pieces of clothing, and dead soldiers. There were no dead sailors to be found very far from the beach. Some of the bodies were lying in the strangest attitudes or postures, just as the death-bullet struck them. Some of their faces showed all the excitement and energy and deadly purpose of the fight, with disheveled hair and beard, while others were as calm and peaceful as sleeping babies, death having relaxed whatever grimness had been in their features during their perilous "double-quick" across the plain.

At the foot of the mounds and against the stockade, on the inside, were very many dead, who had been killed while ascending, or shot after reaching the top, and who were covered with dust and dirt from the roll down the embankment.

We had passed through a great gap in the stockade to be able to observe this, and then climbed up about forty feet to the top of one of the great traverses, and here we obtained an excellent view of the enceinte of the fort, the Cape Fear River, and the dependent forts upon the other side of the broad stream.

The first thing which struck us, from this point of view, was the great extent of the work, and the eye was attracted by the huge crater near the northeast angle, where the recent explosion had taken place. Sulphurous smoke was curling lazily up from the chasm, and all around lay burnt and broken beams, arms of all kinds, fragments of bodies, clothing, all blackened with powder. A major of a Pennsylvania regiment was hard at work trying to bring order out of the chaos caused by the bombardment, the assault, and the explosion combined. He told us he believed he was the only field officer left for duty in the regiments which had assaulted the place,—all the others having been killed or wounded. Already he had caused to be gathered in piles a great number of muskets, many of which were curiously bent or contorted by missiles, and some probably injured by the explosion. The bodies of many Confederate dead were also being collected and placed in rows for burial. Near them we observed two stretchers, on which lay persons clad in officer's uniform, with gray caps pulled over their faces. Thinking that they were dead, one of us raised the caps to see what their faces were like; and, to our confusion and surprise, found they were very much alive. One of them said they were both wounded in the legs, had been dressed, and were waiting to be conveyed to the hospital, having their caps over their faces to keep the sun from their eyes. Apologizing for our apparent rudeness, we passed on, being especially anxious to get an inside view of the covered way from which the howitzer had played such havoc with the assaulting column. It

ran deep under one of the great earthen mounds, was dark and damp, too low for a tall man to stand upright in, six or eight feet wide, and supported and roofed with logs. It had been used as a bomb-proof refuge for part of the garrison, and was in the filthy state in which such places always are when men are forced to remain in them for long periods under such circumstances. The stench was fearful, and the floor was literally covered with the dead bodies of soldiers, who must have been carried in there wounded during the shell-fire, and there died; a few poor fellows were still alive and groaning, and our fatigue-parties were just about to clean the place out, and separate the living from the dead. At the outer end of this covered way stood the field-piece which had done such execution. Its crew, in obtaining ammunition and in retiring after firing the last shot, must have passed over on the bodies of their comrades.

We did not care to look at the other bomb-proofs, which were probably in the same condition, but passed on to have a nearer view of the very heavy guns in the northeast angle. They were a 68-pounder and an 8-inch Blakely rifled piece, and it was these two guns which had particularly fired at the ironclads—while the latter had returned the attention in kind—at a distance of about a thousand yards, part of the time. Their gunners had been several times killed off or driven away; but, whenever the ironclad fire was slackened or diverted to some other object, they invariably returned. There is no doubt about it that the gunners who served those pieces were brave fellows, to be able to fire so long and persistently with 11- and 15-inch shell bursting about their ears.

Just before the assault took place one of their guns had its carriage disabled and slewed round, making quite a space on the gun-platform on one side. Here we found a sergeant and some men of the Signal Corps quietly cooking their dinner, close to the now harmless muzzle of the great piece. The sides of the embrasure were of logs and planks, and the shells had scarred and seamed not only the gun-carriage, but the planks, and torn great holes in the sand, to be filled up by the next explosion. In these holes lay some of those who had served the gun,—a proper grave for an artillerist,—one excavated by the shell of the enemy. Out of one of these half-filled craters projected the delicate hand and wrist of what must have been quite a boy, which was covered with a nice delicately-knitted glove,—not a mitten,—fastened about the wrist by a silken cord and tassel of light blue. Was it a sister, or a sweetheart, who had knit that glove for their soldier-boy? Whether or no, he was dead, and probably killed by the same shell which buried him. Of all the things I saw at Fort Fisher, I think most often of that hand, with its home-made glove, pointing heavenward.

There was another ghastly but most curious sight here. Against the planks of the embrasure lay, literally *plastered*, the remains of a

large, handsome man, in the prime of life, with the profile and his black moustache standing out in relief against the brownish background of weather-stained plank. He had been a very handsome man, and looked like wax-work. How can we account for such frightful injury to one side of the body without disfigurement to the other? One would have thought that the exploding shell would have most injured the nearest side of him, and yet his face had not a scratch or discoloration. But perhaps we have had enough of such horrors, and may pass to something else.

In Battery No. 4, as the painted board proclaimed it, we found a 150-pounder Armstrong gun, which we were curious about, as we had exchanged compliments freely and frequently with it also. This piece bore the "broad arrow," showing it had passed the English government proof, and had Sir William Armstrong's name upon the trunnion. It was mounted on a splendid carriage, and was said to have been a gift from some English admirers to the Southern Confederacy. Armstrong guns, of less calibre than this, were found in several of the forts about the Cape Fear. These forts were all taken or occupied after abandonment in a very few days after Fort Fisher fell. In many instances fine guns were found spiked, but in no instance was any very serious damage done to them. When the entrance was completely in our possession the armed vessel "Chickamauga," which had already created great havoc among our coasters, and was then seeking an opportunity to put to sea again, was run far up the river by her crew, and then sunk in a small creek. Our people kept up the night-lights, set to guide blockade-runners, and several came in at night, anchored quietly, and then were as quietly taken possession of, with their cargoes of blankets, shoes, muskets, percussion-caps, and other army supplies. On board one of them were found some English army officers, who had come over from Bermuda on "a lark," and to see the Confederacy. When the vessel was boarded they were found at supper, about to celebrate with champagne their escape from shots outside and their safe arrival.

At first they were disposed to be rather "airy," and talked about "British subjects" and the "British flag," but the boarding officer very soon put a stop to such nonsense. They were sent to New York by the first vessel going that way, and thence put on board a packet bound for Bermuda, so that they hardly set foot on shore anywhere, and least of all in the "Confederacy."

E. S.

RECRUITS AND RECRUITING.

THAT recruits are necessary for the existence of an army goes without saying: the latter cannot live without the former. This being the case, the questions become vital ones,—From where are we to obtain our recruits, where is the best material to be found, and how shall we induce them to present themselves as applicants for military glory?

In time of war, when the public pulse beats fast with excitement, and the public voice clamors aloud for armies and victories, the martial sound of the drum and fife echoing from every hill-side makes known the wants of the nation,—volunteers for her armies,—and from the shops, the factories, the plow, and the colleges, thousands of patriotic sons leave all and follow the country's flag. Then recruits are wanted by hundreds and thousands to form companies and regiments and corps, and to take the places of those who have fought their last fight. Reasonable health and ability to withstand the fatigues and exposures of active field service are of course expected, but in such stirring times the recruiting and mustering officers have neither the time nor the opportunity to make any rigid physical examination.

In time of peace, in our country at least, all this is changed. No national volunteer force then exists in active service. The regular army stands then alone, small in numbers, but perfect in organization and discipline, constantly on the alert with rifle in hand, as the nation's defense. Ready at any and all times to do the many things that seem to be required of him, we find the regular soldier, now exposing his life in conflict with a savage foe, now acting as a "reconstructer" of the disorganized South, the "refugees bureau," a *posse comitatus* for some demoralized sheriff, or, arrayed in all the pomp and circumstance of war, acting as escort to some honored chief.

The official life of the regular is five years. Recruits come and go, but like "the brook," the army goes on forever. Every ten years the army changes in its *personnel.* New men have come in to take the places of those discharged by expiration of term of service, sickness, desertion, or death. Many old soldiers re-enlist for a second term, comparatively a small percentage for a third or fourth term, and those who do are generally so old as to be unfitted for any other work in life. The army is, then, composed at all times very largely of recruits,

—they forming about thirty per cent. of its strength,—and a constant supply is demanded. To furnish this large demand our recruiting service is organized.

Formerly the term of service in the army was three years. Recruits are now required to enlist for five years. The latter term is altogether too long, and results in the loss to the service of many valuable men, particularly tradesmen. Any officer on recruiting service can testify to this fact. Many applicants for enlistment say, "Oh, five years in the service is too long. I'd like to join, but I don't want to stay that time. I thought it was three years." To most men the army is an unknown world, and is entered into with many misgivings and, it may be, with fear. Popular rumor, especially among those ignorant of army life, makes the service the home for all who are low and degraded. That such a rumor exists is sad and unfortunate, but that it *does* exist is nevertheless true. How often do you hear it said, "I understand the army is a pretty hard place; enlisted men are tough cases. Is that so?" These reports are circulated in almost all cases by soldiers who have become dissatisfied with the service, and who are unable to endure and appreciate the restraints of discipline. They probably desert, and while concealing the latter fact, do all they can to injure the service. A young man about to enlist, and knowing nothing concerning the army, and only rumors of it either good or bad, hesitates to bind himself for five years. He may become dissatisfied and homesick. While he would probably make up his mind to stick it out for three years if he saw relief at the end of that time, five years seems to him an eternity, only to be shortened by desertion. The argument, I believe, made by those in favor of five years' service is, that it takes three years to make a good soldier, and the government should not lose his services just as he becomes valuable. This is not the case, and is not sustained by experience. If a man is not a good soldier at the end of one year, he will not be at the end of three years or five years, and the quicker the army gets rid of him the better for all parties. Make the term of service three years and we will then have more recruits and better recruits; it will give a chance for the service to free itself the sooner from undesirable material; it will encourage re-enlistments among the old soldiers it is desired to retain.

Country boys make undoubtedly the best soldiers as compared with boys from cities. They are freer from dissipation, hardier, and stand exposure better after they have served a short time. Their habits are more regular; they are used to early hours both in going to bed and getting up. They are generally more amenable to discipline. During the Civil War the hardy backwoodsmen of the New England States enlisted by thousands. At first the great change in their habits of living caused many to sicken, and gained for them the ridicule of their brothers of the cities, to whom sleeping and eating at any and all hours

was a second nature. But after a little the backwoodsman was himself again, and lived to see his city friends filling the hospitals,—to cut down forests and build dams for their defense,—to open roads for their weary feet.

Of nationalities, the native-born American citizen furnishes the best material for our recruits; then follow, in the order of merit, Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, and Scandinavians.

Men of all nations, of all sizes, shapes, and dispositions, present themselves before the recruiting officer, all willing and anxious to enlist, and all without a doubt of their perfect fitness and desirability for the duties of a soldier. From the many few are taken. The report of the adjutant-general of the army shows that for the year ending June 30, 1888, "18,017 applicants for enlistment (nearly seventy per cent. of the whole number) were rejected by the recruiting officers, on account of physical, mental, or moral disqualifications." For the same year "the total number of enlistments and re-enlistments in the army (excluding those outside of the legal limits of 25,000 men) . . . was 7905."

To the recruiting officer is now applied the crucial test of his fitness for the position he holds,—his ability to winnow the chaff from the wheat. Should he be without the assistance of a medical officer his duties are doubled, and he must rely upon his own judgment, and act quickly and decidedly. He must learn to judge correctly of faces,—of human nature,—and as to the truth or falsity of what is told him. As a doctor, he must be a good layman. If he is aided by a medical officer, he must remember that the duties of the doctor end with the physical examination of the recruit, and if no physical defect is found, upon himself alone devolves the responsibility of deciding whether or not the applicant will make a desirable soldier. The rejected applicant will, of course, have a poor opinion of the officer's judgment. The personal appearance of the recruit should largely influence the officer's decision. Good, clean-looking soldiers make fine-appearing companies, and at our inspections we are too often judged by looks alone and not by what we can do. The recruiting officer should adopt and firmly resolve to live up to *this* golden rule, "Enlist for no other company any man you would not enlist for your own." If he never deviates from this he cannot go far wrong. Of course all do not see things alike, or judge alike, and all make mistakes; but if the rule is followed, the recruits will be acceptable to company commanders nine times out of ten.

The making of an army is in the hands of the recruiting officer. He determines its material, and by his acts says whether we shall have an army capable of great deeds, or one requiring constant nursing and severe discipline. He should be patient in his examinations, and careful in his investigations of the antecedents of applicants. He should

remember that while he is mentally taking stock of the applicant, the applicant is doing the same by him in all probability, and is very apt to judge of what his future life in the army will be by his first impressions. Stories of the dog's life led by a soldier, and of his harsh and tyrannical treatment, are too common in civil life, and should be corrected by all possible means. The best way to do this is for officers to see that there is no cause for them. It will not be found injurious to discipline if the recruiting officer moderates his dignity to a proper extent, and remembers that "parade" sternness is not always impressive with the average recruit. Let him unbend a little. He must not faint if some impulsive applicant addresses him with "Say, cap, I want to enlist," or "Be you the feller that wants soldiers?" He must bear in mind that these men are not yet soldiers, and probably do not mean to be disrespectful.

Recruiting officers should have private rooms, in which recruits can be questioned separately. Men present themselves who are talkative, others taciturn; some bold, and others timid. Some hesitate to tell all of their personal life, their difficulties, if any, the cause of their desire to enlist, or to ask for all the information they wish before a number of listening strangers. Take the applicant into a private room, ask him to sit down, enter into conversation with him, and, with the exercise of a little tact, in ten minutes more will be known about his antecedents and his desirability as a soldier than ever could be found out in an hour before others.

It is a fact, not to be disguised or refuted, that *want* drives nine-tenths of our recruits into the army. I know of cases, certainly, where men have left good positions in civil life to enter the ranks, but the instances are few; and these men entered the army to seek the "marshal's baton," supposed to be found in every soldier's knapsack. Want, stern necessity, then, being the prime instigator of enlistment, it devolves upon the recruiting officer to carefully ascertain in each case the *cause* of this condition. Is it the result of the man's own acts or not? If it is, dismiss him at once. If not, and he is a victim of misfortune, and *would* work if work could be had, it will be safe to examine him. Should he develop any liking for the army he will be apt to serve his time.

Careful attention should be paid to the comfort of the recruit—his diet, amusement, and instruction—while at the rendezvous and depot. All reasonable requests should be granted. He should be allowed, when practicable, to select his regiment, and be assigned to a company with a friend. All this adds to the contentment of the recruit, costs little, and injures no one.

In my opinion too many restrictions are thrown around the recruiting officer in his selection of men. No officer should be detailed for recruiting until he had served many years and acquired a good knowl-

edge of what is wanted for the service. He should like the duty. As it is now, he is not allowed to rely enough upon his own judgment. Many of the requirements are too severe; many of the questions that have to be asked are foolish, and, as for the information they give, are worthless. Did any man desiring to enlist ever admit he had "given up any occupation on account of his health or habits," or "ever been convicted of a felony, or imprisoned in a jail or penitentiary?" A man confessing to either would be suspected of mental weakness, and his examination a waste of time. As I have said, the figure and general appearance should govern the recruiting officer, and he should not be obliged to reject if measurements do not correspond with prescribed data. In chest measurement mobility alone should govern, and this should never be less than two and one-half inches. The recent order fixing the maximum age of the cavalry recruit at thirty years, and abolishing the minimum weight, is in the right direction. It should be followed by an order making the maximum weight one hundred and sixty pounds for cavalry, and one hundred and seventy-five for infantry and artillery recruits, and the maximum age for infantry and artillery thirty-three years.

The present system of recruiting should be changed as regards the establishing of rendezvous. The permanent location of recruiting officers in large cities does not, in my opinion, secure the best class of recruits. Officers should be assigned to States (one or more), and, from some central city as head-quarters, be required to visit at a stated date and for a specified time all of the cities and villages in his district. His coming, being duly announced, would be a matter of local interest at each place. Young men would discuss it, interest would be awakened in the matter, and the best class of recruits would be obtained. Applicants should be required to enlist at their own homes, or where they were well known. Their going into the army would then be known to their friends, and for obvious reasons this fact would have a great tendency to prevent desertion. As it is now, young men disappear from their homes, enlist, perhaps under an assumed name, become dissatisfied, and too often desert. They reappear at their homes, satisfactorily account for their absence, and chance alone reveals them as deserters.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, the number of desertions from the army was two thousand four hundred and thirty-six, and this number exceeds by one hundred and ninety the number reported for the preceding year.

The cause of desertion never has been, and probably never will be, satisfactorily accounted for. Many reasons for it have been assigned, and many remedies adopted to stop it, but the evil still exists. It never will be wholly prevented. All we can hope for is, to reduce desertion to a minimum. To do this I would make the reward for the appre-

hension of deserters not less than fifty dollars, and have funds available for the immediate payment of same. Now a person making an arrest has frequently to wait weeks and, it may be, months for the reward; consequently few citizens care to bother with deserters. Make the sentence of the court mandatory, that all deserters shall be indelibly marked with the letter "D" and imprisoned for five years in a military prison. The sentences now awarded by different courts for desertion are too diversified and too much in the nature of a lottery for the accused. He may draw a prize and he may not. Make it possible for a soldier to purchase his discharge, as suggested by the adjutant-general of the army.

It is absolutely impossible for the recruiting officer to tell whether or not a recruit will desert. He has not yet been gifted with second sight. No precaution of his can fully protect the army in this matter. The disposition of the recruit and his subsequent treatment in the army will determine if he remains or deserts. Careful examination will show that the majority of desertions are from the same companies and posts. Sometimes there is no more accounting for this than for an epidemic of measles; then, again, it will be found due to something radically wrong in the internal management. The first three months of the recruit's army life is a critical period. Disgust him or make him discontented during that time and he will be apt to disappear. Severe and unnecessary fatigue duty, harsh and unjust treatment, failure on the part of officers to properly look after the comfort of their men or listen to their complaints, are some of the causes influencing desertion. Another and, it may be, a greater cause for the evil is the brutal, unjust, and arbitrary treatment of recruits by the average non-commissioned officer.

Soldiers quickly recognize when they are well looked after and their comfort considered. The company commander who has no favorites, who visits his company often and regularly, who personally sees to his company's kitchen and that his men receive their food properly cooked and the full allowance, who controls his company himself and not by or through a non-commissioned officer, will have a contented command, respectful, disciplined men, and comparatively few desertions.

CHARLES B. HALL,
Captain Nineteenth Infantry.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, March 15, 1889.

THE SPECTRAL SEALER.

SANG unto me this sad refrain,
  A harponeer, grown gray and sere
In hunting, on the angry main,
  The Greenland whale, from year to year:—

"There sailed a ship from Bedford town"
  (Thus telleth he the tale to me)
"To hunt the seal and sea-horse brown
  Within the frozen polar sea.

"Northeast her eager course she spun
  Adown the lone and frigid zone,
Until the ling'ring midnight sun
  With dull and feeble lustre shone.

"Illusive mists with phantoms weird
  Bepeopled there the vapory air;
And palace, spire, and town appeared
  To loom gigantic everywhere;

"While polar gales with chilling blasts
  Beset them sore,—for evermore
These icy seas, these watery vasts,
  Forbidding farther to explore.

"Still northward sailed the skipper bold
  (He was a canny, reckless man).
'In spite of gales, and eke of cold,
  I'll carry all the seals I can.'

"He swore his ship with seals he'd fill
  From stem to peak, from keel to deck;
A noble cargo he would kill,
  Nor cold nor icy storm he'd reck.

"The sturdy crew, with eager hands
  And ready zeal, the helpless seal
Entrapped and killed, in groaning bands,
  Despite their cries and mute appeal.

"They filled with reeking corses full
  The sombre tomb of hold and room;
Then southward turned the lab'ring hull,
  Amid the fast-increasing gloom.

"For old had grown the Arctic day,
  And dark the sky and silent sea;
While far above did dance and play
  A brilliant heavenly mystery.

"Electric flames, with sheen and shine
  The stars outvied, and gleamed on high,
Eidolon bright of scenes divine,
  Beyond the dark and gloomy sky.

"The floating ice-hills, blue and cold,
  Spread far and wide, on every side;
The ice-quake warned the seaman bold
  Forthwith to stem the floe-strewn tide.

"Within his cabin, snug and warm,
  Thus sang aloud the skipper proud:
'I drink our cruise. In calm or storm,
  I'd fill my ship with seals, I vowed.

"'Nor reck I aught of ice or snow,
  Since safe aboard our cargo's stored.
Make sail, my lads, we'll homeward go!'
  But hark! what cries so loudly roared?

"The murdered seals, with ghostly stare,
  Now rose up strong and sped along,
Their supple bodies half in air,
  An angry and a vengeful throng.

"'Oh, skipper! thou didst rashly dare,
  I sadly fear' (said the harponeer),
'Too many seals thus to ensnare;
  The deed hath wrought thee ill, 'tis clear.'

"Forthwith each 'gan to writhe and creep,
Around the sliding deck to glide;
With plunge and plash, they sank full deep
Beneath the ocean's cold, dark tide.

"With curses loud the captain raged,
His cargo gone,—so dearly won.
'But still I've plenty safely caged:
Ho! quickly clap the hatches on!'

"Burst open, then, with noisy clang,
Throughout the craft,—both fore and aft,—
The hatches, while within there rang
A sudden clamor, strange and daft.

"Up from the ship's dark gloom arose
The hurrying hosts of solemn ghosts,
Arrayed in skins, the garb of those
Who hunt the seal on frozen coasts.

"These spectral forms were heroes slain;
The slaves, indeed, of sordid greed
Or mad desire the pole to gain
And win the hero's highest meed.

"For many ages some had slept
In watery grave, beneath the wave,
And Norseman, Slav, and Gaul have wept
Their sons, with Dutch and Saxon brave.

"And young Columbia mourns her bands—
The bravest e'en of braves, I ween—
Who slumber there in barren lands,
The glaciers' frozen bulks between.

"Now these, and many martyrs more,
Came forward all, at ghostly call,
For seals they'd slain, long years before,
And therefore penance do they all.

"'Oh! skipper bold! we sadly come,
A ghostly and avenging band,
Thy fate to tell, thy horrid doom,
Forever banished from the land.

"'Thy icy foes, with stern resolve,
  Shall in the dark thy ship embark,
In thy sad fate the crew involve,
  And freeze them stiff and stark.'

"The keen wind blew, the ship sailed on,
  Thus violate of all her freight;
Her silent course none dared to con,
  Beyond the threatening icy strait.

"And spirits 'gan the air to fill,
  As on they sped, so dire and dread:
Such forms the boldest heart would thrill
  Hung round them overhead.

"The northern wind-bird flapped his wings,
  And wafted past the frozen blast
That filled the sails,—whose bounds and springs
  Must soon destroy the straining mast.

"The sea-birds flocked, a noisy throng,
  The sea-loon dull, auk, mew, and gull;
Ill-boding petrels skimmed along
  About the lone and doomed hull;

"While 'neath the cold blue wave appeared
  The walrus stark, the whale and shark,
And sea-things strange, abhorred and feared,
  Huge living snakes and monsters dark.

"The ice-fiend fierce, in robe of white,
  With restless air of polar bear,
On th' iceberg sat, their souls to fright,
  From out his lonely floating lair.

"Then darker grew the air around;
  The ship so lone sped silent on,
Her crew and captain fast spell-bound,
  All power of speech and motion gone.

"For all beheld, on topmost spar,
  An omen rare of sad despair:
A flaming signal, like a star,
  Shone in the frozen midnight air.

"Around them closed, with crashing sound,
  Within a trice, the floating ice;
The ship drove on, and, with a bound,
  Stuck hard and fast, as in a vise.

"Her sails with sudden roar flew out,
  From bolt-ropes worn most rudely torn;
Her masts and spars fell round about,
  Of sails and rigging nearly shorn.

"Her captain and her silent crew
  Could ne'er again their speech regain,
But into frozen corpses grew,
  By grim and ghastly ice-fiends slain.

"Long, long that ghostly ship did cruise,
  For many a drear and lonely year,
A vision dread to passing crews
  Within the lonely northern mere.

"At length she slowly southward drave,
  And forth and back she crossed the track
Of vessels,—now the drifting grave
  Set loose at last from icy pack.

"'A wreck! a wreck!' a lookout cries
  Upon a passing steamer's deck;
'Abaft the starboard beam she lies!'
  'Twas I who saw that ice-worn wreck!

"A boat was manned. Our lusty crew,
  With vigor hot, soon reached the spot;
But then our gaze to horror grew,
  For all on board was death and rot!

"The mouldy forms of crew and chief
  O'erboard in haste we quickly cast:
In ocean's depths they find relief,
  Their earthly wanderings o'er at last.

"And over them the solemn rite
  For shrouded dead we briefly said,
That each might rest, his sins despite,
  Upon his pebbly ocean bed.

"The weary hulk, whose timbers dank
  To plainest view had rotted through,
With well-aimed shot, we quickly sank
  Beside the lately-buried crew.

"No more the spectral sealer sails,
  As wont of yore, the ocean o'er:
In stillest calms, or icy gales,
  Her form appeareth nevermore."

Avenging spirits, too, have ceased
  Like spectres dreary to appear;
But cold and famine still shall feast
  Upon their victims, harponeer,

So long as daring souls shall brave,
  With courage bold, the storm and cold,
And many yet shall find a grave
  Beneath the frozen Arctic mould.

F. S. Bassett,
Lieutenant U.S.N. (retired).

FORT STEVENS.

OFFICIAL topographical authority informs us that "five and one-fifth miles from the dome of the national capitol, in a northerly direction, is the site of Fort Stevens." The fort is now demolished, not a vestige of it being perceptible, save an occasional grass-covered furrow marking the original earth-works and foundation-lines of the once imposing and formidable structure. A few hundred yards from where the Fourteenth intersects the Seventh Street road, at Brightwood, District of Columbia, on a bluff on the left of the road, stands a plain, unassuming village church, its brown belfry commanding an unbroken view of the surrounding landscape. On the very spot where the temple of peace now stands Fort Stevens once reared its grim-visaged battlements. Before the genius of improvement, which has so beautified the capital and its suburbs, had cleft the hill and converted the trench into an attractive highway, the geographical position of Fort Stevens was high and commanding, pre-eminently adapted for strong military defense. The country around is undulating and picturesque, the hills being well studded with forest trees of oak, chestnut, pine, and cedar. To the left is historic Rock Creek, with its tortuous windings and its weird framework of dense foliage and shapeless crags. The general scenery around is captivating and English-like, and is nowhere seen to a greater advantage than from the portico of the little Methodist church to which we have referred, the former site of the now totally obliterated Fort Stevens.

It is generally conceded that Washington was preserved from successful assault during the four years of our Civil War by its very superior system of fortifications. What were technically termed the "defenses of Washington" were divided into four groups,—first, those south of the Potomac, commencing with Fort Lyon, below Alexandria, and terminating with Fort De Kalb, opposite Georgetown; second, those of the chain bridge, on the Upper Potomac; third, those north of the Potomac, between that river and the Anacostia, commencing with Fort Sumner and terminating with Fort Lincoln; fourth, those south of the eastern branch, commencing with Fort Mahan and terminating with Fort Greble. These localities are familiar to those who have studied with even moderate care the history of

the war. The city was completely surrounded by a cordon of forts, the perimeter occupied by them approximating closely to thirty-seven miles. In this comprehensive system of defenses there were fifty-three forts and twenty-two batteries, with an armament of six hundred and forty-three guns and seventy-five mortars. This was the circle of strength that on more than one occasion saved Washington from capture.

In this chain of defenses Fort Stevens was no unimportant link. At sundry times, but particularly in June, 1864, there was a great dearth of military force in Washington. As a rule, the fighting men were at the front, and the city was almost totally unprotected, save by the line of fortifications, to which special reference has been made.

On July 10, 1864, General A. McD. McCook was assigned by General Halleck to command a reserve camp located at Piney Branch Creek, midway between Washington City and Fort Stevens, Major-General Augur being then in command of the Department of Washington. General McCook assumed command of his new and limited sphere at once, but the next day was promoted to a higher position by the following order from the War Department: "Major-General Gillmore, United States Volunteers, with a portion of the Ninth Corps, is assigned to command the line from Fort Lincoln to Fort Totten; Brigadier-General M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General, United States Army, to command the line from Fort Totten to Fort De Russey; Brigadier-General M. D. Hardin, United States Volunteers, to command the line from Fort De Russey to Fort Sumner, inclusive; the Sixth Corps, Major-General H. G. Wright, United States Volunteers, commanding, to be held in reserve; and the entire line and troops to be commanded by Major-General A. McD. McCook, United States Volunteers."

In the report of Major-General McCook to the War Department, under date of July 21, 1864, he says, "The only troops in the north of Washington at this time (July 10) were the small garrisons in the forts, small detachments of cavalry in the front, and the following additional force,—viz., Second Regiment of District of Columbia Volunteers, Captain Alexander, five hundred and fifty men; Ninth Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, five hundred and fifty men; Captain Gibbs's Ohio Battery; Captain Bradbury's Maine Battery." Brigadier-General Meigs, United States Quartermaster, reported with fifteen hundred of his employés, and Colonel Rice also reported with some two thousand eight hundred convalescents, who were organized into a provisional brigade. The fact of being compelled to draw a fighting force from the quartermaster-general's office (a civil branch of the government), and from the hospitals a force of sick and semi-disabled patients, is conclusive evidence of the depleted condition of the Union forces at that time.

In this critical and almost demoralized condition of affairs the capital of the nation was about to be attacked by the flower of the Confederate army, the veterans of a score of hard-fought battles, who, driven to desperation by repeated defeats, were now about to make a grand and desperate effort to capture the national capital. Fresh from the field of Monocacy, where they had a few days before defeated General Lew Wallace, they had almost approached the District line by forced marches before their presence was known or apparently suspected. The Confederate forces consisted of General Ewell's old corps, three divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Rhodes, Gordon, and Ransom. There was also present the command of General John C. Breckenridge. The entire force was under command of General Jubal A. Early, and the numerical strength of the invading army was ten thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and five hundred artillery.

The Confederate force approached Washington from Rockville, Maryland, by two routes,—viz., the Seventh Street and the turnpike, through Tenallytown. The force on the latter route was principally composed of McCausland's brigade of cavalry, which, with his infantry, amounted to one thousand men, including Jackson's battery of five pieces. The main force, however, under General Early, passed down the Seventh Street road on Monday morning, July 11, 1864. Mr. Batchelder, now deceased, resided at that time on the Seventh Street road, some three miles from the site of Fort Stevens. His testimony, incorporated in the official but unpublished report of the battle, is "that the Confederates commenced passing his house, advancing towards Washington, about nine o'clock on Monday morning. At 12 M. all of their cavalry had not passed." Next came a large body of sappers and miners, or ordinary infantry temporarily utilized as such. Next in line came large bodies of infantry, followed by twenty pieces of artillery. The entire line was in motion in passing his house from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Its rear guard, consisting of Echol's and Wharton's brigades, bivouacked on the farm of Mr. Batchelder, or rather along and about the main road, extending from his residence to that of the late Honorable Montgomery Blair, immediately adjoining the District of Columbia line. The rear guard remained in this locality until the next day at 7 P.M., when they led the retreat. Mr. Batchelder further states that he remained on his front porch during the night of the retreat, and there were but three halts of fifteen minutes each, and that the rear guard of two thousand cavalry had not all passed until 5 A.M. the following day. The first Confederate killed by the Union pickets was buried close to the residence of Mrs. Burns, who resided on the upper portion of the Blair estate. Mrs. Burns frequently saw and conversed with Generals Early and Breckenridge, who informed her that the intended attack on Washington was to be made at early dawn on

Tuesday morning. Mr. Batchelder, Mr. Davis, and the venerable toll-gate keeper at Silver Spring, and Mrs. Burns agreed in the estimates of the numerical strength of the Confederates, placing it at twenty thousand.

We are now able to form a reasonably fair opinion as to the respective forces of those who were to make the attack and those who were expected to repel it. The prize for which the Confederates were striving was a glittering one,—the successful execution of a *coup d'état* to capture and occupy the capital of the United States. The moral effect of this capture and its occupancy, if but for a single day, no human mind could compute. It meant, practically, the dispersion or banishment of the government proper. It meant the destruction of its voluminous archives, and, perhaps, the desecration of its magnificent public buildings. Nay, more; the success of the Confederate arms at this thrilling crisis might have prolonged the Civil War for many long years, with a final issue which no human wisdom could foretell. These were tempting allurements for the bold, brave men who staked everything on the success of their cause, and who were goaded almost to desperation by the dark clouds of defeat which already encompassed and almost overwhelmed them.

A conflict at this time between the Confederate veterans and the raw and inexperienced Union troops could have had but one result,—the capture of the city. Flushed with recent local achievements in the Shenandoah Valley and in Maryland, the Confederates were ripe for anything daring and desperate.

On the morning of that quiet Sabbath, which will never be forgotten by the loyal residents of Washington, the advanced skirmishers of the enemy commenced an attack on the picket line of the Unionists in front of Fort Stevens. This line was picketed by Company "K," One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment of the Ohio National Guard, who fell back slowly, losing one man killed. The enemy's line of skirmishers continued to advance until they were within one hundred and fifty yards of the front of the fort and fifty yards of it to the right. They held this position for some considerable time, when the fort opened fire on them with shot and shell, compelling them to fall back some three hundred yards to the rear. Percussion shells were then thrown freely into their midst, driving them still farther back. A Parrott gun was now fired at the Carberry mansion (now occupied by Mr. Lay). This house was filled by the enemy's sharp-shooters, as was also the Reeves house, immediately opposite, now the country residence of B. H. Warner, Esq. At 6 P.M. the enemy advanced once more their line, but they were soon dislodged from their position by the heavy firing from the fort, and this closed the skirmishing of the day.

A new scene now opens in the drama. On the evening of July 9,

1864, the First and Second Divisions of the Sixth Corps, then stationed at Petersburg, Virginia, received orders to march at once to Washington. The order arrived at 9 P.M., and an hour later the troops were in motion. At daybreak of the next morning they had reached City Point, where they rapidly embarked on transports, and were soon steaming down the beautiful James River, flitting at early eve by Fortress Monroe, the steamers plowing the sea nobly as they rounded Old Point Comfort in their rapid transit. Onward they came, as fast as steam, time, and wind could bear them, passing historic Acquia Creek and peaceful Mount Vernon, landing at 2 P.M. on the 11th of July at the Sixth Street wharf in Washington, amid the cheering of a vast multitude, among which was the towering form of Abraham Lincoln. His apparel was covered with dust, and every lineament of his countenance indicated a mental strain, which almost prostrated him. The President chatted familiarly with the superior officers, telling them to "hurry up and not lose a moment." Much was involved in the developments of the next few hours, and no one knew this better than the President himself.

The column was formed at once, and the scarred, ragged, and hungry veterans were hurried up Seventh Street on the double-quick. An hour before Washington was in a panic, traffic was suspended, and the streets were almost deserted. The foreign legations, to preserve their homes, unfurled their respective national colors, so certain were they of the successful invasion of the city. Now, however, as the demoralized populace saw the serried ranks of the veterans and the badge of the Greek cross, excitement subsided and confidence was partially restored. The column marched to the north of the city, the sound of heavy cannonading in the front stimulating and hastening their progress, passing on the way wagon-loads of women and children from the adjoining country, who were hastening from the approaching foe. Early in the evening they reached a grove in the rear of Fort De Russey, a little to the left of Fort Stevens, and here, within the shadows of the forest trees, the sweltering veterans lay down to rest,—the last rest for some of them on earth.

On Tuesday, July 12, 1864, after a hurried meal, the First Brigade of the Second Division and its sharp-shooters were placed on picket duty immediately in front of Fort Stevens. From the parapets of the fort one had a clear view of the Confederate skirmishers. The miniature valley in front was one of surpassing loveliness, with its green meadows, tempting orchards, and fields of waving grain. It was evident the bulk of the enemy was in front of Fort Stevens, and it was determined to dispense with all ceremony and force battle at once. A hospital was improvised in the rear of the fort, and every preparation was made for receiving the wounded.

We now leave the infantry of the Sixth Corps at midday of July

12 and turn to the untrained but heroic artillerymen in the fort. From 10 A.M. to 12 M. they divided their disastrous percussion and Parrott shells between the Carberry and Reeves mansions, a distance of about a thousand yards from the fort. This frequent, continuous, and destructive firing dislodged a number of the enemy's expert sharp-shooters, who, secreted in the trees fronting the two houses specified, were making fearful havoc with the Union pickets. A 10-inch mortar fired at Carberry's set it on fire, and it was burned to the ground. Once more there was a consolidated fire on the Reeves house, fairly riddling it, scattering the sharp-shooters of the enemy, one of whom, mortally wounded, in falling from the top of a huge oak in front of the house, lodged in some lower branches, where his lifeless body remained for several days after hostilities had ceased. The only casualty in the fort was the wounding of Dr. C. C. V. Crawford, a United States Army surgeon, of Media, Pennsylvania.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the fort was visited by President and Mrs. Lincoln, two members of his cabinet, and quite a number of personal friends. At this moment there was a deadly firing from the Confederate skirmishers, and the bullets were whizzing around and about the fort with fearful effect. The President looked tremulous and careworn. Hope and fear alternated on his strongly-lined countenance, and he seemed to deeply realize the gravity of the situation. Accompanied by Major-General H. G. Wright, the Presidential party entered the fort to witness the details of a thrilling and bloody drama soon to be enacted.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and hard, practical fighting was about to begin. Amid a short, painful silence all eyes were turned to the right, where the stalwart form of Colonel Bidwell, followed by his Third Brigade, was seen approaching. They were the cynosure of all eyes and the recipients of much applause, as they marched past the fort down into the little valley beyond. Two battle-lines were formed in rear of the skirmishing line of the First Brigade,—the Seventy-seventh New York on the right of the line, then the Seventh Maine, and lastly the Forty-ninth New York. The second line was formed by the Forty-third New York, the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, and the One Hundred and Twenty-second New York. The advance line was in charge of Colonel French.

Onward marched the gallant brigade, its tattered flags, baptized in blood, flaunting in the evening breeze. The peerless veterans of the Union and Confederate armies, who had met in bloody combat before at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, were about to measure swords once more, this time within the very shadow of the capitol. The preconcerted arrangements of the Union side were perfect, and as the advance of the Seventy-seventh New York waved the signal "ready!" the heavy ordnance of the fort sent vol-

ley after volley of 32-pound shells over the heads of the Union lines into the very midst of the enemy. General Wright, from a commanding position in the fort, signaled the advance, and the brave fellows of the Third Brigade started eagerly forward. First was heard the rattle of the active skirmish and then the continuous roar of a musketry battle. The booming of the artillery and the flash of the rifles mingled with the wild yells of the Confederates and the cheers of the Unionists. The little valley was ablaze with the fire of musketry, the roar of battle constantly increasing.

In splendid order the assault was made by the Unionists. For some time the enemy stood their ground manfully, but soon gave way before the impetuous charge. Up to this moment they had no idea who those adversaries were. They had supposed them to be convalescents, raw troops, and civilians, and the sudden appearance of the Greek cross of the old Sixth Corps astounded and demoralized them. Though they did not abate a jot or tittle of their innate valor, they retreated sullenly but courageously. The audience at the fort watched with profound interest every movement of the contestants, and when the enemy retreated every portion of the fort, from base to parapet, was a scene of the wildest excitement. The President's face was fairly wreathed with smiles. General Wright viewed the scene with official but serene composure, and the citizens now congratulated each other on the fact that Washington was safe.

The Confederates made a stout and vigorous resistance at the summit of the hill, supported by their second line of battle, but failed to hold their ground, and as darkness closed in upon the bloody scene the Union forces were the victors, having driven the enemy over a mile. During the night they made a retreat towards Rockville. General Wright, on the evening of the day of battle, advanced his head-quarters from the fort to what remained of the Reeves house, and at early dawn next day his forces followed the retreating enemy.

This was the battle of Fort Stevens. The gallant brigade that vanquished the foe entered the battle with a thousand men, of whom, in an engagement not lasting over an hour, fifty-four were killed and three hundred and nineteen wounded. The loss to the enemy in killed and wounded is estimated at five hundred. The commanding officer of every regiment in the brigade was either killed or wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of the Forty-ninth New York, who had been long and honorably attached to the brigade, was among the killed, as was also Colonel Visscher, of the Forty-third New York. Major Jones, the gallant commander of the Seventh Maine, fell at his post of duty mortally wounded, and Major Crosby, who led the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, and who was recovering from a severe wound he had received in the Wilderness, was taken to the hos-

pital in the rear, where the surgeon amputated his left arm from the shoulder.

While the battle was in progress, President Lincoln stood in a very exposed position on the parapet of the fort occupied by General Wright. Mrs. Lincoln repeatedly entreated him to leave the fort, but he declined to do so. The President was standing within three feet of Dr. Crawford when the latter was wounded. Major-General Wright, now residing in Washington, says, "The President evinced remarkable coolness and disregard of danger. Meeting him as I came out of my quarters, I thoughtlessly invited him to come up and see the fight, never suspecting for a moment that he would accept. A moment after I would have given much to have recalled my words, as his life was too important to the nation to be put in jeopardy by a chance shot or the bullet of a sharp-shooter. He took a position right by my side on the parapet, and all my entreaties failed to move him. When the young surgeon by his side was wounded, and after I had cleared the parapet of every one else, I told him I would have to remove him forcibly. The absurdity of the proposition seemed to amuse him very much, and, as a compromise, he consented to sit behind the parapet instead of standing on it. He failed to understand why I should be exposed to the danger and he should not. Even after he left the parapet he would persist from time to time in standing up, thus exposing nearly one-half his tall form to the bullets of the enemy."

During the invasion, brief as it was, much damage was done along the lines of march. The residence of Honorable Montgomery Blair, a member of President Lincoln's cabinet, was burned, while that of his venerable father, the Honorable Francis P. Blair, was spared. The dusty records of the War Department testify to the valor of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio Volunteers (one hundred days' men), and the artillery skill of Captain Charles Dupont, of the Third Michigan Battery. The dismounted cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, some six hundred strong, commanded by Major-General George E. Briggs, of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry, rendered most effective service in harassing the skirmishers and pickets of the Confederates. In a little cemetery, a short distance from the old fort, rest the dead of that midsummer battle.

So much has been spoken, written, and published about the great battles of our Civil War that there is an apparent danger of the smaller ones drifting into oblivion. This should not be. The most elaborate piece of mosaic work may be robbed of its attractiveness by the omission of some minute tesselated gem of beauty.

We must remember also that while Waterloo (1815), with its blood and carnage, stands forth so pre-eminently on the pages of modern history, that the Thermopylæ of twenty-five hundred years ago is not for-

gotten. And yet the heroism of Leonidas and the gallantry of his "Spartan three hundred" found more than one parallel along the banks of the Potomac and Rapidan, among the ranks of the brave men through whose gallantry our national emblem now floats in peace to-day in every valley and on every hill-top from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande.

D. R. B. NEVIN,
Late Major U.S.V.

OUR COAST DEFENSES FROM A NAVAL STAND-POINT.

THERE have been a number of articles written of late, by officers of the army, upon our coast defenses. A very able one appeared in the July number of the *North American Review*, by Captain Eugene Griffin. General O. O. Howard had one in the June number of the *American Magazine*, and General Abbott has published an extended set of lectures upon the same subject, delivered before the Naval War College at Newport. In all of these, as was to be expected, fortifications and guns mounted on shore have been given great importance,—that is, it was to be expected that an army officer would naturally give prominence to that portion of the defenses with which he was best acquainted; but it was not to be expected that they should so thoroughly subordinate the navy as a means of protecting our coast, for they can hardly be ignorant of the experiences to be gained from past events and modern experiments. Yet they all assign to the naval arm of our country the *rôle* of offensive war, with little or no part in that of a defensive one. This position not only injures the navy, but also the country at large. If it were the correct idea, the navy would have but little reason for existence under the present policy of our country, which is anything but an aggressive one. It would have a few peace duties, but in time of war would seek the protection of our strong fortifications, unless an opportunity offered to take up the offensive. Again, it is incorrect, as it gives an expensive system, which, when carried out, will not afford the desired protection. To be sure, in the estimates there are some floating batteries and torpedo-boats included, but as adjuncts to the fortifications and to be controlled by the army.

The first question is, How far may a naval officer be considered able to judge of the necessities and requirements of a system of coast defenses? Does he belong to the laity or the body of instructed as to this question? From what are we to be defended? Certainly from vessels, from any and all floating machines which an enemy may bring to attack our coast. Now, it is these very floating machines that occupy the life-time of the naval officer. He lives in them and uses them, and he studies how to make them, what they will accomplish, and how with them to achieve the greatest results with the least expenditure. He

must be intimately acquainted not only with our own naval weapons, but also with those of other maritime powers. Assuredly he is best prepared to say what weapons an enemy might bring against us, and how the enemy would be likely to proceed in attacking our coast. This being granted, if not the best judge, he must be an equally competent one with the army officer. It would seem as if the army engineer, in this matter, held a somewhat similar position towards the naval officer that the designer and constructer of ships does. As has been well conceded, the naval officer decides what are the various qualities to be desired in the vessel to be constructed, then the architect reconciles the several qualities and produces a vessel which contains all these qualities developed to as high a degree as the difficulties of construction will permit.

Stone fortifications were once the equals, if not the superiors, of wooden vessels. But Farragut and Porter taught the world two lessons in naval warfare,—the latter, how forts might be bombarded without serious injury to the vessels engaged, and the former, how vessels may pass the forts, leaving them in such an isolated position as to cause their surrender. Since then mines or stationary torpedoes have been perfected. They were not successful at Mobile, but were sufficient to deter the French fleet from undertaking active operations during the Franco-German war. Since the use of mines has become so general, numerous experiments have been conducted by naval men, to ascertain how they can be destroyed or rendered useless, and it has been quite satisfactorily proved that it requires a very strong and vigilant defense to keep the mines from being destroyed; in fact, without floating defenses the mines will soon be rendered useless. Fortifications that are built to protect a city on the sea-coast are usually erected at some little distance from the city, so as not to occupy valuable space, and also so that an enemy may not have the city within range. When fortifications are built within or close to the city, they must be strong enough to destroy or drive off the opposing vessels in a short time, or the city may be destroyed. Since it was shown that vessels could, by passing the forts, render them useless, every means possible have been tried to arrest the advance of the vessels. Booms had been tried before; in fact, a chain barrier was used at Fort Jackson, below New Orleans, but a passage through the barrier was opened easily. Booms can be destroyed readily, unless protected by mines. The use of mines has become universal; they are placed so as to prevent the enemy passing the forts, and thus forcing them to engage the fortifications. If the power of the mines can be maintained intact, then the fortifications again have the superiority, as it becomes a question of guns and their protection. Vessels must be limited as to size, and therefore as to weight of guns and armor. Fortifications may have practically unlimited weight of guns and of protection; they also have the advantage of a steady platform, and some-

times of position. But by constant experiments undertaken by foreign naval authorities, means of destroying these mines have been ascertained. They drag for them in boats and they countermine them. The dynamite gun is destined to be a most efficient weapon against mines. Owing to the large destructive area of its projectile, a channel may be bombarded and the mines destroyed. The fire from the forts may be strong enough to prevent the operations of the countermining boats of the enemy under ordinary circumstances, and the electric light may be used to turn night into day; but during the engagement, under cover of the smoke, or in bad weather, during the early morning or evening mists, and in foggy weather, the countermining and dragging boats will be at work, and in a short time the mines will be destroyed and the vessels will pass the forts. Mines must be protected by floating defenses, picket-boats to observe the enemy, and fast vessels and boats to attack everything he may send against the mines. Should the fortifications be so placed as to enable an enemy to take up a safe position below them, he will take advantage of the lesson given by Porter's mortar fleet: destroy the forts and then the mines, unless there are vessels and torpedo-boats to send against him. Even if the fortifications were sufficient to protect our ports, the defense is incomplete. There are many points along our coast not included in the army scheme, and even if we were to build a Chinese wall around our coast too high and too thick for the enemy to overcome, would our defense be complete? Our honor might be safe, but how about our pockets? Without a naval force our entire coast might be blockaded; and if that were too large an undertaking, he might select New York. How much would that cost us? The more we overhaul our experience of the past and assist it with the light thrown on the matter by modern experiments, the more evident becomes the necessity of a navy to defend our coast. We need armored gunboats, torpedo-boats, and picket-boats to protect the mines and to resist the passage of the forts; and we must have a battle-fleet which, with the harbor defense vessels, is strong enough to drive off the enemy, to prevent his blockading our ports, and to avenge, if we cannot prevent, the destruction of unfortified places.

There is another point where the army scheme is faulty. If it requires nearly twenty-four millions to protect New York and nearly twenty-eight millions to protect San Francisco, can Galveston, Texas, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, be protected by the expenditure of less than one million for each place? Galveston and Portsmouth are situated so near deep water that even if their entrances were closed they could be destroyed by shells thrown from the vessels of an enemy. To be safe from such an attack, if defended by fortifications alone, these fortifications must contain guns sufficient to drive off or destroy the vessels in a very short time, which, to say the least, would require many millions to be expended. The vessels of the enemy would keep as far

from the forts as practicable while keeping the city within range of their guns, and, while affording only a small, rapidly-moving target to the guns of the forts, would have the large target of the city at which to fire. Both of the ports mentioned are peculiarly liable to attack, both from their defenseless position and from their geographical one; England, France, and Spain having ports in the West Indies from which they can organize attacks upon Galveston, and England has Halifax, not far from Portsmouth. If our ports can be shelled from vessels which, by remaining in deep water, are beyond the action of the mines, and are only subject to the fire of the forts, the effect of which will be greatly weakened by the rapidly-changing position of the vessels, the necessity of a navy for the protection of our coast must be apparent to all. It may be well to see what are the ranges of some of the modern guns. The 119-ton Krupp gun, 15.75 inches, with an elevation of 18°, has a range of about seven and a half miles. The navy 8-inch breech-loading rifle, with the extreme range permitted by the carriage, 20°, is about eight and a half miles. The De Bange 34-centimetre, 13.39 inches, with an elevation of 33°, has a range of eleven and one-tenth miles. The extreme elevation usually permitted by navy carriages is 20°, but the Carnet carriage permits an elevation of 28°. In the *North American Review*, Captain Griffin says, "There are fifteen ships afloat carrying guns having a range of ten miles or upwards." "There are twenty-nine ships building or fitting out that will also carry such armaments." "There are twenty-four ships afloat carrying guns ranging from nine to ten miles." The great range of modern guns also makes it necessary to have a fleet to protect our coast, and as the range increases the importance of vessels will increase and that of fortifications diminish. From the ranges given above, it will be seen that such ports as New York, Boston, and San Francisco may be liable, in a few years, to be shelled by vessels steaming along the coast. When such is the case, our floating defenses must be strong enough to drive the enemy from our coasts; those in the harbor driving off the enemy when he attacks in small numbers, and the battle-fleet attacking all larger forces. The time may come when we will maintain such a battle-fleet that it will not only be able to protect our coast by driving the enemy away, but so strong as to deter, by fear of speedy retaliation, the enemy from making such an attempt. Then *lex talionis* will be our best defense.

The following shows the views held by other nations in regard to their coast defenses: "The desirability and advantages of placing all the submarine and water defenses of a port under naval control has been conceded by representatives of both services in England." "In Germany the entire system of sea-coast defenses, forts, batteries, mines, torpedoes, as well as the fleet, are under the control of the navy, and are manned by it." "In France all the submarine defenses and many

of the sea-coast forts or batteries are under the navy, and the same is the case in Italy."[1]

Captain Griffin has most clearly shown the large amount of property in danger and the necessity of defending our coast. There is one argument, not mentioned by him, which is quite a favorite with some who are opposed to appropriating money for this purpose,—it is, that no enemy will attack us, fearing the injury we may inflict on his commerce by flooding the ocean with privateers. We have twenty-six merchant vessels having a speed of fourteen knots or over, capable of being utilized as auxiliary cruisers in time of war. England has eighty-three, France twenty-eight, and Germany twenty-four. The experience of our late war proved what immense damage could be inflicted on commerce by a few privateers. But the circumstances governing commerce have greatly changed since then; steam has superseded sails as a motive power, the routes of vessels are well defined, and the times of arrival and departure of a large proportion of the vessels is fairly regular. An enemy would find but little difficulty in so grouping his vessels together as to be able to give them ample protection. While we could, with but little difficulty, predict the time and place to find the merchant fleets of an enemy and catch them with our vessels, we might frequently find we had caught a Tartar. Then, how many vessels must we destroy to equal the destruction of property of the value of three hundred and seventy-four millions at San Francisco or two thousand millions about New York?

We need money for the defense of our coast, and the navy must form a most important part of this defense; floating defenses, working in harmony with the fortifications to protect the ports from a small force of the enemy; and a battle-fleet, which, with the floating defenses, must be able to cope with the enemy if he invades our waters in large numbers.

The report of the Board on Fortifications calls for the expenditure of $126,377,800; in this amount $28,595,000 is for floating defenses. This amount is to protect only twenty-seven ports, and to man the guns will require eighty-five thousand artillery-men. The estimate for floating defenses includes five floating batteries and one hundred and sixty-two torpedo gunboats,—a number insufficient to protect these ports, much less the coast, and entirely too weak to prevent blockade. To properly protect our coast we will need an extensive system of naval coast defense; and while we need land defenses, the floating defenses must form a most important part in the scheme, and one that must grow in importance with the improvement of instruments of modern warfare.

RICHARD WAINWRIGHT,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

[1] Office of Naval Intelligence. General Information Series, No. VI.

OUR FLAG AT SAMOA.

TO THE "TRENTON."

BLACK circling clouds and roar of sullen wind,
  High bounding breakers and the rush of spray,
The lightning's flash, the low-toned thunder's growl,
  And drifting vessels in Apia's bay.
In ceaseless torrents pours the dark, cold rain,
  The reefs stand out in cruel, bold array,
While in the riggings of the vessels doomed
  Men cling and moan, and to their God do pray.
There is no help,—when from the "Trenton's" deck
  Loud cheers are carried through the storm's deep blast,
And creeping slowly up the halliards torn
  The stars and stripes are floating from her mast.
"Our Flag,"—and to each heart it brings new hope
  Midst martial music and the boom of guns,—
It floats so proudly through the storm and gale,
  Columbia's greeting to her valiant sons.

* * * * * * *

The east grows gray and mild, the gale sinks low;
  The sea sings softly to its sleeping dead;
Hushed, gentle zephyrs murmur lowly, "Peace,"
  The sparkling waves dance gayly overhead.

THOMAS H. WILSON,
Lieutenant U.S.A.

FROM BARS TO STARS.

I.

"D—N it!"

Such was the exclamation of Brevet Captain Isaac Calvin Knox,—*alias* Captain Piety,—of the Fifty-fifth Regiment of cavalry, as he banged into his quarters at Camp Tophet, Arizona, causing Atherton Appleton, second lieutenant of the same troop, to spring from his chair, with an expression of surprise and astonishment, almost indicative of terror, somewhat disfiguring his remarkably handsome countenance.

In these circumstances the amazement of the junior officer should not be wondered at, for during his whole term of service Captain Piety had never been heard to give utterance to a syllable bordering in even the remotest degree on the profane.

"What the devil is up, Piety?" asked Appleton, when he had sufficiently recovered from his bewilderment. "Has some wretch stolen your Bible and substituted therefor a copy of Ingersoll's 'Mistakes of Moses'? Or has your 'striker' purloined your spur-straps to utilize as a canteen-sling, or soldered your sabre into its scabbard?"

"Nothing of the kind, Appleton," replied Piety, in a rather subdued tone of voice. "Excuse me while I ask forgiveness for my unpardonable blasphemy of a moment ago, and then I will endeavor to explain to you."

With this the tall captain strode across the hall to his own room and, throwing himself on his knees, prayed fervently for some fifteen minutes.

Captain Piety was something of an eighth wonder. He was five-and-thirty years of age, six feet three inches in height, and as slender and fragile as a climbing vine. Were "Ouida" describing him, she would class his figure as *svelte*. He said himself that he was the only man in the Territory whom the Indians regarded with envy,—they all wanted to steal his legs for gun-barrels. Like his legs and his body, his face was long and slim. His nose, slightly Roman, was as thin and as transparent as a government envelope. His mouth was completely hidden by a heavy black moustache. Two indentations, somewhat resembling buffalo-wallows, were visible under his abnormally high cheek-bones. His eyes were small, black, bright, and piercing, and

the little hair he had on his head was also of ebony hue. He wore it parted in the middle, and each particular hair was compelled to cover as much barren territory of caput as possible. His dress was of the prescribed regulation pattern and always neat. His long neck was shrouded in a collar of monumental height, which a private of his troop declared was simply a condemned shelter-tent. As a second lieutenant of an infantry regiment during the War of the Rebellion, he had received his brevet for gallantry at some "crossing" or "ford," and at the close of the great struggle he obtained a commission in the Fifty-fifth Cavalry, where we now find him, some years later, a first lieutenant.

To his brother officers Piety seemed entirely out of place in the army. He had never been heard to swear; he never drank anything intoxicating; was never known to touch a card or lay a wager. He considered dancing vulgar in the extreme, and regarded the observance of opera bouffe as the acme of sin. With these characteristics one would hardly think he selected wisely when he chose for his profession that of a bold dragoon. Such was the man who, having in a measure atoned for his profanity, recrossed the hall and entered Appleton's room.

"You know I transferred from 'M' Troop to this, Appleton?" he asked, as he seated himself on the small hospital bedstead which graced the young subaltern's scantily-furnished apartment.

"Yes," replied Appleton, as he laid aside Mallock's "Romance of the Nineteenth Century," which he was reading for about the twentieth time.

"Do you know why I did so?" asked Piety.

"Not unless it was a desire to learn from actual experience the sensation of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. 'M' is at Fort Blazes, and that is as pleasant a post and as agreeable a garrison as your present station," answered Appleton, as he rose from his camp-chair and proceeded to fill a pipe.

"It had nothing to do with the location of the troop nor the complexion of the garrison," replied Piety, in a rather serious tone. "I transferred from 'M' because its captain, Bannock, is low, vulgar, profane, unscrupulous, and dishonest. Yes, *dishonest!* and now that I have said it, please regard this conversation as strictly confidential. His last dastardly act was no more nor less than theft. There was a man in 'M' Troop named Slorne. I always fancied him. He was way above the average enlisted man in every way, and, had I been his captain, he would have worn chevrons soon after his enlistment. But Bannock had some peculiar spite against him, and, being Bannock, he made the poor fellow's life a burden to him. One pay-day Slorne was on post, and was not relieved to come to the pay-table. Bannock received his pay for him, as he did that of several other men who were unable to be present. *But he never gave Slorne his money!* The soldier com-

plained to the post commander and made affidavits to this effect, as did also the orderly sergeant and several of his associates, to show that he had no money in his possession. Bannock insisted that he had given him the money with his own hands. This ended the matter; but Slorne's action respecting the affidavits naturally increased Bannock's antipathy against him, and by way of breaking his back with the proverbial straw, he made the poor fellow serve, against his wishes, as his private cook."

Appleton was about to make a remark, but was prevented from doing so by Piety, who continued:

"Oh, yes; I know what you would say,—that the man could not be made to cook, if he did not wish to. That is all well enough in theory and print. But Slorne *was* made to do so. The poor fellow stood it as long as he could, then he deserted. I, for one, did not blame him. It appears now that he has been caught, and the court is ordered to try him. Unfortunately, much to my disgust, I am a member of the court. The knowledge of this fact is what forced me to indulge in profanity a few moments ago."

"Perhaps, as a member of his court," replied Appleton, "you may find yourself in a position to render him some assistance. You might give him a good character, you know, and, should it go rough with him, you might chip in for clemency and all that."

"Possibly you might avail yourself of some such privilege," replied Piety, "as I noticed in the order that you are mentioned as judge-advocate."

"Confound my luck!" exclaimed Appleton. "I have not been in the regiment a year yet, and I'll be shot if there has been a court, a council, or a board in the Territory since my arrival of which I have not been judge-advocate or recorder. I wonder who filled these vile offices prior to my advent?"

"My dear fellow," answered Piety, "it is the price we pay for our commissions. We all have it to go through with. The wise framers of the 'Revised Rules and Regulations,' which guide and control us, and the sage founders of those various things denominated as 'custom of the service,' to which we are slaves, naturally concluded that even the dullest second lieutenant could not fail to perceive the ghastly farce of military law, as enacted, after serving as judge-advocate of a few courts-martial. You understand that as judge-advocate you act as counsel for the accused; you are also United States prosecuting attorney. It is your duty as counsel to clear your client, if possible. It is your duty as prosecuting attorney to clinch him, if you can. You see you are a sort of double-barreled digest, and your knowledge of law in all probability resembles that of a prairie-dog respecting Volapuk. This is why you are given a brief though severe course; then you are graduated and are ever afterwards eligible for the office of judge-advo-

cate-general of the army, and you will doubtless get there if, by any chance, you ever cut wood, drove mules, made clothes, or hanged men in the same woods, over the same tow-path, in the same shop, or the same jail-yard with the individual who may happen to be the President. Though you may remain in the army many years, yet you may never be called upon again to serve in these judicial capacities. So do the best you can with your counsel-for-accused barrel, and ram your prosecuting-attorney one to scatter."

It will be observed that, with all his virtues, Captain Piety was the possessor of one fault or weakness. He was a confirmed cynic. It may be said in his defense, however, that his sarcasms, unlike those of the large majority, invariably sprang from solid foundations. Though, like the rest of us, he had been early taught the value and great beauty of frankness, yet he had learned from worldly experience that entire candor and openness are not always politic. Some such thought as this must have occurred to him, for he turned once more to Appleton and said,—

"Perhaps you are sufficiently advanced in legal lore to know that I am liable to a fine for giving vent to that 'd—n,' also to be tried for my allusions respecting the President."

"Have no fear," replied Appleton. "My hands are too full of legal matter already to permit of my tripping up profane or disrespectful officers. To-night I have to unite Private Schneider and Laundress Mulcahey in the holy bonds, and to-morrow I must read the burial-service over Corporal Flynn. Second lieutenant, post adjutant, parson, judge-advocate, prosecuting attorney, counsel for accused, and signal officer at one and the same time. *Whew!* 'And still we wonder at crime.'"

* * * * * * * *

One week later a general court-martial convened at Camp Tophet, Arizona, "for the trial of Private John F. Slorne, Company 'M,' Fifty-fifth Cavalry, and such other prisoners as may properly be brought before it."

The president of the court was a major of infantry, and the judge-advocate was our quondam acquaintance the much-burdened Appleton. There was but one charge against Slorne, but that one was "desertion." Captain Bannock and several other witnesses for the prosecution were on hand, but their presence proved unnecessary, for Slorne had been advised by the United States prosecuting attorney, *alias* counsel for accused, *alias* Appleton, to plead "guilty." This he promptly did. He then asked permission to submit a statement in writing. This was granted by the court. His statement was of a very aggressive nature, and it is doubtful if it would have been accepted had it been aimed at any other than Bannock. But the universal, well-merited unpopularity of the latter, together with the facts as presented by Slorne, influenced the court to receive the paper. "After mature deliberation"

Slorne was found "guilty," and sentenced to be dishonorably discharged from the service, and to be confined at such military prison as the department commander might direct for the period of three years. But in view of the fact that he took no government property whatsoever with him at the time he deserted, and in consideration of the facts as set forth in his statement, "the court have the honor to recommend the accused to the clemency of the department commander." This was agreed to by every member of the court. In due time a document was received at the post which read as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DANS LE CARRAL,
"ARIZONA, November 6, 18—.

"SPECIAL ORDERS C. S. No. 100,000. } Extract.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"The sentence in the foregoing case of Private John F. Slorne, Company 'M,' Fifty-fifth Cavalry, is hereby approved. The military prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, is designated as his place of confinement. Owing to the unanimous recommendation of the court, also to the previous excellent character borne by the accused, and likewise in consideration of the fact that he has but one more year to serve, the department commander is pleased to mitigate the sentence to one year's confinement.

"By order of
"BRIGADIER-GENERAL JASPAR JINKS.

"ANTONY JONES, A.A.G."

Consequently the name of John F. Slorne was dropped from the roster of "M" Troop and taken up on the books of the Leavenworth prison as "No. 106."

II.

Eighteen months have elapsed since the trial of Slorne at Camp Tophet. The Fifty-fifth is still vegetating in Arizona, with nothing to break the monotony save an occasional jack-pot of vast proportions or an Apache "killing" of infinitesimal magnitude. In those days a person did not require a brain weighing more than seventy-five ounces to qualify him as sufficiently competent to conduct a successful scout against the Apache Indians. The commanding officer of the scout or expedition simply rode along at the head of the column. When the Indian scouts—which may be Yumas, Tontos, or Maricopas—shall have located a rancheria the commanding officer is immediately notified of the fact. Should the column be in motion at the time such information is received, camp is instantly made. As soon as darkness sets in, the attacking force moves noiselessly, dismounted, to within as near to the rancheria as discretion will permit. Should the village be so situated as to permit of surrounding it, this is done as quietly as possible. Then, at the first streak of dawn, while the poor devils are still wrapped in their blankets, the command pours volley after volley

into the little grass-built huts. Of course women and children have to take their chance. It may be that there are not more than ten or twelve hostile Indians all included. But what matters that? If the engagement can be given to the world under the imposing caption of "The Battle of the Devil's Stairway," and be the cause of sending the names of the officers participating therein to the United States Senate for brevets for bravery in action, and at the same time win for the department commander recognition of his valuable services and fine generalship in the shape of actual promotion, I say let them continue. "Toot your horn if you don't sell a clam," as a late humorist sagely remarked. But this is a digression.

It is early May. The city of Washington—which General Grant after his long journey characterized as the second handsomest city in the world—is in its most becoming attire. The flowers in the public squares, in front of the public buildings, and in the capitol grounds seem trying to outdo each other in brilliancy, majesty, and fragrance. The many trees are clothed with a wealth of fresh, tender foliage, to which one cannot be insensible. The broad, smooth streets are almost as clean as Marini's floor, and handsome, trim equipages are rolling in every direction over their polished surfaces. Two fashionably-dressed men are standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Club House. One is in the neighborhood of five-and-forty years of age; the other cannot be more than twenty-two. The former is speaking.

"So you have received your commission, Glynmoore?"

"Yes; I am very fortunate. I did not have to go before any board for examination, and I go to the Seventy-first Infantry, which has but one second lieutenant at present. So I shall be second for promotion."

"I congratulate you, old man," replied Seabrooke. "Let me open a small bottle of *Perrier Jouet* to your success." With this they enter the club.

Without any pretension to elegance, the Metropolitan Club House is the most agreeable and one of the coziest rendezvous in the country. Here may always be found representatives of the better element of old resident Washingtonians, also a large number of army and navy officers. There, too, one is sure to meet with the clever men of the world who are frequently tarrying in and continually passing through the delightfully cosmopolitan city. I fancy more officers of the service belong to the Metropolitan than to any other social organization on this side. It is a more common sight to see there the old, veteran, gray-moustached soldier and gray-whiskered sea-dog than to behold the smooth-faced youth who has yet to experience the novel sensation of reporting for the first time to his regiment or ship. But all may be found there together with the *blasé* society man who has danced, flirted, and drank with three generations, to the young fellow who led his first

cotillon the previous evening. Many a pleasant hour have I spent there with congenial spirits who now, alas! but live in the spirit themselves.

While our two friends are sipping their wine let us gaze upon them. Ralph Seabrooke is a trifle over the medium height. His figure is well proportioned and his shoulders are broad and square. He has hazel eyes and heavy, arched, dark eyebrows. His hair is iron-gray, as is his large moustache. The former is worn parted in the middle and brushed back. He is well dressed—as he always is—in morning clothes, and he looks well,—*distingué*, in fact; and to present this appearance in morning garb is, intimates a young woman writer, sufficient to show one is of gentle birth and breeding. If I mistake not these are the words: "Every man looks well in evening dress. It is the morning clothes that show to which club he belongs." Seabrooke was not burdened with a very heavy bank account. Most good, jolly, popular fellows are not, though of course there are individual exceptions. His income was sufficient, however, to permit of his dressing well, being everywhere, and paying his club dues. And, after all, is not this quite enough in these days of failures, fires, and tramps? He was engaged in no business, nor could he boast of a profession. His home had always been in Washington, though he was as *chez nous* in the mansions of Fifth Avenue and Beacon Street as he was in those of Chestnut Street or his own "H" and "S." He knew every one that was any one who had been in Washington for the past twenty-five years. He was in the theatre when Lincoln was assassinated and in the depot when Garfield was shot. He also stood uncovered in a conspicuous position when poor Sheridan was rolled by on a caisson to his final camp. The women all admired him for his courtesy, gallantry, and devotion; the men liked him for his conviviality, cleverness, and sparkling wit. He had not missed a first night at the theatre or opera in the past twenty years, and no *débutante* for the past quarter of a century had given her first waltz to another than he.

Arthur Glynmoore, his present companion, was of quite a different type. He was tall and slender, though shapely withal. His light, naturally curly hair was worn *à la criminel.* A heavy—for his years—moustache completely hid his handsome mouth, and his large, almost jet-black, eyes seemed rather out of place under their light-brown brows. He was handsome and striking looking. He looked the thorough-bred that he was. He belonged to one of New York's proudest Knickerbocker families, and was born to float on the top of any tide. He was well off without being wealthy. A room at Welcker's, a saddle-horse, flowers, gloves, and club sundries, together with startling tailor bills, about balanced his income. He had come to Washington the previous winter for two reasons: one was to have a good time; the other was to get a commission in the army. He had accomplished

both. Early in the season he was fascinated and captivated by Miss Adèle Harvard, of Boston. This young woman was spending the winter at the national capital with her father, who, much to her chagrin, filled a very high and responsible civil office. The altitude of his station mattered not in the least to this very blue-blooded young woman; the fact of the office being a civil one was quite sufficient to stamp it with the plebeian brand, and she was constantly beseeching him to abandon it. But her progenitor rather fancied the novel duties which he was required to perform, and he absolutely refused to be influenced to resign. So, partly to put miles between herself and her father, who was simply a serf as she expressed it, and partly to break the hearts of some six or seven young women of her own age, and possibly from some modicum of affection, she consented to marry Glynmoore, whom she felt certain would get in the army and go West.

Both these young persons had been extremely popular in society during the previous season, and the post-Lenten event of that year was their marriage. They were married in St. John's Church, and a sumptuous repast followed at Wormley's, where the young bride had made her home. Then they were wished all manner of good things, and amid a shower of rice away they drove. But where? Not even their most intimate friends know to this day. Glynmoore swears that he did not go beyond John Hancock's! Those familiar with this hostelry will naturally conclude that there was considerable metheglin in that honey-moon. However this may be, they returned in due course of time and lingered on in Washington as persons will linger who have nothing to do and ample time in which to do it.

Perhaps I should have said that besides bringing to Glynmoore a treasure in herself, Adèle brought him more than a handsome fortune. Her father was immensely rich and she was an only child; so the chances were that they would never want for anything that money could obtain. Adèle was but twenty years of age and exceedingly beautiful. She was a *petite brunette*, and her complexion was as smooth and as soft as the breast of a humming-bird. Glynmoore used to frighten her by saying, "I will jar you, label you 'Queen,' and eat you for an olive." They seemed well mated, and were enjoying themselves hugely at Old Point, when Glynmoore received his orders to join his regiment, which was stationed at Fort Davenport, Wyoming Territory.

> "And how to say farewell to these,
> And how to say good-by?
> I'd not myself nor others please,
> And d—n me if I try."

With which refrain—which was probably a solo on Glynmoore's part—the young pair started westward.

III.

Fort Davenport was a twelve-company post, and was garrisoned by ten troops of the Thirty-third Cavalry and two companies of the Seventy-first Infantry. The quarters were well built and spacious. The enterprising trader had fitted up two separate apartments with billiard- and card-tables, which he called respectively the officers' club room and the men's room. It was in the first-mentioned of these apartments that Bill Cody made his now somewhat famous reply to a captain of the Fifty-fifth. It was soon after the engagement at Thin Knobs, where Cody had availed himself of the opportunity to scalp an Indian. Several officers were conversing in the room together, when one expressed it as his opinion that Cody ought not to scalp. He said, "It is all right enough for the Indians to scalp; they know no better. But Cody ought to be above such things."

The scout who was being criticised was standing in the door-way, and though he could not be seen by the inmates of the room, yet he heard every word that was said. As the speaker concluded, Cody walked into the room. He certainly was a picture. His tall, lithe, muscular figure was set off by a gorgeous suit of black velvet trimmed with gold braid. His long golden hair hung below his shoulders. In a belt at his waist two Colt's revolvers and a hunting-knife reposed. Fringed buckskin leggings, which were almost one solid mass of bead-work, covered the lower part of his shapely legs. A broad-brimmed hat of light felt *à la* the Earl of Dunraven was perched jauntily on his well-shaped head. His complexion was—as it ever has been since I first met him on the plains—as pink and as white and as fleckless as a blooming maiden's of eighteen summers. I think the manufacturers of many different kinds of soaps, washes, and lotions, so highly recommended by the clergy and star actresses, could do a neat stroke of business by getting Cody to endorse them. Well, he strode into the room and said, "Gentlemen, I want you to understand one thing: the Hon. William F. Cody does not scalp Indians. But when I am on the plains I am Buffalo Bill, and Buffalo Bill scalps them every time."

Fort Davenport was situated but a few miles from a thriving little city, and as the transcontinental trains stopped there twice daily, it became quite a feature for the officers to ride or drive to the city about train time. The burgh also boasted of a theatre. It did not remind one of the New York Academy of Music, nor did it very closely resemble the Brooklyn Opera House; but it answered very well for the place and the times. Officers would get leave to go to town; then get into "cit's" clothes and secure a box at this temple of Thalia, Melpomene, or Terpsichore, as the case might be. Maidens of all ages and nationalities would flock to your box to know what you wanted to

drink and smoke. In fact, if you desired to sample a particular vintage with the prima donna or leading lady or the *première danseuse*, all you had to do was to acquaint her with the fact and she would leave the stage in the midst of an act and accept your hospitality gushingly and greedily. When she got "good and ready" she would return to the boards and the drama or song or dance would be resumed.

The only annoyance attending theatre-going in those days was occasioned by the memory of the commanding officer of Fort Davenport, which was about as short as his record of field service. He would give different officers permission to go to town and then forget that he had done so; and it was not an uncommon occurrence for the adjutant of the Thirty-third, in full regimentals, to appear at the box door of the theatre and place some poor, luckless, innocent sub in arrest just as he was discussing the merits of Heidsieck, *Perrier Jouet*, or Valley Tan with some star or *soubrette*. It got to be so annoying and humiliating that a book was finally procured, and the names of the officers who had been given permission to be absent were entered therein. Consequently, when the commanding officer would growl out, "Mr. Adjutant, ride down to Junebug and put Mr. so and so in arrest," the adjutant would simply open his little book and reply, "You gave him permission to be absent until *réveille*." This would end the matter.

There was quite a pretty little theatre at the fort, and private theatricals were frequently indulged in by the officers and their families, while the men gave some very creditable minstrel performances. On the whole, Fort Davenport was quite a pleasant station, and it lost nothing by the advent of Glynmoore and his young bride. They have been at the post about eight months now, and are exceedingly popular in the garrison and with the swell "townies." Glynmoore has changed in appearance since we first met him in Washington. His hair is worn longer, and he displays a very heavy growth of whiskers and beard. The latter is parted at the chin and brushed apart. This capillary adornment made him appear fully ten years older, and his smart uniform robbed him of that somewhat dudish air which formerly had clung to him. He is a trifle more dignified also in his manner and bearing. This may be due to the fact that a bar now graces his shoulders where once stretched but a barren field. He got his promotion very soon after he joined, and Adèle took particular delight and great pride in presenting to him his new straps and knots. The latter had not changed in the least. She was the same pretty, little, dark, vivacious creature, as fit to be jarred and eaten for an olive as ever.

The writer will never forget Fort Davenport. Some years previous to the events here chronicled he, as a second lieutenant of cavalry, rode into Fort Davenport late one afternoon on his return from an unsuccessful chase after deserters. He was clothed in a blue flannel shirt, a

private's old cavalry jacket, trousers reinforced with coarse white canvas, which were thrust into a huge pair of government boots; a large, flabby, light felt hat was supported by his ears, and a two-weeks' growth of stubby beard added somewhat to the general roughness of his appearance. A corporal and five privates constituted his command. At this time Fort Davenport was commanded by a major of the Fifty-fifth, who was as brave and as jolly a dragoon as ever wore buttons. Blessed be his memory! At this particular period his wife was "in the States," and he was devoting far more time to convivial Bacchus than he was to grim old Mars. After reprimanding the young lieutenant severely for not having reported his arrival to him instead of to the adjutant, he invited him into his quarters and proceeded to "set 'em up" in royal style. At length he said, "The non-commissioned officers are going to have a ball to-night. There is only one lady in the garrison, and she never goes anywhere, so you will have to dance with a laundress. I expect to myself. I always make it a point to open these balls: the men like it."

The young officer plead his wardrobe as an excuse; but a swell infantry captain came to the rescue and said, "I will give you a boiled shirt and my 'cit's' evening dress and go in full uniform myself." This settled it, and, later, the young lieutenant in steel-pen coat and government boots, with a young laundress at his side, was doing the "Lancers" in the same set with the convivial major, swell infantry captain, and the antiquated quartermaster, each of whom was flanked by a *blanchisseur*. When presented by the major to the little blonde laundress, the young lieutenant was informed that "she was born in the regiment and a daisy from bed-rock." She was about twenty years of age and quite good looking. She would have been a worthy representative of her class anywhere, and in those wilds, among squaws and "saynoir" laundresses, she really presented quite a favorable appearance. At the conclusion of the "Lancers," the sergeant-major wheeled her away in a waltz. It was quite evident that she danced nicely, and the young lieutenant was so desirous of ascertaining if he had forgotten the "Boston," that he asked her for a turn. This greatly amused the major, who at short intervals ejaculated, "Hoop 'em up!" "This is Lannagin's ball!" and other similar sentiments. This was all well enough, and the officers withdrew. But the next morning, as the young lieutenant—once more enveloped in jacket and reinforced trousers—was descending the little hill at the head of his small command, *en route* to his station, a window was thrown open in the upper story of a rather rude structure; a blonde head and a broom-handle appeared thereat, and a shrill, rakish, "*Gude*-by, *lew*-ten-int," rang out upon the crisp air. Though the partially-smothered titter of the men in his immediate rear was distinctly audible, yet the young officer adhered strictly to tactics and kept his eyes straight to the front. The distance

at which they struck the ground mattered not at all, just so long as they *struck* it and struck it hard.

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" A number of years have now passed since the final volley was fired over the remains of the poor major. It was one of those occasions whereat Willis tells us it is manliness to weep. The Thirty-third, to which regiment he had been promoted, united in saying that few whiter men than old —— ever lived. The swell captain took unto himself a wife, and is now guilty of paternity. Eagles spread their wings upon his shoulders, and all those who have never served with him extend hearty congratulations to "me lud John." "Years have risen and fallen in darkness or in twilight" since the old quartermaster received in person his last voucher; but he left many behind who will gladly vouch for him through all time. The little blonde has doubtless been a "saynoir" laundress for, lo, these many years, and the young lieutenant is no longer in a position to witness clothing-roll signatures.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW NAVAL PROGRAMME.

(FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.)

THE ship-building programme recently brought forward by the government is of a much more systematic and business-like character than any similar document previously emanating from the Admiralty. We have in this programme a scheme of expenditure extending over a period of five years, and calculated to produce what may be called a new navy composed of ships of various classes numerically proportioned to each other in what is assumed to be a proper ratio. Whether that ratio be right or wrong is a debatable question, but at any rate there is method in the programme, and that is a quality which has not been generally exhibited in statements of naval requirements. The Admiralty have acted wisely in encouraging outside criticism of the designs for their new battle-ships, and especially in permitting Mr. White, the director of naval construction, to submit those designs to the Institution of Naval Architects, in order to afford the members an opportunity of expressing their opinions of them. This Mr. White has done by reading a paper of remarkable ability at the annual meeting of the Institution which has just been held in London. Mr. White's paper, however, is confined to questions of construction affecting the designs of the eight great battle-ships which form the chief feature of the programme. It does not touch upon vessels of the cruiser type, of which the programme includes a certain proportion both of the first and second class, and it will be noted that Mr. White is careful to avoid all questions as to the policy of building armored battle-ships in preference to ships of the cruiser class.

Our naval requirements are both large and varied, and are more essential to our safety than those of any other country. First and foremost we have to guard against possible invasion. A great statesman has said that no nation is likely to be so wicked as to invade this country, but I am sorry to say my faith in the morality of nations is not such as to induce me to believe that the wickedness of the act is a sufficient security against the attempt being made. Besides, what *we* might call wickedness, *they* might call retribution, and the prospect of gain which our wealth would hold

out would certainly militate against national scruples. At any rate, the possibility of invasion is one which we cannot safely disregard, and we could scarcely hope to be able to resist the enormous military power of any first-class continental nation if it could be brought to bear on English soil. But, unless we insanely sacrifice the advantage of our insular position by making tunnels under the Channel, the only possible means of conveying an army to our shores will be by flotillas of transports. Now, whether such transports be convoyed by armored battle-ships or not, the most deadly mode of attacking them would be by means of numerous swift cruisers which could operate with crushing effect upon vessels densely crowded with soldiers and encumbered with war-material.

Next in importance to security against invasion comes security for our commerce, upon which we are absolutely dependent for existence, and which is liable to be attacked not only by the regular cruisers of an enemy, but also by merchant vessels converted into cruisers and by roving depredators of various kinds. No reliance can be placed on treaties for the exemption of private property from capture at sea, for it would be easy to find pretexts for breaking them, and where great national interests are at stake and national passions are aroused, treaties would be torn up and trampled upon, as they have been even in recent times. To make ourselves safe against all liabilities we must make ourselves strong, and our strength must lie on the sea. To secure ourselves completely against depredations on our commerce would be impossible, but to leave it without a large measure of protection might be ruinous. To give it even moderate security we must possess a numerous fleet of cruisers varying in size, power, and construction to suit the exigencies of service in distant places as well as in the vicinity of our islands. The defense of our harbors falls within the scope of the protection of our commerce, and their defensive requirements at sea as well as on land must not be neglected. In criticising, therefore, the composition of the new navy which our government is now proposing to create, we have to consider whether it sufficiently provides not merely for one, but for all these services, and I wish to enable the uninitiated public to form a judgment on this point by placing before them a description of the various classes of war-ships comprised in the programme and the functions of each. In doing this, I shall also endeavor to make popularly intelligible the controversies which at present exist respecting the application of armor to our battle-ships.

Modern war-ships defended by armor can no longer be called armor-clads, for this simple reason, that large portions of the hull are wholly destitute of armor, while other portions are only defended by armor which can be readily pierced even by guns which come under the denomination of secondary or auxiliary armaments. The

reason why the armor has been thus limited in extent and thickness is very intelligible. The penetrative power of artillery has been so prodigiously increased since the introduction of armor that the thickness of plate originally deemed sufficient to resist the heaviest ordnance can now be riddled by the fire of comparatively small guns capable of being fired with great rapidity; and protection from the fire of heavy ordnance can now only be obtained by armor of such thickness as would sink a small ship if applied over the whole surface, or in a large one would leave little margin available for carrying the engines and armament upon which the speed and offensive power of the ship are dependent. Hence it has become necessary to limit the thick armor of a battle-ship (as such vessels are now commonly called) to certain vital parts, leaving the rest of the vessel either entirely uncovered or covered only with armor of comparatively small thickness.

The great question now at issue concerning these ships is whether we ought to give precedence to defensive or offensive construction. If we prefer the defense we must, with a ship of given displacement, increase the weight of armor and lessen the weight and power of engines and armament; or if we take the other alternative, we must diminish the armor so as to leave greater scope for offensive appliances, but we cannot increase in both directions without overwhelming the ship with excessive load, and therefore we must make choice between the two. Sir Edward Reed, who may be regarded as the leading advocate for the defense, says that the first consideration should be the preservation of the buoyancy and stability of the ship and the protection of the crew; but most naval officers say that, while they are glad to have as much protection as they can get, their chief aim is to destroy the enemy. I confess that I sympathized with Lord Charles Beresford when he said at the meeting of naval architects that his first object would be "to knock his enemy into a cocked hat," and that the degree of protection he could get would be a secondary consideration. At all events, it is clear that the superiority of defense over offense may be carried to a limit at which the ship would become useless for fighting purposes, for which alone it exists.

And now as to the best distribution of the limited quantity of heavy armor which can be afforded consistently with the maintenance of adequate power of attack. There are two places at which thick armor is deemed peculiarly essential: (1) at and below the water-level, and (2) at and surrounding the stations below the great guns where all the operations of loading and training those guns are performed. These protected stations in the new ships are called redoubts, and are distinct from turrets, which are revolving superstructures for the protection of the guns apart from the mechanism for working them.

These turrets, if they are to be of any use, must be protected by armor of great thickness, but, owing to the enormous length of the modern pattern of great guns, it is only possible to cover the breech end, which is the most massive and least vulnerable part of the gun, and which, moreover, dipping below for loading, is, in the absence of a turret, only exposed when raised for firing, while the long and more vulnerable chase, projecting far outside the turret and not descending with the breech, remains continuously exposed to the enemy's fire. I am therefore glad to see that in the designs now under discussion turrets have been dispensed with in seven out of the eight new ships, and that the weight so saved has been utilized in effecting the very important object of increasing the freeboard or height of the ship's side above the water, by which means the guns are so raised above the wash of the sea as to enable them to be used under conditions of weather which would otherwise be prohibitory. The alternative to the turret system is the barbette system,—that system, namely, in which the gun is wholly instead of partially exposed when in firing position, but in which the great additional weight of the turret is avoided.

As to the application of armor below the water-level, it might at first sight appear that no part of the ship would less require protection than that which was under water, and this would be true if the ship always floated at a constant draught in still water, because a shot on touching the water is deflected upwards unless fired under conditions which would deprive it of its penetrative value; but in a sea-way, owing to the rolling of the ship or the passage of waves along its sides, a portion of the hull below the normal level of the water is from time to time exposed and liable to be penetrated by shot, in which case an influx of water difficult or impossible to stop would take place when the ship rolled in the opposite direction or ceased to roll at all. Holes above the water-line, on the other hand, although they may be submerged at intervals by waves or by the rolling of the ship, are more easily dealt with, and are therefore less dangerous. Under these circumstances it has become the universal practice in armored ships to carry a belt of thick armor to a moderate depth below and a little above the water-level, but in recent English ships the belt does not generally extend along the whole length of the ship, the ends being considered of less importance than the more central parts and more easily secured against being seriously flooded by the influx of water. Respecting this belt there has been a great controversy, Sir Edward Reed and others contending that it ought to be wider and longer than it is in the new designs, and the Admiralty constructer objecting to add either to its length or its width, on the ground that this cannot be done without increasing the already enormous size and cost of the ships or involving a diminution in the

weight of the engines and armament and a consequent loss of speed and of offensive power.

The arrangement of the guns in most of the recent battle-ships in the British navy, whether of the turret or barbette system, is as follows: The great guns, of which there are four in number, are placed side by side in pairs, with armored protection beneath for the men and mechanism, as already described. One pair of heavy guns is placed well forward in the ship, and the other well backward, and the intervening space is occupied by a battery, usually unarmored, within which the heavier guns of the secondary armament are placed. In the new designs the secondary armament is carried partly within and partly on the top of the central battery, and the distance between the two redoubts containing the four heavy guns has been greatly increased, so as to admit of a much longer battery being obtained for accommodating more numerous guns of the secondary armament. In all the older ironclads the secondary armament (excluding machine guns) is either altogether wanting or is contemptible in power and amount, and in the most recent battle-ships of the "Nile" class it is only of moderate power; but in these new designs the secondary armament is both very large and powerful, and assumes immense importance, being capable of discharging a greater weight of metal in a given time against an enemy than the four great guns which hitherto have been almost exclusively relied upon for offensive action, and such is the power of the larger class of these secondary guns that they can pierce the armor of most of the war-ships now afloat. In the new ships these guns will also be of the quick-firing description, which will greatly increase their efficiency, and make them equivalent to a much larger number of ordinary guns.

The adoption of this powerful secondary armament in the new designs not merely involves a large additional weight and a larger central battery, but also carries with it a rearrangement of the armor-protection on the hull.

In most recent battle-ships the belt of armor for protecting the region of the water-line is eight to nine feet wide, with about two-thirds of the width under water. Above this belt, in nearly all cases, the sides are unarmored; this applies to foreign as well as English ships. The "Nile" and "Trafalgar" differ from this in having an armored "citadel" of considerable length built above the belt, and having the armored sides carried up to eleven feet above water. The thickness of armor on the "Nile" and "Trafalgar" is sixteen to eighteen inches on the sides of the citadel; and the two turrets stand at the ends of the one armored inclosure, about one hundred and fifty feet apart. In the new ships two pairs of guns are to be placed in separate armored inclosures or redoubts, two hundred feet apart; consequently, if thick armor like that on the "Nile" had been carried on the broadside, a much greater length and area would have had to be protected,

and either a less thickness of armor or a greater size of ship would have been inevitable. The broadside amidships in the new vessels is therefore defended above the belt by steel armor of only five inches thick, which is deemed sufficient to keep out shells and shot from light guns, but would be futile against shot from any of the heavier kinds of ordnance, even of the secondary armament. But it must be borne in mind that the 16-inch armor on the "Nile" would itself be easily penetrated by shot from the great guns now usually carried.

The sufficiency of this 5-inch thickness has been hotly debated, but it is right to observe that additional protection of an important amount is obtained inside the 5-inch armor by coal-bunkers at the sides, which could always be kept full until the rest of the coal supply was exhausted, and this would seldom happen before re-coaling was feasible. A further arrangement is said to have been provided to protect the gunners from splinters and projectiles, but the Admiralty has not published any details of it. From my own observation and experience, however, I am enabled to state that much may be done by gun-shields and traverses in affording such additional protection. Sir Edward Reed fastens on the inadequacy of the 5-inch armor, and certainly if additional thickness could be afforded without lessening the armament, it ought to be given; but the sacrifice of offensive power it would involve appears to me to be sufficient reason against it, especially as we must recollect that, shot for shot, the thicker the armor the greater and more destructive is the smash within when penetration is effected by heavy guns. Sir Edward Reed is very confident in alleging that within the size and cost of these new battle-ships complete protection from every kind of attack can be given without sacrificing the efficiency of the ship for fighting purposes, but he produces no plans or calculations in proof of this assertion. For my part, I believe that in these new designs a judicious compromise has been made between defense on the one hand and offense on the other, and the general tone of the discussion at the meeting of the naval architects was, I think, in conformity with that view.

The superiority of speed to be attained by these new ships is also of supreme importance, because it carries with it the power of taking an enemy at disadvantage. In the old days of sailing ships it was always a struggle to gain the weather-gauge before going into action, and nowadays the equivalent advantage of the weather-gauge is attained by superiority in speed.

The programme also includes two battle-ships of a somewhat smaller size, which are described as reproductions on a smaller scale of the first-class barbette vessels, being in speed and coal endurance equal to them, but carrying a somewhat lighter armament and armor of less thickness. As these two smaller ships are each to have a displacement of no less than nine thousand tons, they will be a very

important addition to the still larger battle-ships included in the programme.

Although I am ready to commend the designs for these new ships, my distrust of the efficacy of all vessels of this armored class in relation to their cost remains unchanged. All the advantage they possess in point of defense is a partial and imperfect protection against artillery fire. As regards rams and torpedoes, they are as vulnerable as ships without armor at all, and they are as liable to perish by the perils of the sea as any other kind of war-ship, while their cost is so great that the loss of any one of them from any cause amounts to a national calamity. Mr. White, in his paper on these new designs, refers to what he calls the "too many eggs in one basket" argument, but he wisely adds that he leaves that argument to be dealt with by the Board of Admiralty, who are responsible on matters of policy, he being only their technical adviser. The argument referred to is, however, undoubtedly possessed of great cogency, and, to my mind, the only justification for persevering in the building of such ships is that foreign nations are still doing so. Nevertheless, I maintain that we shall realize a greater amount of security for our shores, our harbors, our commerce, and our colonies, by chiefly devoting our resources to the multiplication of vessels of the cruiser class in preference to those of the armored class.

This brings me to the consideration of ships of the cruiser description, of which two kinds are included in the programme: both kinds are of what is called the protected type, and I shall now endeavor to explain what is meant by this definition.

There are certain vessels in the British navy called "belted cruisers,"—that is to say, vessels protected by thick armor at the region of the water-line, but not elsewhere. These I regard as mongrels between armored battle-ships and true cruisers, and I am glad to see that none of them appear in the programme. The genuine cruiser of what is called the protected type is a vessel destitute of vertical armor and relying for protection upon constructive arrangements which are not designed to resist the entry of projectiles into the ship, but to limit as much as possible the damage that can be inflicted by them. The prominent feature in protected cruisers is a strong steel deck at or near the water-level capable of resisting the downward action of all but the most formidable projectiles, and beneath this deck the engines and magazines are placed. The vessel is divided into cells and compartments to such an extent as to render it extremely difficult to sink her by artillery perforations, and every expedient of shields, screens, and arrangement of coal-bunkers is employed to save the gunners from small projectiles and the fragments of shells. These vessels, being relieved from the incumbrance of thick vertical armor, can attain a far greater speed and carry

a far more numerous armament than a battle-ship, handicapped as the latter is by the weight of her armor. They need not be of huge dimensions as the battle-ship must be, though, for distant service, where great coal-carrying capacity is required, it is desirable that a certain proportion of them should be large; but for service near home, within easy reach of coaling stations, it is quite unnecessary that they should be of great size, and therefore we could have a large fleet of them at the same cost as a small fleet of armored battle-ships. The Admiralty programme provides for nine cruisers of the first, or larger, class, and for thirty-three of the second, or smaller, class of these cruisers. The first-class battle-ship may be roughly estimated to cost two and a half times as much as the first-class cruiser, and five times as much as the second-class cruiser, and the relative costs of course express the comparative number of these various ships that we could acquire by a given expenditure. The programme also includes eighteen still smaller ships called torpedo gunboats of the "sharp-shooter class," the cost of which would probably not be more than a third or a fourth of the cost of the second-class cruiser.

Having now endeavored to describe in a brief and popular form the various kinds of war-ships comprised in the government programme, I shall proceed to explain my ideas as to their functions.

The function of the armored battle-ships I conceive to be simply to fight similar ships, and nothing more. It may be said that they are required for purposes of blockade, but this is only true when the ships in the blockaded harbors are themselves armored battle-ships. In all other cases cruisers, being swifter, and in consequence of their comparative cheapness capable of being employed in far greater numbers, can render a blockade more rigorous than battle-ships. I think it will at once be admitted that, either singly or in combination, battle-ships would be useless for hunting down cruisers, but it is not equally true that cruisers acting in combination would be useless for hunting down a battle-ship; granting that battle-ships in order of battle could not be successfully attacked by cruisers, except perhaps on the flanks, yet battle-ships cannot always be in order of battle. They have to move about and separate from each other if they are to do any kind of detached service, and then would come the chance of the cruisers. Let it be recollected that for one battle-ship we can have five cruisers of the second class, each capable by its superior speed of securing the advantage which used to be incident to the gaining the weather-gauge, and that each would be at least equal to the battle-ship in the use of ram and torpedo. Let it be also borne in mind that the five cruisers would collectively carry a far more numerous armament of powerful guns of the secondary class than the one battle-ship,

and then let it be judged whether the battle-ship would be likely to succumb to the five cruisers, or the five cruisers to the one battle-ship.

I entirely disbelieve in the power of a battle-ship to prevent a surrounding force of cruisers from closing upon her with ram and torpedo. The difficulty of hitting a rapidly-advancing object, the range of which varies at every instant, is enormous, especially with great guns, and the time in running up to ram the big ship would be so short that each of the attacking cruisers would have a good chance of not being hit at all by large projectiles, or, if so hit, the chance against their being damaged to the extent necessary to stop them would, in my opinion, be great. I believe it to be a much more difficult thing to sink or disable an unarmored ship of the protected type than is commonly supposed. Even if hit by the fire of great guns, the damage sustained, though impressive, would seldom be fatal unless directed with critical accuracy at vital points, and no such accuracy would be possible with great guns fired from a moving platform against rapidly-moving objects and under the excitement of action. With the guns of the secondary armament the chances of hitting would be greater, but the damage inflicted would be less. In my opinion, therefore, the presence of a considerable force of cruisers in the vicinity of a hostile fleet of battle-ships would compel the individual ships of that fleet to herd together like a flock of sheep for mutual support; and their efficacy for aggressive purposes would thereby be greatly restricted. But whatever may be the value of cruisers for the purpose of engaging detached battle-ships, they are undoubtedly most important adjuncts to a fleet of battle-ships, especially for the purpose of co-operating in a blockade and acting against a flotilla of transports in the possible event of an attempted invasion. I do not say that we ought to allow ourselves to be inferior to any possible enemy in armored battle-ships, but I certainly think that superiority to the enemy in ships of the cruiser class would afford a greater security against invasion than a superiority in armored battle-ships. I do not enlarge upon the functions of the "torpedo gunboats," since their utility as adjuncts to a fleet seems universally recognized.

For battle purposes, great ships may be admitted to have certain advantages. They afford a steadier platform for guns; they are less jeopardized by a given amount of damage than small ships; and, as Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby (than whom there exists no greater authority on questions of tactics) said at the meeting of naval architects, a given armament carried in one ship is more capable of concentration than if carried in two; but, on the other hand, if we must have the big ship, the application of armor becomes almost a necessity; for we cannot afford to stake so much upon the preservation of a single ship without protecting it to the utmost extent that is compatible with even moderate speed and fighting power. But everything must be specu-

lative regarding the tactics of future naval warfare. Ships and armaments have been revolutionized since the last important experience of fighting at sea, and it is impossible to forecast with certainty whether ships will in future fight in close or skirmishing order, or what the relative values of the different kinds of war-ships may be; but this much is certain, that there is far less speculation in building ships of the cruiser class than in building battle-ships. Past experience has shown that all vessels of the battle-ship class have, when first designed, been deemed almost invulnerable; and yet no sooner are they completed than the march of invention proves them to be quite otherwise. That march is still going on, and is especially active in the field of high explosives. Who can say what new modes of destruction will not be developed before even the present century expires? Whatever they may be, they will assuredly tell more against the sluggish battle-ship than against the agile cruiser,—and the loss of a single cruiser is, in relation to cost, incomparably less serious than the loss of a single battle-ship. Happen what may, ships of the cruiser class can never be out of date; but we can have no such assurance respecting armored battle-ships.

We are informed that the cost of the fleet comprised in the Admiralty programme, including armaments and stores, will be £21,500,000, of which sum £10,000,000 will be taken out of the Consolidated Fund, and the remainder provided for out of the ordinary annual estimates of the next five years. Therefore it will be seen that the gain to the navy, beyond what it would acquire in the ordinary course of expenditure, is only ten millions and not twenty-one and a half millions, as many people imagine. In other words, the government proposes to expend only two millions per annum beyond the ordinary naval estimates of the next five years in order to create a fleet which is to cost twenty-one and a half millions. But if this new fleet is to so large an extent to be paid for out of the ordinary naval estimates, to what source are we to look for the creation of a fleet suitable and adequate for the protection of our commerce, our coasts, and our harbors? However much we may commend the new fleet, we can only regard it as a fighting fleet, and not as one capable of supplying our urgent need of protection against predatory attacks on our coasts and merchant navy. All the ships comprised in it would in the event of war be required to blockade the enemy in his ports or to fight him at sea, or, if not actively employed for those purposes, would have to be held in reserve to guard against disaster to our existing fleet.

The new programme ignores the need of mercantile protection, and the financial statement appended to it almost amounts to a declaration that our present government does not intend during the period covered by the programme to incur the expenses of making adequate provision for preventing ruinous depredations on our enormous property both at

sea and in harbor. At the present moment the safety of our commerce is dependent upon the sufferance of foreign nations, who are perfectly aware of its defenseless condition, and are known to be building vessels under the ominous name of "commerce destroyers." These can only be intended for use against us, and nothing can be more certain than that our commerce would be systematically attacked if we should become involved in a European war. The fatal consequences that might ensue are fully admitted. We know that our industries would be paralyzed and our people reduced to starvation if the food and material we receive from abroad were intercepted, and yet our government has not the courage to bring forward a programme sufficiently comprehensive to give us security against this most patent danger. It is said that we have a splendid fleet of swift mercantile vessels capable of being converted into cruisers at short notice; but these are the very ships we should most require in war time for carrying our indispensable supplies, because, owing to their superior speed, they are the only ships that can secure their safety by evading attack. Besides, at best, they are but makeshifts for fighting purposes, and could not be made effective against regular cruisers. It is not for a rich nation like ours to stake its existence, or even its wealth, upon doubtful means of defense, and it is abject folly to do so.

What we chiefly want in addition to the new fleet is a numerous fleet of cruisers still smaller than those of the second class, and such as we might have at a cost of about £100,000 each, or to the number of a hundred at the cost of about ten battle-ships. These, whether acting separately or in combination, would constitute a naval police capable of preventing predatory attacks upon all our maritime property within a very considerable circle around our islands, and within which circle the great bulk of our ships and commerce would be found. A swarm of small ships of this description would also be of great efficacy in operations against invading flotillas, and for preventing the landing of troops on our shores, and they would most certainly be called into requisition for those purposes in case of need. We should also require some larger cruisers of great speed for repressing the depredations on more distant seas, where, however, our ships would be less concentrated, and therefore less liable to wholesale destruction. If, in addition to the splendid new fleet of battle-ships and auxiliaries which the government has wisely undertaken to construct, provision had also been made for an adequate fleet suitable for commercial protection, we should have greatly discouraged the attempts of foreign nations to rival our maritime power, and would have put an end to contingencies which may cost us hundreds of millions, or may even result in national ruin. And what is the impediment to efficient measures being taken to effect our security? It is nothing but the fear of party opposition where party feeling ought to have no place. The money

required for the purpose is nothing to a nation which, like ours, is possessed of superabundant means. All the money required would be spent in the country. None would be withdrawn from productive industry, seeing that both capital and labor are far in excess of its requirements. The outlay would give employment, which is more scarce than capital, and its result could hardly be called unproductive if it give security to production. It is the working-classes who would especially benefit by the expenditure, as the wage-fund would thereby be increased, and this chiefly at the expense of the wealthy. It is therefore difficult to understand why they should be opponents to defensive measures which would benefit both themselves and the community at large. In short, it is impossible to say that the nation as a whole would be sensibly poorer by the adoption of measures which would establish its security and augment its influence in preserving the peace of Europe, which at the present moment affords no prospect of permanency.

ARMSTRONG.

THE TRIALS OF STAFF-OFFICERS.

TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE DUTY.

(Continued from Vol. I. page 651.)

It was in the midst of the winter term that the "legislative" experience recounted in the last chapter was met, and it seemed to bring about a revulsion of feeling. Only two drills per week were now being required of the students; the officers and non-commissioned officers, with two or three exceptions, were learning their "tactics" thoroughly and doing their duty with spirit and precision. Out of the one hundred and forty whose names were on the list for military service on the 1st of January, eighty were making good progress, and Mr. X. was feeling measurably satisfied with the discipline.

This, however, was of a purely personal character. The refusal of the president to impose any punishment upon the young men who had worked up the fraudulent scheme which "killed" his own project for the enrollment of the battalion in the State troops convinced Mr. X. that he could not look to that official for support in the event of disturbance. Things were going smoothly, however, and the "awkward squads" of backsliders who had evaded duty the previous term were slowly catching up, when one day the head of the 'varsity developed a new idiosyncrasy, and the result was another "break."

Michael, the president's Mercury, appeared after drill one day and said that Mr. X. was wanted at the office, and Mr. X. went. The president responded civilly to the officer's salutation, relinquished his pen, and, after a moment's consideration, began,—

"I believe I—ah—*did* say, Mr. X., that I would leave in your hands the matter of excusing those students who were physically unable to drill, and I think you sent me a list of those so excused."

"I did, sir. I had no idea that the young men of my old State were so crippled a community until I came here. It could not be helped, Mr. President. Those twenty-seven young gentlemen are all in one way or another unfit for military duty of any kind, and I *had* to excuse them."

"Very true. You did perfectly right. It was—ah—about another

matter I meant to consult you,—the cases of Fletcher and Ferguson (let us call them), whom, they tell me, you refuse to excuse."

"Certainly, sir. There is nothing the matter with either of those two young men except too much cigarette-smoking and late hours. If I excuse them I simply put a premium on dissipation."

"Well—ah—they have appealed to me, and they bring me letters from their family physicians, saying that the excitement and violent exercise of military drill is very apt to do them harm, and urging that they be excused."

"Mr. President, those two young men are much better able to drill than I am. There hasn't been enough excitement about the drill to make it interesting, perhaps, and there has been absolutely no violent exercise. They were prominent members of the battalion last year, and held high positions as sergeants. This year they were not promoted because they absented themselves from several drills last fall and were careless and negligent in their duties. That is where the shoe pinches. They belong to the swell society of the college, have plenty of money, play tip-top games of billiards, and used to be magnates in the battalion. They want to get out of it now because they were not appointed commissioned officers, and both of them have rolled up an array of unexcused absences already this term. To let them off is simply to encourage everybody else to follow in their footsteps."

"But there is another view of the case. We cannot afford to make a mistake or do an injustice, Mr. X. It is far better that we should be hoodwinked by fifty or even a hundred of these young men than that we should compel one of their number to do duty when he is really unfit for it. The regents, I am sure, would not sustain such a state of things, and where a young man brings a certificate from his family physician that drill would harm him, it is my belief that we should excuse him."

"Will you let me see the certificate in the case of Mr. Fletcher, Mr. President?" asked Mr. X. And the document was duly produced. It was, omitting a preamble, to the effect that the young man had suffered from typhoid fever ten years previous, as follows:

"He now complains of soreness in the lungs and a return of the pain in the back, and I enjoin the utmost care in avoiding exposure to atmospheric changes or exercise except of the most cautious nature. The drill restarted the difficulty last spring, and for his safety it will be necessary to excuse him."

Mr. X. pondered a moment. Mr. Fletcher had never seemed to have anything the matter with him until after the appointments were made. Then everything about his physical system must have collapsed all of a sudden. In all the university there had been no surer batter, no fleeter base-runner, no more brilliant fielder than Fletcher. He was the pride of the 'varsity nine, and X., who took immense interest in the

university athletics, was overwhelmed with regret that in the match games with the adjoining States and in the College League we could no more have our crack second baseman. If he couldn't drill, *of course* he couldn't play ball. Then X. asked to see Mr. Ferguson's; and Mr. Ferguson's good old family doctor set forth that he had known his patient from babyhood, and had frequently of late years detected incipient heart-trouble, which had been greatly aggravated within the past six months by the violent exercise required of him in military drill (nothing but the manual and quick time had been reached so far), and the doctor urged that he be excused, at least until spring. The more Mr. X. thought of it the less he believed in either malady, and so told the president.

But that wiser and older head prevailed. "We cannot afford to go contrary to the certificates of the family physicians," he said. "We must take no risk, no responsibilities. I—I see no way out of it but to excuse the young men at once."

X. begged that they might be examined by some one of the local physicians who had served in the army,—by Doctor G——, who was on the Faculty; by somebody who *knew* what the drill was, and not by these good old country home practitioners, who had never seen anything but an old-time militia muster in their lives; but it was all useless. The fiat went forth. Messrs. Fletcher and Ferguson grinned affably at Mr. X. when they met him down town two days afterwards, and then the fun began.

Up to this time, in all cases that were not self-evident, Mr. X. had required the certificates of local physicians whom he knew, and who could see for themselves what was going on at drill. This had proved a stumbling-block to a number of young fellows who were unable to convince these experts that their systems were out of gear. The moment it was noised abroad, however, that the president had excused two such prominent students as Fletcher and Ferguson, there was a revival of activity in medical certificates. In less than a fortnight a score of youths appeared duly armed with scraps of paper purporting to be the certificates of all manner of practitioners in all manner of places,—mainly little country villages. Mr. A——, a champion foot-ball kicker, brought the certificate of Doctor Blank, of Brown's Cross-Roads, to the effect that the young man was a martyr to muscular rheumatism. Mr. C—— presented the note of Doctor C—— (his brother), that this alert and wiry-looking sophomore was a victim to chronic catarrh of the stomach. Mr. D——, who showed up in capital form at the June field-day of the athletic society, was pronounced by his local M.D. sorely afflicted with neuralgia of the heart. Mr. E——, of Lost Prairie, was the son of consumptive parents, and was threatened with phthisis of alarming nature,—so said his complaisant medical adviser. Mr. F—— had a pulsating tumor. Mr. G—— severe injury in the

groin. Mr. H—— chronic spinal meningitis. Mr. I—— chronic catarrh of the head, "which the excitement and exertion of military drill would surely aggravate." And so it went through a list of maladies that would have stocked a *corps d'armée* hospital. Others—three or four in number—presented papers which, so far from setting forth any specific malady, merely expressed the opinion of the consulted (and doubtless duly fee'd) medico that military drill was harmful. One of those last named was a young man of admirable physique, and Mr. X. felt that the thing had gone too far and was a fraud of the worst order. Again he appealed to the president, but to no purpose. Having made the rule in the cases of Fletcher and Ferguson, he could not recede, he said, and the whole "raft" stood excused. In one case, which was so barefaced a fraud that the young man could not help snickering as he presented the paper, Mr. X. determined to write personally to the doctor for further particulars. Meantime, said "Prex," the young gentleman should stand excused with the others. No answer came to the first letter. In two weeks Mr. X. wrote again. No answer to that. Inquiry of the postmaster developed the fact that the letters had been duly delivered to the "doctor," who was a youngster just out of some Western medical college and an old playmate of the student in the case. These facts were presented to "Prex," and the student was hauled up to explain; but he never rejoined the battalion. When the spring term began, and the boys in blue halted for a brief rest under the trees on the edge of the campus, there, all around them, smoking their cigarettes, lolling in the sunshine, not infrequently racing full-tilt after the foot-ball or running bases like deer, were the victims of heart-disease, asthma, catarrh, and muscular rheumatism. The gentleman whose family physician forbade "all exercise except of the most cautious nature," never missed a game in all the practice season, and covered second base with credit and himself with glory all through the League contests, but the president never would consent to reverse his decision in the case. "If wrong has been done, it is the young man himself and the physician who must bear the onus," was his consoling disposition of the matter.

The young man crippled by muscular rheumatism developed astonishing proficiency in the regular course of the sparring class, and was pronounced by the local professor of the fistic art "one of the likeliest light-weight amateurs" in the West. Another young man who had applied to Mr. X. in vain for excuse from drill, and finally lost his temper and told his instructor that he considered it an insult to be compelled to undergo military discipline, obtained a certificate of disability and was duly excused. Less than two months afterwards this same youth, armed with a letter from the president himself, came to Mr. X. to request from him a recommendation for an appointment in the regular army. While it is by no means certain that he would have obtained the desired position if Mr. X. *had* furnished the recom-

mendation, it *is* certain that he did not get it, and that the president got a letter telling him why.

But if the "stalwarts" of the battalion—the eighty "good men and true" who daily stood by their guns and did honor to themselves and their colors—were chagrined to see the laggards triumphant in this matter, it proved after all of infinite value in shaping the future course of the Faculty. Already the rank absurdity of the system had appealed to everybody who had the faintest interest in the matter. Half the professors by this time were warmly seconding Mr. X.'s efforts. The State officers were becoming advocates of soldierly discipline, and, best of all, there was an admirable company of militia at the capital composed of the flower of the young men of the town. They had a fine armory; wore a natty uniform; gave occasional delightful parties, but, above all, were commanded by one of the most accomplished soldiers it has ever been Mr. X.'s lot to meet; and he made them soldiers, too, every mother's son of them. One day a dangerous riot suddenly broke out in a Northern city. The authorities were almost stunned by its fury and strength. There was only one way to quell it, and in one hour from the receipt of the order every man but two of this company was under arms and ready. Another hour and away they went by rail. Five days afterwards, when they returned, the people gave them a rousing welcome, and the four or five of the 'varsity battalion who were also members of the Guard were held in higher esteem than ever before. It was a great thing just then to belong to that company, and no young American in town was thought to amount to much unless he could claim membership.

One fine spring morning, as the battalion was forming for drill, who should appear but a student of the freshman class, a resident of the town, and one of the best-looking and most popular young fellows in society. He was one of those who had been excused from drill during this epidemic of certificates, but upon the certificate of one of the oldest and most respected physicians of the place, on account of some asthmatic trouble. Now, voluntarily, he appeared once more in uniform and said he was ready to go on duty again. A day or two afterwards Mr. X. was speaking to the senior captain of some matters, and expressed his pleasure at the manliness of young D—— in thus coming forward during the thickest of the drills when he might as well have stayed away. The young captain's mouth began to twitch with suppressed merriment and his eyes to twinkle with fun.

"What is it, captain? I see there's something behind this."

"I should say there was, sir. Mr. D—— wanted to join the Guards, and put in his application last meeting and got gloriously blackballed. They said they wouldn't have a man who shirked his duty with the battalion, and the only way he could get in with them was to stick to his work here."

X. went down and sought out the Guards' captain, and found that the facts were practically as stated. It did his heart good, in all this uphill, unpaid, unappreciated work, to find support like that. Another year, and the Guards' captain and he began their work, so to speak, in double harness, and it continues to this day.

In another year, too, Mr. X.'s views as to the necessity and propriety of there being one duly accredited local physician to decide on those alleged cases of disability, prevailed over those of the president. The Faculty passed the measure by a rousing vote.

June came; so did the competitive drills, with regulars for judges and swarms of pretty girls among the spectators, and the president came with most of the Faculty, and the battalion, in snug-fitting dark-blue uniforms, with white webbing belts and glistening plates, looked trim and neat as could be desired, and were steady as rocks at review. Prizes were distributed; speeches made by distinguished visitors, including the governor and the adjutant-general, and, despite all its struggles and tribulations, the "Department of Military Science and Tactics" was established on a firm basis. The regents met and voted that, hereafter, Mr. X. should have the salary he demanded in the first place, but forgot to say anything about the six hundred dollars due for the first year. This *he* did not forget, however, and did not mean to. They even came to *that* in course of years; but not until long after he had quit the 'varsity and entered a broader field.

When the second year began Mr. X. found himself suddenly nominated and unanimously elected to the position of secretary of the Faculty, and from that time on, during the hebdomadal deliberations of that august body, sat side by side with his friend the president, and could look his erstwhile opponents in the face. Two months after the session opened and the president of the board of regents desired that Mr. X. should state in writing how things were now going in his department, that officer was enabled to assert that, from the interest displayed by the large body of students engaged in the duties, and the cordial support he was now receiving at the hands of the Faculty, it was apparent that instruction in military tactics and discipline was no longer regarded as a necessary evil.

But the troubles were by no means over. There were two or three slippery customers among the young men liable to military duty who seemed proof against the best-laid schemes of every- and anybody connected with the institution. One youth in particular, whom we will call Allen, because that was very far from being his name, had established for himself the reputation for being the consummate master of every trick and dodge known to students in general for evading duties and escaping punishment. He had belonged to the battalion before X. went to the 'varsity, and had "cut" more drills than he attended. He had a record of unexcused absences from recitations in Greek, in

Latin, in mathematics, etc., that would have swamped a dozen students of ordinary ability. Twice, when on the verge of dismissal, he had obviated that necessity by gracefully withdrawing of his own accord and retiring to the parental roof in a neighboring city, where it seems he swayed the household much at will, and then as blandly would he reappear at the beginning of another term and smilingly assure the professors in charge of the studies he proposed to patronize that his health was now sufficiently restored to permit him to return to his duties. When informed that, without the sanction of the president, he could not be permitted to resume his attendance on lectures and recitations, Mr. Allen placidly assured the official that there would be no difficulty about that: and indeed there did not seem to be. His name once more appeared among those of the special students, and the young man would occasionally saunter in and confer the light of his presence upon the class-room. He lived alone somewhere in the town; he had no friends or associates among the students; he had plenty of money to spend upon himself, and was often to be found sitting around the billiard-rooms and offices of the hotels. His father was something of a politician, and while the Legislature was in session Mr. Allen appeared only semi-occasionally at the university, and haunted the galleries of the Senate or Assembly, sucking in such wisdom as could be extracted from the head of his cane and the debates of the Solons there assembled. When asked for the president's excuse for his absences of the previous week, Mr. Allen would appear both pained and surprised.

"*Was* I absent on the 11th and 12th? Why, yes, professor; you are right. I remember now,—an engagement with my dentist. I'll see the president right after recitation, and get a card from him." Then it would be a day or two before the class recited to that particular professor, and when again they appeared and Allen was called upon for his card of excuse, he would respond, "I greatly regret it, professor; but I've not yet been able to see the president. I've been twice to his office and once to his house, but he was out both times."

"Very well, sir," would perhaps be the reply, "if that card is not presented by Monday morning your name goes to the Faculty Monday afternoon."

And when Monday came the youth would not appear at all. His name would be reported at Faculty meeting as delinquent beyond the legal limit of unexcused absences. "Prex" would say he had long since told the young man he would give him no more excuses, and Professor B—— would thereupon receive instructions to write to the parents of Mr. Allen and inform them that his name was stricken from the rolls; but early on Tuesday, Allen would appear at the professor's door, to walk up to college with him and tell him how sorry he was to have missed lecture yesterday morning, but that a wretched cold had seized him on Saturday, and Doctor Wilkins had declared he

must not leave the house. And when told of the action of the Faculty in his case his surprise and pain would be indescribable. In terms of gentlest reproach he would upbraid the professor for supposing it possible that he would willfully or willingly evade college duties. Then he would go to the president, and, in some way, the thing would be patched up. "I don't believe what he says, or what his father says, for that matter, but I cannot disprove, and therefore can only accept their statements," was the summary of the situation as expressed by our patient superior. And so from month to month Mr. Allen would wriggle along,—a reproach to everybody, and yet a youth too plausible for the authorities to sternly suppress and too slippery to be caught.

Through medical and presidential excuses the young man had succeeded in having wiped out the string of unexcused absences against him in the military department in the first term. But then, when Mr. X. was officially informed that the youth had been dismissed from the 'varsity, he dropped him from his rolls, and though he occasionally saw him on the street, it was not supposed that he had been allowed to return. In various ways Mr. Allen had evaded most of the duty during the first year Mr. X. spent at the institution. Now came the second, and Allen promptly appeared and registered as a special again. Three days after the drills began he was lolling on a bench in the gymnasium, apparently a pleased looker-on. When the adjutant told him to join the awkward squad, the young man smiled and said he guessed not. He had been through two years of it and was exempt now. Mr. X. proved to the Faculty the next day that Mr. Allen had not attended ten drills in all the previous year, and the Faculty unanimously voted that he must therefore join the battalion for the fall term, and Allen was so officially informed by his "class officer" on the very next day. Perhaps the Faculty wanted to see how X. would get along with this representative of the gymnotus tribe. Allen argued and protested; went to the president and implored, and was told that nothing short of Mr. X.'s report that he had faithfully completed the course would secure his excuse. Then he came to Mr. X. and begged for such a report, and Mr. X. assured him he should have it—next June—if he behaved himself meantime. Mr. Allen was ordered to join the recruit squad on the following morning; his attention was called to the fact that the Faculty had braced up and passed a rule that any student receiving ten unexcused absences in course of a year (it used to be a *term*) from this time on would be summarily expelled, and with that warning he was allowed to go.

Two weeks passed—a month—and no Allen. Each week was he reported to the Faculty as absent on Wednesday and Thursday, and by the end of October twelve or fifteen unexcused absences were recorded in all against him, and Mr. X. moved the execution of the law. It was passed *nem. con.* Again a letter was written notifying the pa-

ternal Allen of the youth's exclusion, and that afternoon X. found the young man himself awaiting the secretary on his return from meeting.

"Oh, professor, good-afternoon," he remarked, with great affability. "I thought I'd call in and see you, as this seemed to be the only place I'd be likely to find you. You know I've been up at the gymnasium four times these last ten days, but you were away. I just came in to speak about the drills. Whom should I report to Wednesday? I've been so much occupied of late that it was impossible to run up there more than once or twice, and my uniform was not ready, so I knew you would not require me to be there until it was; but it is all right now. I spoke to Mr. Morgan about coming to drill Wednesday, and he said something about my name's being scratched off. That was an accident, probably, and I thought I'd just drop in to tell you I was all ready to begin."

"It was not an accident, Mr. Allen, but the result of a regulation which was fully explained to you by both your class officer and myself. You have rolled up over ten unexcused absences in less than a month, and that ends the matter. You were voted out of the university at three o'clock this afternoon."

Allen protested that he never for a moment understood things "that way," and left Mr. X. with the assurance that he would see the president at once and have the thing fixed. The thing wasn't fixed, however. "Prex" stood firm, and said that he must go unless Mr. X. would consent to remove those absences. Then the friends and relations of the excluded youth came out and argued the point, but to no purpose. This time the law stood.

Now, however, as the spring term approached again, two other young men were at the danger line. They had repeatedly absented themselves from duty and presented excuses that were "gauzy" in the last degree. Even "Prex" began to see through them and to refuse further clemency. April and May found them over the mark, but a "stay of proceedings" was granted, much to the disgust of Mr. X., who well knew that the battalion was watching the result with keen intelligence. At last, in the interest of discipline, Mr. X. urged the case to the president as one requiring immediate action, and reminded him of the rule passed by the Faculty making those ten unexcused absences final cause for dismissal. "Prex" laid down his pen and calmly said that he thought the rule a bad one for general application. "It was a good thing to have when there was a young man, like Allen, whom everybody was eager to get rid of, and who had never been anything but a discredit to the institution;" but that he didn't believe in it, except in such cases, was plainly the upshot of his remarks. Despite their offenses, the offenders against the rules and orders of the military department were saved by executive clemency, and the other members of the battalion concluded it was about time to have a "circus."

Mr. X., at Faculty meeting, stepped out of the secretary's box and took the floor to urge immediate action. "Prex" opposed, and the Faculty, torn betwixt conflicting emotions, apparently knew not what to do. Absences from drill without reason or excuse doubled in number on the instant, and despite the excellent appearance of the battalion and the fine drills at the closing parades and muster, the commandant had had enough of that sort of work. He had been appointed an aide-de-camp on the staff of the old "war-horse" of a governor aforementioned, and was tendered certain duties in connection with the instruction of the State troops that promised to be more congenial and remunerative than university work, that was so much uphill. Then, too, he had got to scribbling for THE UNITED SERVICE, and the duties of secretary of the Faculty (unsalaried) were of constantly-increasing weight. At the end of the term, Mr. X. concluded that it was high time to let somebody else try his hand at the military department. The last thing he strove to effect in Faculty meeting was a measure by which the Faculty as a body, and not the president as an individual, should decide in these matters of discipline. But they were not ready to face the music.

In a year or two, however, it all came about, and the measures and recommendations Mr. X. strove to introduce in his time, from an examining surgeon down to a committee on discipline in the Faculty, gradually came to be looked upon as the best things, after all, and are now established facts. After "the professor" tendered his resignation the regents tried to get the War Department to increase the detail allotted to the State for their benefit. Failing in that, they unhesitatingly applied for the restoration to them of the "franchise" which they had long since turned over to their struggling up-country contemporary as something for which they had no use, and the United States officer at the smaller college, with his arms, equipments, etc., was summarily transferred to the 'varsity. Next the government began sending around its own inspectors, to see whether the colleges thus benefited were showing proper appreciation of the fact, and, finally, a board of experts, all men of large and possibly similar experience at various institutions, are now to assemble and decide on a uniform system of instruction. Verily, the times have changed and the good cause has triumphed.

"Prex" and his military professor have both long since severed their respective connections with the old 'varsity, but whenever Mr. X. drops in to take a look at the scene of his struggles of a decade ago, he realizes that those particular "trials" were not all in vain.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING,
U.S.A.

SERVICE JOURNALS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE number of periodicals which treat of military and naval matters has become so great that most civilized countries can boast of at least one. Even in Roumania—where we should suppose that the interest in naval affairs could not be very great—we find a review which is partly devoted to them; and we are within bounds in stating that a list of the whole of these publications would fill a page of this magazine.

It is a source of gratification that, in the value of subjects discussed, as well as in illustration, typography, and general appearance, the professional periodicals of our own country, such as the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* and the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, compare most favorably with any.

The last number of the *Naval Journal*, being No. 1 of vol. xv., contains two brilliant articles,—one upon "The Most Important Question of Sheathed or Unsheathed Iron or Steel Ships," by Naval Constructer Hichborn; the other is entitled "Progressive Naval Seamanship," by Commander Sigsbee. There are also valuable papers upon "Naval Reserves," and the "Recruiting and Training of Men," by Lieutenant Sydney Staunton.

The subject of a naval reserve is now occupying the attention of the public to some extent, and articles in relation to it are exceedingly timely. Then follows one of a series of contributions upon the "Literature of Explosives," by Professor Munroe, of the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport; an article upon "Naval Coast Signals," by Lieutenant Wainwright; and professional and bibliographical notes.

There comes from Fort Leavenworth the *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association*, a bright and attractive publication, containing original articles of interest, especially to that arm of the service, as well as translations from recent authorities in Europe. A short but instructive article upon "Revolver Shooting," by Captain Hall, is most interesting. In this connection the military student will recall the plea for the use of the revolver by cavalry in the elaborate work of Lieutenant-Colonel Denison, of the British army, whose illustrations of its usefulness are mostly derived from the experience of our own Civil War.

Turning to the foreign periodicals, we find ourselves attracted by the appearance of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine,* published by W. H. Allen & Co., of London. The ways of publishers are mysterious, at least to the uninitiated. Being already the proprietors of the venerable *Colburn's United Service,* now in its sixty-first year, it is difficult to understand why they should issue a new and attractive rival. Generally, people are off with the old love before they are on with the new; but it is to be supposed that the publishers knew their own business best.

The magazine in question is a new departure among service periodicals,—quite sumptuous in paper and type, and profuse in illustrations. While *Colburn's* retains its time-honored form and its price,—a shilling a number,—its young sister demands "two and six" for a monthly part, or about seven dollars and fifty cents per annum.

To give an idea of this novel periodical, we may say that it has, as frontispiece of the April number, a portrait of Lord Abinger, the commander of the West London Volunteers, with a short biographical sketch. The next article is a sketch of General P. H. Sheridan, with a very good likeness. It is a fair and appreciative sketch, the only fault to be found with it being the statement that the general was born in Ireland, while he, in his autobiography, declares that he was born in the United States.

"A Rolling Commission" is one of a series of papers describing the cruise of a man-of-war on the coast of Africa,—of mediocre interest. We recognize some time-honored photographs of Madeira,—"bullcarts," and such like; but, then, every one hasn't been to Madeira, and to those the engravings will be as good as new.

After this follows *the* article of the number, upon the subject of "Great Britain's Horse Supply," from a military point of view. A timely note of alarm, we should say, when we hear it gravely stated that, of eighteen thousand non-commissioned officers and men of the British cavalry, no less than six thousand are at present riding "shank's mare" for want of remounts.

À propos of this, a little story comes in, which we take from the February *Colburn's:*

"A short time since an officer was sent down to inspect a battery of Royal Horse Artillery, supposed to be fit for immediate service. The war establishment of such a battery is as follows: Six guns, six ammunition-wagons, a field forge, and six other carriages. The guns were *en évidence,* but there was only one ammunition-wagon, and this in a condition totally unfit for service, and there was no forge. Horses had to be borrowed, and of those actually belonging to the battery supposed to be undergoing inspection, it was remarked by an expert on the spot that not one-half could be honestly passed by a veterinary surgeon as fit to go abroad. The same may, without exaggeration, be

stated of the men, who were by no means the ordinary members of the battery. In order to make up the required number, not only was it necessary to draw every available horse-artillery gunner from the Woolwich depot, but the battery ordinarily stationed at St. John's Wood was taken to Woolwich, *and a number of non-commissioned officers and men were temporarily borrowed from it.*"

The italics are *Colburn's*, not ours.

The daily newspapers in England, as well as Parliament, seem to be alarmed about the state of the horse-supply. An article of ability upon the horse-supply for Indian service remarks that horses, to be of real service for cavalry and artillery in that climate, must be born there, or else be brought from the Cape of Good Hope. "Mounted infantry must prove a potent factor in any Eastern campaign, and especially when opposed to clouds of Cossack and Central Asian horsemen. The Indian service will, therefore, do well in providing an ample supply of serviceable, medium-sized cobs, *something after the fashion of the broncho.*"

The italics are ours—this time.

Continuing the notice of this magazine, we call attention to an admirably-illustrated series of articles upon the "Sabre;" a review of a new "Life of Von Moltke," by Fedor von Koppen; and an illustrated military ballad, translated from the Swedish. Then there is a capital and fully-illustrated description of the Krupp artillery and its manufacture, perhaps the most valuable paper of the number.

A portrait and biographical sketch is given of Deputy Inspector-General McCormick, the oldest medical officer in the British navy, whose work upon Arctic Exploration is well known. This veteran of eighty-nine entered the service in 1823, and first entered upon an Arctic voyage in 1827, in Sir Edward Parry's expedition. In 1839 he sailed as senior medical officer, naturalist, and geologist of the "Erebus," being gone four years. He was the first to arouse the public mind of England to the jeopardy of Sir John Franklin's expedition. McCormick offered to conduct a search for that expedition by descending the Coppermine River to the Polar Sea, from thence to examine the west shore of King William's Land and its vicinity. He was supported in his views by Sir F. Beaufort and others, and subsequent events showed that, if this plan had been carried out in 1847, as McCormick proposed, he would have met the remnants of the crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror," who were at that very time toiling along the western coast of King William's Land, and dropping down one by one, from exhaustion, cold, and hunger, in their final and desperate attempts to reach the Great Fish River. McCormick was sent out in the "North Star," but Captain Berkely says that red tape prevented his getting away with his boat, the "Forlorn Hope," until the season was so far advanced that all the leads through the ice were

closed, and he and his boat's crew came near sharing the fate of those whom he was endeavoring to rescue.

The veteran Admiral Jurien de la Gravière was received into the French Academy in February last. He is the second seaman who has received the much-coveted honor of a seat among the forty "Immortals." The other, Vice-Admiral D'Estrées, who was chosen to fill the *fauteuil* of his uncle, Cardinal D'Estrées, in 1715.

Jurien de la Gravière entered the French navy in the reign of Louis XVIII., and has since served under Charles X., Louis Philippe, the second republic, the second empire, and now under the third republic. Always exceedingly popular in the service, he has proved himself, in all positions, an able and gallant officer, a thorough seaman, and a good disciplinarian, as well as a Frenchman loyal to France, whatever her form of government. In addition to this, he has written most attractively and voluminously upon naval subjects for half a century, and has not yet laid down his pen, having just finished the lives of Admirals Roussin and Baudin, which show no signs of failing mental powers in the author.

There are many French names for things which sound much better than their English equivalents. Among these we may mention "Gymnote," the name of the submarine boat lately completed at Toulon. She is named after the curious *gymnotus electricus*, and "Gymnote" has certainly a better sound than "Electric Eel."

As offensive vessels in actual warfare submarine boats have yet to be tried, especially in regard to their behavior in the presence of explosives and the safety of their crews. A well-known writer upon naval subjects, M. Weyl, points out to his countrymen, who are jubilant over the success of the "Gymnote," the fact that, in an attack upon a blockading vessel, the submarine boat, if she remained below during the explosion of a torpedo, would probably remain there permanently; while, if she rose to the surface to avoid shock, the machine-guns of her enemy would, almost infallibly, finish her career then and there.

Speaking of torpedoes, we may remark that the French have been unfortunate enough to lose two torpedo-boats lately, and in each case there was loss of life. We condense from *Le Yacht* the particulars of the singular accident to "No. 102" of the Toulon flotilla, which occurred in St. Nazaire Roads.

Six torpedo-boats had gone out for exercise upon the coast. The weather was fair, although it was blowing a brisk *mistral*, or northwest wind, with a swell from the southwest. After manœuvring all day, they were returning in line to Toulon, the "No. 102" being the

fourth in line. Passing between two rocky islets and near a shoal spot, "No. 102" was observed suddenly to capsize. She was at the time about three hundred metres from the bank or shoal spot. There was no premonition of disaster, the boat simply turning over on her side, and then going keel up instantly. Her commanding officer states that he was in the water before he knew it. He managed to reach and hold on to her rudder, but was then in great danger from her propeller, for, curiously enough, her engine continued its revolutions. Thirteen men, who were on deck, were thrown into the water, and three of them were drowned, the rest managing to cling to the keel. The fireman and two engine-drivers, who were below, with the hatches closed, of course perished. It shows how tightly closed she was when it appears that she did not sink for forty-five minutes after the accident, but lay in the water like a whale, with the screw working like the flukes of the cetacean in a death-flurry. The other boats hastened to the spot, and launched their little dinghies, saving those who were clinging to the wreck. The best proof that the weather was fair was the fact that they could use these little boats successfully. The wreck was taken in tow by two of the others, but the tow-lines parted, and at last "No. 102" slowly sunk, in about sixteen fathoms of water.

The class of torpedo-boats to which "No. 102" belonged had been much complained of by their officers, on account of their forward upper works having been raised so as to get the torpedo-tube higher out of water. This sort of metallic head-sail made them steer rather badly at times. But the three leading boats had just passed over the spot where "No. 102" capsized, without trouble. It has been suggested that, passing too near the bank spoken of, she touched it with a blade of her propeller just as a heavy roller had laid her over, and the added impulse was sufficient to capsize her. The explanation seems unsatisfactory, and the "35-metre" class, to which "No. 102" belonged, is said to have more stability than the longer or the shorter classes. Others suppose that her trim had been materially altered by consumption of fuel or some change in stowage.

She has since been raised, but the latest French papers received at this writing do not give any details of her condition when her hatches were opened, beyond the finding of the bodies of the three unfortunate men.

The second French torpedo-boat which has been recently lost was "No. 110," of the Cherbourg division. The accident occurred on March 21, about noon, she being one of a flotilla of four on the way from Havre to Cherbourg. The black cone—a signal for low barometer—had been hoisted at several places, but when the boats left Havre it was a dead calm. Two of them—"No. 110" and "No. 111"—were of the same 35-metre class as the one lost near Toulon, and, having been to Havre to get new boilers, it was judged prudent, in the light of the

recent accident to "No. 102," to have them escorted by two others of the Cherbourg flotilla, smaller boats than "No. 110."

About eight miles from Cape Barfleur the flotilla was met by an extremely violent squall, and lost sight of each other for some minutes. Each one was taking its own course, having enough to do to look out for its own safety. The weather becoming worse, one of the escort bore up for Havre, and arrived there safely that evening. When she bore up she saw two of her three consorts. The two others kept on, and arrived safely at Cherbourg that evening, although one of them was so damaged that she nearly sank that night.

"No. 110" disappeared during the squall. A search was instituted as soon as the disaster was known, and two or three days were spent without any discovery, and the unfortunate people were at last given up. Since that a mattress known to belong to her has been found floating, showing that a sea had broken her up. Thirteen men and Lieutenant de Vaisseau Villers-Moriamé were lost. The latter left a numerous family, and it is possible that his anxiety to see them may have led to the disaster, as he appears to have been the senior officer, and the admiral at Cherbourg had given orders for them not to leave Havre except in very fine weather.

Since these disasters the form of the class has been ordered to be changed—the forward superstructure is to be cut down—so that torpedoes will have to be loaded from the deck. The freeboard will also be raised, and the sides made straighter instead of "tumbling home" so much. The sum for these alterations has already been granted.

Since we are upon the subject, we may say that in February last there appeared in *Colburn's Magazine* an article on torpedo warfare, translated from the Russian of Captain Dubassov, of the Imperial Navy. Captain Dubassov is the officer who distinguished himself in the last Russo-Turkish war by blowing up a Turkish ironclad on the Danube. The article deals mostly in generalities—offense and defense—as against blockading fleets, and what not. No special plans are formulated for such purposes, and for a reason at which the gallant captain hints, in the corner of his paper; his reserve being necessary because the Russian admiralty has most carefully prepared plans of operations in the event of war with a maritime power, and, of course, the premature disclosure of such plans would not exactly meet with official approval. Captain Dubassov insists that torpedo-boats should never act singly except under great emergency, but always in pairs or in "chains" of five or six. Then, he says, "Like God's ire they must strike relentlessly at the enemy's ships till they are either blown to pieces or surrender."

There is another translation from the Russian in the March number

of *Colburn's United Service,* which is remarkable for the refreshing candor of its utterances. It is entitled "The Importance of Asia Minor for Russia," and the writer is A. V. Eliséef, who seems to have traveled very extensively in the country in question. The writer expresses a conviction that, at the first pretext, or the first favorable opportunity, without a pretext, efforts should be made by Russia to acquire Asia Minor. He regards the Cossacks as the people who are to play the principal part, both as warriors and colonists, in "the future campaign in Anatolia." The writer refers to the settled convictions among the more rigid and old-fashioned Osmanli that Allah, in sign of displeasure at the falling off from strict practice of the faith, as given them by the prophet, will, in due time, permit the "great white Padishah" to assign to unbelievers, especially to Russians and Americans, the possessions of the faithful.

In Van and Erzeroum, especially, many true Turks not only dissuade people from purchasing property, but also from erecting expensive buildings upon land already acquired, so convinced are they that they cannot hold their possessions for more than a few years.

For generations many wealthy Turks have buried their dead in Broussa and other cities of Anatolia, under the settled belief that it is only a question of time when they will have to abandon the European side of the Bosphorus, but this revelation of the belief of Anatolians is rather new.

The writer says that, naturally, the Russians will make their approach from that solid *point d'appui,* the Caucasus; and that it will not be the first visit paid by the Cossacks to Asia Minor, for in the height of their power their forefathers had crossed the Black Sea in their frail craft, plundered the coast towns, and penetrated some distance into the interior, in proof of which there are several historical traces remaining. Cossack troops have always been the principal force in the pushing forward of Russian possession at the expense of Asiatics. Once settled in a country they form a living wall behind which Russian peasants and artisans and traders can peacefully pursue their avocations.

À propos of Russian advance into Central Asia, we see in the April *Fortnightly* another paper, by the author of "Greater Britain," who last winter accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in a military progress to the extreme northwestern boundary of British India, and the formal opening of the railroad which is to enable the possessors of India to overcome the difficulties of the passes into Afghanistan, formerly so fatal to them.

The learned author describes a dress-parade held at Loralei, and his description of the troops upon the extreme frontier may be interesting.

There were present a regiment of cavalry, a regiment of native

infantry, and a mountain battery of artillery, with some Afghans and Baluchs. "The cavalry and artillery were splendid fighting representatives of the modern Indian army. But the infantry regiment was from Bombay, and, though admirable in its old-fashioned British drill, did not give one the impression of having much dash about it. The guns went by to the sound of the Highland pipes, although I myself prefer their playing upon their own Baluchi pipes."

The cavalry regiment was one where the British officers wear the native dress, turban and all. "Although the cavalry regiment was a good one, it contains too many men who were sick with fever. These are chiefly Jats from the country below Umballa, who do not eat meat, and avoid even red vegetables, pink turnips, and so forth, because they remind them too much of meat. The first cavalry regiment which came to Loralei, a Bengal Lancer regiment, is said to have lost nearly one in three of its men in nine months, most of these dying of pneumonia from exposure to winter cold when previously weakened by autumn fever. The native troops naturally do not like service in the Afghan plateau. Extra pay is given them . . . and thick clothing is served out to them; but though the death-rate has been greatly reduced, it is still high, and the service is still unpopular. In my belief, the climate is a far better one for British troops than for Indian natives, and the country ought to be chiefly occupied by British troops, and by troops raised from among the mountain tribes. At present there is about the same amount of sickness among the white troops as among the natives, but I am convinced that among the white troops it could be avoided, whereas among the Indian natives it is in a large degree unavoidable from the climate being unsuited to them. With regard to the serving out of warm clothing to Indian troops, when such advantages were given them at Kabul, in the winter occupation, the men saved the clothing instead of wearing it, and some carried it about with them for as much as two years in order to present it to their relations when they reached home. The men were also given to starving themselves as well as to depriving themselves of every luxury in order to save their pay for the benefit of their families. It is one of the great difficulties of holding the frontier in force, that Indian troops are not of much use at places like Quetta and Loralei in the winter snow and the cold, while the Europeans play foolish tricks with their health, and from the dullness of the stations are literally 'bored to death.' The Russians find that in their wilder garrisons it is an admirable practice to allow the men to make up shooting-parties, organize commissariats for themselves, and go away for days and even weeks together without officers."

We make no apology for this long extract, because it gives an insight into the character of troops who are now almost within sight of each other, and to whose collision the attention of the world may possibly be called at any time.

The French dragoons have again been given the lance. The weapon is of moderate length of oak, with very sharp head and steel heel, with the usual loop of leather for the arm. As soon as a supply of bamboo can be obtained from Tonquin, that is to be used as much lighter and stronger, resembling those carried by the Bengal lancers. It appears not to be as yet decided whether one squadron of a regiment is to have the lance, or half of such squadron. The Sixteenth is the first regiment to have the new arm, which is to be carried in addition to the short rifle and heavy cavalry sabre. The regiment is to have the cuirassier tunics, helmets with horsetail plumes, and boots of undressed leather, of yellow color. A very small cartridge-box is to be substituted for the *giberne.*

The senior French naval officer, Vice-Admiral Chabannes La Pallice, died in March, aged eighty-six. A graduate of the Polytechnic School, he entered the navy, and served at Navarino, after which, as a lieutenant, he commanded the royal yacht. As captain he commanded the "Charlemagne" with great credit, especially in the bombardment of Sebastopol. He afterwards commanded fleets in the Mediterranean and on the coast of Brazil.

It will interest Americans to recall the fact that he was Préfet Maritime in Cherbourg from 1862 to 1864, and in that capacity ordered the "Alabama" to be escorted beyond the marine league by the ironclad "Couronne," at the time that cruiser went out to meet her fate at the hands of the "Kearsarge's" ship's company.

A correspondent at Malta informs *Truth* that the rock upon which the "Sultan" struck is *not* marked upon the charts which were supplied to Captain Rice by the Admiralty; but, astounding to relate, it *is* marked on the charts of the admiral superintendent at Malta, and a chart which was once possessed by Nelson shows the rock. According to one of the P. and O. captains, it is marked in *their* charts as *most dangerous.*

We see it reported that the Duke of Edinburgh, who was present and directed operations before the "Sultan" went down in deeper water, is not to be called upon to appear before the court of inquiry, which is to be held in England.

Since writing the above we see that Captain Rice's trial has taken place, and he has been found guilty of "default." "Default" seems to be a new term,—apparently a dereliction of duty, in the case of an officer, instead of "negligence." The captain's trial being over, there is to be a court of inquiry upon the salvage operations. Why the stranding of the ship and the efforts to save her should not have been a part of the original inquiry it is hard to understand. The "Sultan" was worth nearly one million sterling.

The way in which the military authorities at Berlin are beginning to practically utilize the balloon for war purposes is described as very interesting. "Tempelhof, where the balloons are being made, represents at present a scene which would do credit to any stage. Several rope makers are hard at work; next to them a tailors' shop has been erected, where the balloons are cut and sewed. In another shop they are made water-proof and dried, and on a fine day a number of soldiers sit in front of the tents occupied in making nets. Groups of officers stand about trying their various scientific instruments, which they hope to use when floating in the air-ships during the approaching manœuvres."

It is said that the Swiss Federal Council has recommended a credit for the fortification of St. Gothard, indicating a conviction that in the event of another European war the position maintained by the republic in 1870 would be untenable. The neutrality of the little state was assured by the Treaty of Vienna, but, under existing conditions, it is doubtful if its neutrality would be respected; and, should there be any rearrangement of the map of Europe, its integrity might be seriously affected. The Swiss seem awake to the possibilities, and are losing no time in preparation for eventualities. Though not what might be termed a military people, they formerly fornished fighting men to half Europe. They have an extensive armament, and almost every man is somewhat accustomed to drill, and many are crack shots. The force they could call out is over two hundred thousand, without touching the reserves, which would increase their force fivefold. They have repeating arms, and their artillery, by Krupp, is in large quantity.

Should her neutrality be invaded, the Swiss, under another Arnold von Winkelried, may inflict upon the invader another defeat such as Morgarten or Sempach.

Speaking of Krupp guns, there seems to be a certain propriety in Germany's taking the lead in the manufacture of artillery, for there seems to be no doubt that the first great gun mentioned in history was made at Amberg, formerly the capital of the Upper Palatinate, in 1301. Whether the Krupp establishment makes better guns than the French is hard to say. Time may perhaps show; but the English are fast waking up to the fact that their great guns are not equal to those of either France or Germany, judging from the strictures published in the service journals, as well as the daily papers.

As regards the twenty-one thousand guns constructed on the Krupp system, in the last thirty years, only twenty-five have met with any serious accident, and of these about one-third were only partially made at Essen; in such cases the forgings came from Krupp, and the guns were finished at the German government arsenals.

During the Franco-German war one Krupp gun fired three hundred rounds in one day.

The Essen works supply the whole of the Swedish artillery, and most of that for Portugal, Switzerland, Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey, Belgium, Denmark, and Holland.

They also supply Italy with many heavy guns, and Spain mostly derives her guns from the same source. Italy builds many of her guns at home, on the Krupp principle. Russia got her guns from Essen until about ten years ago; but she now has a great arsenal at Obonchoff, where the method of manufacture is strictly analogous.

One of the French journals recently gave a *résumé* of the condition of the United States Navy, and terminates its remarks with the following observations: "The North Americans intend to construct a great navy, and there is no doubt that they will succeed in doing so. They certainly have need of one, for with their immense coast-line upon two great oceans they cannot afford to continue that inert policy into which they fell after the close of the war of secession. They possess all material for the rapid creation of a navy of the first rank; the *personnel* is excellent, their mechanics are skilled, and the financial resources of the Union are unrivaled."

EDWARD SHIPPEN,
Medical Director U.S.N.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

A Cavalry Episode.

NIGHT had closed in on the second day's fight at Nashville by the time General Edward Hatch had managed to mount a portion of his fine fighting division, and was feeling his way in the gloom along the Granny White pike. His advance encountered a breastwork of rails, behind which the enemy were endeavoring to rally their broken battalions. Without a moment's hesitation Hatch ordered a mounted charge, and the horses literally tore the barricade to kindling wood, and soon Union and Confederate troopers were mingled together in dire confusion. Like Donnybrook fair, the men struck at a head where it could be seen, while the officers were vainly trying to rally their commands, Union officers mistaking Confederates for their own men, Confederate officers rallying Union troopers, when some one would ride close up, and in laconic but pungent Saxon inquire, "Who the sheol are you, anyhow?" And then would follow a breast-thrust or pistol-shot, and renewed tumult and confusion.

In the midst of this maddening struggle a Union officer, whose name has escaped the writer, who otherwise would gladly add a laurel to his chaplet of honor, encountered Confederate General Rucker, and there at once ensued a duel on horseback, such as perhaps was never seen before. The two powerful men closed in deadly conflict, striking, thrusting, parrying with the rapidity of lightning. Urging their horses together, they grasped each other's swords with the disengaged hand, and each wresting from the other his weapon, they renewed the conflict, each trying to kill the other with his own captured blade. It is difficult to say who would have conquered in this peculiar combat had not a Union trooper shot the gallant Rucker through the arm, and, disabling him, forced his surrender. Rucker spent the night at General J. H. Wilson's quarters, where he received all possible attention, and was sent next morning to a hospital in Nashville. He was a courteous gentleman, and won the respect of his captors. About 9 P.M. the conflict died out.

Who of those that fought there will ever forget "Nashville," which made practicable the perfect success of Sherman's march to the sea? Who can forget our glorious leader, George H. Thomas, "the rock of Chickamauga," so beloved by his soldiers, and whose memory is so sacred to them, but whose fame has been assailed by pygmies with carping criticism, and whose last days were embittered by the consciousness that his title to consideration and preferment was contemptuously ignored?

Night fell on the second day's battle, which found Hood's army shattered so badly that only fear of capture kept his men with their colors. The skies, which had been frowning all day, opened their gates, and a downpour of rain began which continued, with slight intermissions, for many days, and converted the country into a sea of mud. The complete success which had crowned our arms, however, inspired the Union troops with double vigor, and they hung on to Hood's retreating columns like famished wolves upon a buffalo herd. Like General Greene's celebrated retreat through the Carolinas during the Revolution, the elements conspired to save the pursued, stream after stream becoming unforda-

ble the moment they were safe on the south banks. Then our tireless horsemen must hunt for crossings or try to improvise bridges, structures, often, which would cause the quiet citizen's blood to congeal with horror at the thought of thrusting himself over the raging torrent on so frail a contrivance. "On! on!" however, was Wilson's ceaseless cry, and somehow all obstacles would be overcome, and we would again lock horns with Hood's faithful, self-sacrificing rear-guard, which, though worn with frightful marching, benumbed with cold, and famished for want of food, never failed to interpose themselves to save their comrades. How they lived through it is hard to tell, since on Hood's march to Nashville both he and Schofield must have taken everything eatable in the country. At a turnpike, where a staff-officer stopped a few moments to write a dispatch, the good woman of the house said, "Major, I am a Union woman, and love the dear old flag, but I cried to see those poor, ragged, barefooted soldiers marching and suffering in the pitiless storm." All honor to her kind heart.

During the 17th of December, Wilson's cavalry was below Franklin on the Columbia pike, skirmishing from wood to wood, hill-top to hill-top, slowly pushing the enemy, for the weather and ground permitted no headlong rushes even if the faithful rear-guard had relaxed its vigilance. To the right and left of the pike the Union cavalry's dismounted skirmishers had ascended a crescent-shaped ridge, with its concave side towards the south, through a depression in which ran the Columbia pike. Off the pike in the woods on both sides our men were pushing forward, watching the road and the little valley as well as the mist—which rose and fell, sometimes disclosing a short vista, and again veiling all in gloom—permitted. Descending from the crescent ridge, a short distance in advance, near a farm-house, was descried a dark line, but so indistinct as to be unrecognizable. "General," said an officer, "can that be Croxton?" "No," said Wilson, "it is the enemy; but we will soon find out. Order the Fourth Cavalry to hold themselves ready to charge." The tantalizing fog would rise and fall, so that it was impossible to see anything, although the distance was but three or four hundred yards. To the right of the road, across a narrow field, could be seen some of our led horses, which were being mounted by our skirmishers, and Wilson sent word to these troops to move in the timber until they could charge the enemy in flank the moment the regulars on the pike were launched at the centre.

Danger and battle have a great tendency to make men and officers punctiliously polite, and the exaggerated courtesy which was evolved after the staff-officer had delivered his order to General X. would have been highly amusing if it had not taken too much time. "General Y.," said General X., "you will take your command and charge immediately." "Sir, do you say charge, General X.?" "I say charge, General Y." "Then, General X., I will charge, sir!" And although this stilted conversation was enough to paralyze both participants, they did charge with a will, like gallant men as they were. By the time this colloquy was over a wild yell and hurrah shook the vale to the echo. Down the pike sped the Fourth Regulars, led by brave Lieutenant Joseph Hedges, and next moment three guns opened on the column of fours, making sickening gashes, but not stopping its progress until an unseen wash across the road threw men and horses into confusion. But Hedges, with some forty of his best-mounted and bravest troopers, rode right into the battery, sabring right and left, and, but for the disruption of the charge by the gulley, the battery had been captured then. Seeing so small a body, the infantry supports dispersed the few troopers, but the guns limbered up and rapidly withdrew. Almost at the same moment the troops in the woods struck the left of the enemy's line, and broke it to pieces. Hedges was captured but not dismounted, and, taking off his hat and yelling, "The Yanks are coming! The Yanks are coming!" escaped in the confusion, for his captors had only time to seek their own safety, as Hatch's men

were swarming along the left of the road.

And now commenced a race after the guns, which could be heard tearing up the earth as they thundered down the pike in their headlong flight. Hedges, with his small battalion (the regiment had only about one hundred and fifty men all told), followed at the full run until a narrow bridge checked the column. Beyond the bridge was open ground for two hundred and fifty yards or more, surrounded by a segment of woods which terminated on the creek to the right of the bridge. The closing night and lowering timber, together with the ever-shifting fog, prevented any clear view, but a shadowy moving something appeared in front on the road. General Wilson ordered Hedges to send a squadron across the bridge to find out what was in front, and as the small companies of not over twenty men each moved out of the column, a staff-officer turned in his saddle, and calling out, "Come on, Bayard," trotted rapidly across the bridge, followed by a single orderly. Hardly two minutes elapsed before this officer passed an abandoned gun, then another, and another, and a moment later was close on the heels of the artillery horses which had just left the guns. Turning around to look for the squadron, which was nowhere in sight, he found a soldier leading the highest horse he ever saw before or since, and ordered a halt. Upon being asked what command he belonged to, the soldier answered, "Texas Battery." The orderly was directed to take charge of this prisoner, when a horseman came back from the led horses and demanded what was the matter, but without waiting for a reply, fired at the staff-officer, who as quick as thought drew his revolver and returned the fire with two shots. His antagonist called out, "Don't shoot!" and, driving his spurs into his horse, disappeared in the gloom. Satisfied that any closer observation of the enemy was not conducive to health, our friend rode back, and upon passing the first abandoned piece of artillery saw Bayard in the mist advancing with his squadron at a walk, and called out to him to come on to the guns. Bayard rode up and said, "You just spoke in time. I thought you were a reb, and would have shot you in another moment." "Did you not hear me call out to you to come on?" "No." These words were scarcely spoken when the whole segment of woods was lighted with a flash of musketry, and the bullets glanced from the guns and tore up the ground at their feet, driving the few men back to the bridge.

Reporting the discovery of the guns to General Wilson, the staff-officer asked for the Fourth Cavalry to move up and dismount around the guns, which was at once accomplished, and, advancing in skirmish line, the woods were cleared and the guns, which the enemy had vainly attempted to disable by cutting the spokes, were drawn off across the bridge, by which time darkness closed in, and down came the pouring rain again upon an uncomfortable but glorious bivouac.

The story of Nashville has been told from the infantry stand-point, and little credit has been doled out to the cavalry. The fact, however, remains that up to the 18th of December the cavalry had captured twenty-three pieces of artillery and over two thousand prisoners, but we do not wish to complain.

E. B. BEAUMONT,
Major Fourth Cavalry; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A.

Regimental Losses in the American Civil War.

(*From the Philadelphia Press.*)

THE "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," by Colonel William F. Fox, and published by the Albany Publishing Company, Albany, New York, is an exhaustive compilation from official records of the casualties on both sides in the war. The labor has taken many years. The result is, perhaps, the most valuable history of the war that has been published. Here are not opinions, but facts. The arguments which here make themselves are unanswerable, unless these statistics can be shown to be wrong and other and different statistics be shown to be right. It is here made plain beyond all room for controversy

that the hard fighting of the war was between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. These figures show that it was infantry regiments from the Eastern States that did the hardest fighting in the Union army. They show that the Confederacy succumbed by the exhaustion of Lee's army, and they are an emphatic comment upon the idleness of any theory of military critic or apologist, that a different conduct of campaign, or other strategy or tactics than those actually adopted, would have ended the war before the forces of the Confederacy were destroyed. They show that, like other civil wars which have been prolonged far beyond the point where one nation would have acknowledged itself beaten by another, the war for the Union had to be fought out to the end.

Many of the revelations of this important book will astonish the reader. These tables of deaths and wounds measure the actual fighting as nothing else can, and they carry conviction towards a reversal of any judgment founded merely upon general claims. One thing clearly shown is the overshadowing importance of the battle of Gettysburg. The losses prove how much fiercer was the fighting which ended in Meade's victory than it ever was before or ever was again during the war. On the other hand, other battles which have made military reputations sink into comparative insignificance. Meade gains and Sheridan, for instance, loses by the bringing together of these statistics. The heroic valor of the North Carolina troops excites the highest admiration, and Pennsylvania, which lost more in killed and wounded in proportion to the number of its troops than any Northern State, can well send greeting to North Carolina, whose troops did the hardest fighting on the other side, over the happy reunion of the present.

In the Union armies there were over 2000 regiments. The Union infantry regiment which suffered the greatest loss in battle during the war was the Fifth New Hampshire, which in four years of service lost 295 men killed or mortally wounded in action, including 18 officers. The Eighty-third Pennsylvania Infantry comes next. It lost 282 officers and men.

There were only forty-five infantry regiments which lost during the war over 200 men killed or mortally wounded in action. Of these forty-five regiments Pennsylvania furnished eleven, a greater number than any other State. New York, Massachusetts, and Michigan furnished six each, and little Vermont closely followed them with four. The Pennsylvania regiments on this honor list were the Eighty-third, One Hundred and Fifth, Sixty-first, Eleventh, Forty-fifth, One Hundredth, One Hundred and Eighth, Eighty-first, Fifty-fifth, One Hundred and Forty-fifth, and Fifty-third.

In the light artillery regiments Cooper's "B" battery of the First Pennsylvania Artillery heads the list with a loss of 21 killed and mortally wounded in action. Rickett's battery is seventh, with a loss of 18, and Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts is ninth, with a loss of 15. The regiment which had the most men killed and wounded in action during the entire war, in proportion to its total enrollment, was the Second Wisconsin, with a percentage loss of 19.7. The One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania was fourth, with 17.4 per cent. Of the 22 regiments whose loss was above 15 per cent., Pennsylvania furnishes the highest number, 6; Wisconsin comes next with 4, and New York and Massachusetts give 2 each.

Of the 200 regiments in which the loss in killed and died of wounds exceeded 10 per cent. of the total enrollment, Pennsylvania leads all the States in numbers, having furnished 37, while New York furnished 32, Ohio 19, and Massachusetts 16.

The Union infantry regiment with the highest percentage of killed, wounded, and missing in any one action was the First Minnesota, which at Gettysburg lost 215 men on July 2 out of 262 engaged. The One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania is second, having at Gettysburg lost 149 men out of 198 engaged, or 75.7 per cent. The author gives a table showing 62 Union regiments which lost in one action from 82 to 50 per cent. of their force. The Light Brigade at

Balaklava lost 36.7 per cent. The heaviest loss of any German regiment in the Franco-Prussian war was 49.4 per cent.

The private was safer than the officer. At Gettysburg the officers lost 27 per cent. in killed and wounded, while the enlisted men lost 21 per cent. At Gettysburg the percentage of loss among officers was one-half greater than in the Wilderness. The Sixty-first Pennsylvania lost more officers killed than any infantry regiment in the Union army,—19, including 3 colonels. The Eighty-first Pennsylvania and the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania each lost 18 officers. The Sixty-second Pennsylvania and the Sixty-third Pennsylvania each lost 17 officers.

At Waterloo the French had 80,000 men and 252 guns; the allies 72,000 men and 186 guns. At Gettysburg, Meade had 82,000 men and 300 guns, and Lee 70,000 men and 250 guns. Wellington lost 23,185; Meade lost 23,003; Napoleon, 26,300, and Lee about 27,000. At Gravelotte the Germans lost 20,577 out of 146,000 troops engaged. At Borodino, the bloodiest battle since the introduction of gunpowder, the Russians lost 30,000, the French over 20,000; but the percentage of loss was less than at Gettysburg or Waterloo.

In the Civil War the Union armies lost 385,245 in killed, mortally wounded, and wounded. The total enrollment of the Union armies, reducing all short-term men to a three-years' basis, was 2,320,272; 110,070 were killed, and the deaths from disease, imprisonment, and other causes were 359,528.

Fifty-one men and two officers of the Seventy-fifth Pennsylvania were drowned while crossing the Shenandoah in April, 1862.

Twenty-eight per cent. of the Union soldiers at Andersonville died; twenty-five per cent. of the Confederates confined at Elmira, New York, died; 2988 of the latter were buried in a field which was plowed over and planted in wheat.

Here are some curious extracts from the muster-out rolls:

Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Company "D." Charles D. Fuller, detected as being a female, discharged.

One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, Company "F." Sergeant Frank Mayne, killed in battle and discovered to be a woman: real name Frances Day.

Second Michigan, Company "F." Franklin Thompson fought well in several battles; proved to be a woman: real name Miss Seelye.

Twenty-sixth North Carolina. Mrs. L. M. Blaylock, enlisted March 20, 1861; discharged for being a woman.

Three thousand six hundred and thirteen Union soldiers were over six feet three inches high; some were over seven feet. Captain Van Buskirk, of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, measured in his stockings eighty-two and a half inches; the shortest (age twenty-four years) measured only forty inches. Both were good soldiers and endured fatigue and exposure well.

Forty-eight per cent. of the Union soldiers were farmers, twenty-four per cent. mechanics, sixteen per cent. laborers, five per cent. were in commercial pursuits, three per cent. were professional men.

The Pennsylvania Reserves was the only division in the Union armies composed entirely of troops from one State. Hancock's old division of the Second Corps lost more in killed and wounded than any division in the Union armies. Its total losses were 18,844. Close to it was Gibbon's division, in which was the Philadelphia Brigade. The division at Gettysburg lost 1642 out of 3778 engaged, or 43.5 per cent. The four regiments of the Philadelphia Brigade lost in killed and died of wounds during the war 686 officers and men.

The compiler of these very remarkable figures gives the essential statistics of 300 fighting regiments,—a list which includes every regiment in the Union armies which lost over 120 in killed or died of wounds during the entire war, and a few regiments whose percentage of killed entitles them to this particular analysis. Of these 300 fighting regiments, Pennsylvania furnished 53. Among them were of the Pennsylvania Reserves, the Fifth, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Thirteenth (Bucktails); only the Seventh and Eleventh Cavalry, although the killed and wounded of the Pennsylvania cavalry exceeded the losses

of any other State cavalry; the Twenty-eighth Infantry (Colonel Tyndale), the Fifty-first Infantry (Colonel Hartranft), the Fifty-third (Colonel Brooke), the Sixty-first (Colonel Orr), the Sixty-ninth (Colonel Owen), the Seventy-first (Colonel Wistar), Baxter's Zouaves, the Ninety-third (Colonel McCarter, a Methodist minister), the Ninety-seventh (Colonel Pennypacker), the "Corn Exchange," the One Hundred and Nineteenth (Colonel Gideon Clark), the One Hundred and Twenty-first (Colonel Biddle), the One Hundred and Forty-eighth (Colonel Beaver), the One Hundred and Forty-ninth (Colonel Roy Stone), and other superb Pennsylvania regiments.

The Union regiment which suffered the greatest losses at Gettysburg was the Twenty-fourth Michigan, whose total losses were 363. The Pennsylvania regiments whose losses were the greatest in that battle were also in the First Corps, and were the One Hundred and Fifty-first and One Hundred and Forty-ninth, whose total losses were 335 and 336 respectively. At Spottsylvania the Union regiment suffering the greatest loss was the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, with 301 killed, wounded, and missing. At Po River it led the list again with a loss of 200.

The percentage of killed of Pennsylvania soldiers was greater than in the quota of any other State. The total losses of Pennsylvania cavalry in action exceeded the cavalry losses of any other State. Pennsylvania troops were the first to arrive in Washington for its defense, five companies reaching that city at 7 P.M. April 18, 1861. On the next day the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania and Sixth Massachusetts had their famous fight in Baltimore, the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania losing one man killed and several wounded. The Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania (Colonel Hofmann) opened the battle of Gettysburg.

Delaware furnished more men and money in proportion to its military population than any other State. The Union deserters during the war numbered 201,397. Of the Kansas troops 11 per cent. deserted. There died of disease, of the Pennsylvania troops 5.5 per cent., of Kentucky troops 14.6 per cent., of Illinois troops 10 per cent. The Middle States troops seem to have been far the sturdiest.

Aside from the greater importance of the strategic issues of Meade's victory at Gettysburg and the fact that both armies there were at their best in point of discipline, Colonel Fox's table of the losses in each battle of the war shows that Gettysburg stood far ahead in that respect of all other battles of the war.

The cost to the Union side of Meade's victory at Gettysburg was an aggregate loss of 23,000. At the Wilderness, Grant had about 30,000 more men, exclusive of the Army of the James, but his losses fell 6000 below Meade's at Gettysburg. The Union losses at Cold Harbor were still lower,—12,737. At Spottsylvania, Grant lost 18,399.

In the following battles, among others, the Confederates remained in undisturbed possession of the field, the Union armies leaving their unburied dead and many wounded in the hands of the Confederates: Bull Run, Seven Days (Virginia), Chickamauga, Wilderness (Virginia), Spottsylvania, Drewry's Bluff (Virginia), Ream's Station (Virginia), Hatcher's Run (Virginia).

The Union losses at certain battles which have served to make great military reputations were insignificant when compared with Gettysburg, For instance, the aggregate losses at Opequan (Virginia) were 5018; Fisher's Hill (Virginia), 528; Cedar Creek (Virginia), 5665; Franklin (Tennessee), 2326; Five Forks (Virginia), 884; Sailor's Creek, 1180; Nashville (Tennessee), 3057; Sheridan's cavalry on May 25–30, 1864, 656; Resaca, 3000. The total losses in the Atlanta campaign from May until September were only 8000 more than in the single battle at Gettysburg. The losses in the different assaults at Vicksburg were about 5000. According to the returns of the Confederates their heaviest losses were at the Seven Days' battles, when their aggregate loss was 20,614. Their returns show a loss of 20,448 at Gettysburg, to which should be added about 5000 wounded and unwounded captured, according to the records on file at Washington.

This is the book of revelations as to

both sides in the Civil War. On the Confederate side North Carolina lost more soldiers in killed than any Southern State. The following was the loss in killed of several of the Confederate States: North Carolina, 14,522; Virginia, 5328; South Carolina, 9187; Georgia, 5558; Mississippi, 5807. North Carolina also led the list in the number that died of wounds, and 20,602 of her sons died of disease to 6947 Virginians. The sons of other States did more talking, but North Carolina evidently did by far the most fighting. Her military population in 1861 was 115,369, but she furnished 125,000 men to the Confederate cause. The percentage of loss in killed and wounded was twice as great in the Confederate armies as in the Union armies. At Gettysburg the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, of Pettigrew's brigade, went into battle with over 800 men, and lost 588 in killed and wounded and 120 missing, most of whom were also killed or wounded. Most of this loss occurred in the first day's fight, where the regiment met the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Cooper's battery. The Pennsylvania regiment lost 325 in killed, wounded, and missing at Gettysburg. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina had only 216 men left for duty when it went into Longstreet's assault on the third day, and on the following day but 80 men were left. On the first day Captain Tuttle's company went into action with 3 officers and 84 men. All the officers and 83 of the men were killed or wounded. On the same day Company "C," of the Eleventh North Carolina, lost 2 officers and 34 out of 38 men killed or wounded. Captain Bird, of this company, and the four remaining men then went into what is popularly called Pickett's charge. The flag-bearer was shot and Captain Bird brought out the flag himself. This was the severest regimental loss during the war. The percentage of regimental, brigade, and division losses of the Confederates were terrible.

Colonel Fox's work teaches the importance of regimental reports, and the suggestion that the West Point Academy should now take steps to prevent carelessness in this respect in the next war on the part of regimental commanders should be carried out. A regiment count should be made before going into action, and the casualty list should be properly classified. I. R. P.

MANY years ago Lieutenant I. C. sailed as first lieutenant of one of our sloops-of-war, in the Pacific. He was constantly railing against the extravagant habits and the luxurious table which the younger members of the mess indulged in.

At last, when going into Honolulu, he consented to act as caterer, and to prove practically his ideas of economy and good living combined.

During the morning watch, while he was on deck getting things in order, the market-boat shoved off for the shore, and had got quite a distance when old C. saw her, and at once hailed her, in a stentorian voice which could easily be heard on shore,—

"Boat ahoy! Steward!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Steward! bring us off something good for breakfast! Bring off a heart and pluck, or a bullock's liver! None of your d—d sore-eyed chickens!"

E. S.

WHEN Wolfe received his death-wound on the heights of Abraham he had only attained thirty-three years of age.

How young to die! Yet again, how young to have reached the high position he held! Whenever and wherever he could by example encourage his soldiers, then and there was Wolfe conspicuous.

In his last battle he was standing in front of his troops, who were in a critical situation, when he was wounded in the wrist by a bullet.

He wrapped his handkerchief round the injured limb and forthwith headed a charge against the enemy.

Again he was hit, and still he persevered. And then a third bullet struck him—full in the breast—and he was compelled to halt.

Supported by the arms of Captain Currie, of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, he followed with his eyes the fortunes of his advancing army, until at last the blindness of fast-approaching death pre-

vented his seeing, and then he asked of those around him how the fight went.

"The French run!" cried a wounded soldier who heard his general's question.

"Then," said Wolfe, "I die happy." Immediately he fell back dead.

As the death of the English commander in the moment of success was glorious, equally glorious was the end of the French leader in the moment of defeat.

Almost at the very same time when Wolfe received his mortal wound the French general, Le Marquis de Montcalm, was stricken to death. Just before he expired the certainty of defeat was hanging over the heads of his soldiers, and with his dying breath the brave French gentleman gave vent to his satisfaction that he would not witness the disastrous result of the battle: "Thank heaven! I shall not live to see the capitulation of Quebec!" were the last words of Montcalm.

THE following incident has a chivalrous and a glorious ring about it.

'Twas in a sea-fight in the year 1694. An English officer, Captain Killigrew, laid his ship alongside a French vessel, and was just on the point of ordering his men to fire a broadside, when he noticed that the enemy's crew were engaged in prayer. Whereupon the English sailor restrained the order to fire, saying, "It is beneath the courage of the English nation to surprise their enemies in such a situation."

Let every gallant man join in the prayer that the chivalrous piety displayed by Captain Killigrew might meet with the reward due: the brave officer was killed but a few minutes after the performance of his Christian action.

With a very different motive from that exercised in the event just narrated a sailor about to go into fire at the battle of Trafalgar manifested his piety. The first lieutenant of the "Revenge" was going the round of the ship in order to see that every man was at his place and everything ready for action, when he encountered a seaman on his knees, evidently praying with great fervor. Thinking such an action on the part of a British sailor most extraordinary, and that it could only arise from the sentiment of fear, the lieutenant scornfully demanded, "What! are you *afraid?*"

"*Afraid!*" replied Jack, with as much contempt in his voice as he dare express to his officer. "*Afraid!* Not I, indeed. I was only praying that the enemy's *shot* may be distributed in *the same proportion* as the *prize-money*,—the *greatest part* among the *officers!*"

THERE used to pertain to one of the most distinguished regiments in the French army a romantic custom, most glorious in its origin. Whether, in the convulsions which have again and again during the last thirty years shaken the French system, the custom to which allusion is made has been lost, I know not: should this be the case it were a pity.

Among the many braves who distinguished themselves—and they included "the bravest of the brave," the immortal Ney—under the first and greatest of the Napoleons, none was more conspicuous on battle-field after battle-field than a chivalrous French gentleman, who served as a simple soldier in the ranks of the grenadiers: his name—the name of one of the proudest families in France—was *La Tour d'Auvergne.*

Over and over again Napoleon offered to raise his pet grenadier to the rank of general, a post for which he was eminently fitted, but the hero declined the honor, preferring to serve France in the lowly grade he occupied then.

Puzzled how to prove his approbation of his loyal follower, Napoleon for a time knew not how to proceed. At last an idea—truly Napoleonic in character—entered his head, and acting upon its suggestion, he issued a general order to the effect that throughout the military forces of France *La Tour d'Auvergne* should be known as *The First Grenadier of the Army.*

And when death claimed the first grenadier of his army, Napoleon commanded that henceforth the name of D'Auvergne should be called at every parade of the regiment to which he had belonged, just as though he should have lived forever and forever.

When the officer calling the roll of the regiment commenced with the name "La Tour d'Auvergne, Premier Grenadier de l'Armée," the oldest soldier present responded, "*Dead—on the field of Honor.*" Who would not envy so simple and yet so noble and glorious an epitaph?

With all his faults, and doubtless they were many, Napoleon never had his equal in the power of attracting soldiers and knowing how to deal with them so as to secure their affections.

The gallantry of the French armies, the devotion of the troops, under the great Napoleon, it would be impossible to surpass and hard to equal.

In what simple—in its very simplicity, magnificent—language did the French gallants describe many of their most brilliant actions! Here is a striking and a touching example.

At the close of the day which had witnessed a terrible struggle between the French and Russians, the first-named striving to capture from the latter a strong redoubt on the Moskwa, Bonaparte reviewed his troops. Coming to the Sixty-first Regiment of the Infantry of the Line, Napoleon noticed that only one of its two battalions was on parade. "What have you done with your other battalion? Where is it?" demanded the head of the French army. "Sire," replied the colonel, "*it's in the redoubt.*"

COMMODORE GRACE CHAUNCEY, of the United States Navy, was one of the old school, and a man of courage and ability, but, like many others who had been long in command, he was excessively pompous, self-willed, and dictatorial. He was so long in command of the navy-yard at New York that people said he thought he owned it; and, among his other peculiarities, he never permitted the chaplain to begin the services in the chapel on Sunday morning until he had entered and taken up his place in his official pew.

On one occasion the chaplain read, at the proper place in the service, the letter of the bishop of the diocese, recommending a day of thanksgiving. Old Chauncey fidgeted, but managed to restrain himself until the service was over, when he stood up, and roared out, in quarter-deck tones, "Pray, sir, what order was that I heard you reading?"

"The letter of the bishop of the diocese, commodore, in regard to Thanksgiving-day."

"Hum! Ha! The order will *not* be obeyed! I'll have you to know, sir, that *I* am bishop of *this* diocese!"

DURING the war between America and Great Britain, the Indian allies of the Americans, being wily and silent in the performance of their duties, rendered the post of sentry on the British side an onerous and disagreeable task, one requiring the utmost watchfulness. The importance of giving clear instructions to the sentries could not be overestimated. Yet, I think, poor Tommy Atkins must have been not a little puzzled by the following orders he received from an Irish officer one night as he was going to do "sentry-go." "Now, sir, attend to me, and be very careful to do what I tell you," said the Irish officer "You are not to stir a foot, but you are to walk up and down in front of your post, see what you can hear, and if an Indian comes, and it is too dark for you to see him, fire at his head, and if he should kill you, you are to immediately, or as soon after as you can, alarm the guard; but mind that, in telling the sergeant all about it, you don't speak a word."

A YOUNG Irish officer was one day invited by a comrade to dine with him, and he excused himself on the ground that he had already accepted a similar invitation from "Wolfe."

Thinking this mode of speaking of the commander-in-chief "unco cheeky," a Scotch officer standing by said, "I suppose you *meant* to say '*General*' Wolfe!"

"No, sir, I *meant* to say '*Wolfe.*' One does not speak of *General* Cæsar nor of *General* Hannibal," was Pat's ready reply.

Some one repeated the conversation to Wolfe, and the young general declared that the Irishman's repartee was the highest and most pleasing compliment he had ever been paid.

THE people of the South, during the war, expressed great distrust of Bragg's competency. Here are two anecdotes which may illustrate this feeling:

Two old ladies were conversing on the battle of Chickamauga. Said one, "I wish, as General Bragg is a Christian man, he were dead and in heaven; I think it would be a God-send to the Confederacy."

"Why, my dear," said the other, "if the general were near the gates of heaven, and invited in, at the critical moment he would 'fall back.'"

The following reply is of the same order:

At the battle of Chickamauga, a soldier who had been within the enemy's lines and escaped was brought before General Bragg and questioned in relation to what he saw. He said the rout was complete and the enemy in full retreat. The general asked him if he knew what a retreat was. He looked at the general with a smile, and said, "Why, general, haven't I been with you in your whole campaign?"

FREDERICK THE GREAT, of Prussia, strict disciplinarian though he was, had a vein of humor running through his martial frame. On the evening of a day which, like its immediate predecessors, had ended in defeat, Frederick, walking round about the limits of his camp, saw one of his soldiers who was evidently bent upon taking his departure from the Prussian lines. "Where are you going?" demanded the famous general. "Well, to tell you the truth, your Majesty has lost so many battles lately, I have made up my mind that I will *desert*," was the candid reply of the disappointed private. Frederick's comment upon this extraordinary admission was one of the funniest and quaintest things in its way that I can recall to mind: "Wait a day or two longer," observed his Majesty, "and if I lose another battle *I'll go with you.*"

PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE is at home again, and last night told a good yarn at the Astor House on General Sherman. "In St. Louis," said he, "the genial general dropped in at a haberdasher's and ordered some shirts. Subsequently the clerk accosted him as he stood in a party of gentlemen.

"'Let me introduce you,' said General Sherman to the young man, whose face struck him as familiar. 'Excuse me,' he added, in a low tone, 'I have forgotten the name?'

"'Oh, that's all right,' was the answer. 'You know I made your shirts.'

"'Ah, yes. Gentlemen, let me introduce my young friend, Major Schurtz,' quickly came from William Tecumseh, and ever since that time the maker of shirts has been famous and prosperous."
—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE mention of names, Napoleon and Nelson, reminds us that each of these great men excluded a word from his native language.

As Bonaparte would not permit the word "*impossible*" to have a place in the French dictionary, so Nelson that "*if*" should have no existence in the English tongue.

One of his officers, to whom Nelson had been explaining the plan he wished to be carried out in the battle of the Nile, exclaimed in rapture, "*If* we *succeed*, what will the world say?"

"*If!*" was Nelson's angry response. "*If!* Captain Berry! There is no '*if*' in the case, sir! That *we shall succeed* is *certain. Who* may *live* to *tell the story* is *quite another matter.*"

How Nelson succeeded, and that he lived to win the even greater victory of Trafalgar, these are matters which every one of the English-speaking races is thoroughly cognizant of.

IN the attack upon Copenhagen the "Amazon," an English frigate, after having maintained a gallant and desperate fight for some time, was reluctantly taken out of action by her commander when he saw that he would lose his ship and crew, already on the verge of entire destruction, if he remained any longer. At the moment Captain Rion gave the orders necessary to the execution of retreat, he was mortally wounded.

Little heed paid the brave officer to the fact that the grim hand of death was placed upon him: only distressed in mind was he that circumstances should have compelled him to beat a retreat. As he breathed his last he exclaimed in tones of indescribable regret, "What will *Nelson* think of us?"

At the Springs.

"WHO put that sweet dimple, dear, there in your chin?"
He asked, as he sat at her side.
"I really can't tell you, sir, who put it in,"
The innocent maiden replied.

"I fancy you know what it means, little maid?"
He asked, as he drew to her near.
With blushes she answered, "I'm really afraid
I have not the slightest idea."

"But of Cupid you have," he said, in surprise,
As boldly he reached for her hand.
"Who is Cupid?" she queried, while raising gray eyes,
In a manner bewitching and bland.

"Ah, that I can't tell you," he said, with a smile;
"Your mouth, though, resembles his bow."
She answered in true nineteenth-century style,
"Then shoot it, if so much you know." E. L. K.

AN Irish sailor always contended that the moon was infinitely more valuable than the sun, "because," said he, "you only have the sun in the day, when you don't want it, whereas you have the moon at night, when you do want it."

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have just published "The Open Door," a very charming story by Miss Blanche Willis Howard, whose "One Summer" has become a little classic. "The Open Door" abounds in wit, philosophy, and keen insight into the human heart, with profound knowledge of the mainsprings of human action. The story is above all else artistic, and the heroine one of the loveliest characters in modern fiction. The plot, while not in the least sensational, is mapped out and worked out in a very clever way. We think Miss Howard will, in "The Open Door," repeat her success of the centennial year.

FROM Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. we have a copy of "A White Umbrella in Mexico," one of the most delightful books of the season. Typographically, nothing more daintily exquisite has ever issued from an American press, while the contents are most piquant, entertaining, and instructive. When we add that the clever little illustrations are artistic gems, we have done the book but ordinary justice.

A BEAUTIFUL PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS IN WATER COLORS.—The manufacturers of the well-known Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil are issuing the most beautiful portfolio of Eight Artistic Studies (Birds and Flowers) that has ever come under our notice. This work is worth at least two dollars, but Messrs. Scott & Bowne, with their usual enterprise, have made arrangements whereby they can supply a copy by mail to any one who will write to them, inclosing twenty-five cents in stamps or P. O. order. This is a chance seldom offered, and all lovers of art should avail themselves of it. Mention this magazine, and address Scott & Bowne, 132 and 134 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

New York Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — Lt. Com. James Parker, late U.S.N.; Bvt. Capt. John Van Duyn, U.S.V.; Surgeon James G. Porteus, U.S.V.; Surgeon Charles S. Hoyt, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. John Satterfield, U.S.V.; Capt. Peter C. Doyle, U.S.V.; Capt. A.Q.M. Edmund A. Morse, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. Ray T. Gordon, late U.S.A.; Capt. Seth B. Ryder, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. William Y. W. Ripley, U.S.V.; Mr. Charles J. Babbitt (hereditary); Mr. Herman Canfield (hereditary).

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Mr. Augustus E. Jardine; 2d Lt. Cecil Stewart, U.S.A.; Mr. George S. Greene, Jr.; Mr. James M. Andrews (2d); Mr. Andrew R. Baird.

Maine Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Edward Deering Noyes (by inheritance); George Edwin Brown, Capt. U.S.V.; William Edward Dennison, late Vol. Lt. U.S.N.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Lyndon Y. Jenness, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Ferdinand Charles Porée, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; William Lambert Whitney, Jr., 1st Lt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS. — Walter Ellsworth Parke.

To THE THIRD CLASS.—Frederic W. Lincoln and Gardiner Tufts.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Timothy C. Moore, U.S.V.; Maj. Charles von Baumbach, U.S.V.; Capt. Frederick H. Magdeburg, U.S.V.

Illinois Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 11, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Maj. Lewis H. Boutell, U.S.V.; 2d Lt. Martin Kingman, U.S.V.; Capt. Crosby P. Miller, U.S.A.; Capt. Thomas Wallace, U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Mr. Joseph E. Callender, Mr. Frank H. Keeler, Mr. George D. Roper.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — Bvt. Maj. Truman Nelson Burrill, U.S.V.; Mr. Francis Williams Sacket (by succession); Lt. Thomas Benton Howard, U.S.N. (by inheritance); Mr. James Quackenbush Rice (by inheritance).

Ohio Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — Edward Henry Hobson, Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; John Alexander Turley, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; John James Landram, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Louis Baer, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Thaddeus Longstreth, Capt. U.S.V.; Charles Humphreys Newton, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Daniel Murphy, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Chesley Davis Bailey, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Charles Bigelow Childe, Capt. U.S.V.; Martin Baum Ewing, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Maj. Albert Clark Wedge, Surgeon U.S.V.; Maj. Jared Waldo Daniels, Surgeon U.S.V.; Maj. Francis Marion Rose, Surgeon U.S.V.; Thomas Alexander Wharton Shock (by inheritance).

To THE SECOND CLASS. — Ulysses Sherman Grant, Edward Frederick Zimmerman.

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 9, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — William Newton Lane, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; William H. Hosack, Capt. U.S.V.; Ferdinand Onias McCown, Capt. U.S.V.; William Spencer Newbury, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Edward Martin, 1st Lt. U.S.V., Noah N. Tyner, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

Missouri Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 4, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—George Washington Martin, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Ferdinand Brother, Surgeon U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS. — Clarence Fisher Newcomb.

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — Richard J. Littlewort, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; David Doughty Hoag (by inheritance).

Iowa Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 14, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — Lt. Josiah B. Eyerly, U.S.V.; Surgeon John C. Shrader, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. William H. Goodrell, U.S.V.

Colorado Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 18, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—1st Lt. Charles Edmund Dickinson, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. John Houston Crowell, U.S.V.

Indiana Commandery.

Stated meeting held April 18, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS. — David F. Allen, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; William H. Armstrong, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; James B. Black, Maj. U.S.V.; David N. Forskr, Capt. U.S.V.; William J. Richards, Maj. U.S.V.; Irvin Robbins, Maj. U.S.V.; Charles L. Thomas, Maj. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Daniel A. Thompson.

To THE THIRD CLASS.—William R. McKeen.

TRANSFERS.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Asst. Surgeon Walker H. Leighton, to Wisconsin Commandery.

California Commandery.

Col. Rodney Smith, U.S.A., to New York Commandery; Maj. Mack Jeremiah Leaming to Colorado Commandery; Capt. Charles Hobart, U.S.A., to Minnesota Commandery.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Capt. Henry Romeyn, U.S.A., to Indiana Commandery; Capt. Henry J. Nolan, U.S.A., to Illinois Commandery; Medical Director Adrian Hudson, U.S.N., to California Commandery.

Kansas Commandery.

David Jones, Chief Engr. U.S.N., to California Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

Massachusetts Commandery.

Bvt. Brig.-Gen. William Howell Tilton, March 28, 1889; Lt.-Col. Charles Henry Parkhurst, March 25, 1889; Bvt. Col. Edward Payson Nettleton, April 17, 1889.

California Commandery.

Capt. Walter Henry Holmes, U.S.V., March 26, 1889; Maj. John Wingfield Williams, U.S.A., April 16, 1889.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Rear-Admiral John Lee Davis, U.S.N., March 12, 1889; Capt. Cornelius Marius Schoonmaker, U.S.N., March 15, 1889; Col. Stanley Matthews, U.S.V., March 21, 1889; Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Edward Hatch, U.S.A., April 11, 1889; Bvt. Lt.-Col. George W. Dyer, U.S.V., April 13, 1889.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

Notes of Decisions by the Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

BY CHANDLER P. CHAPMAN,
of the Wisconsin Commandery.

1. The constitutional requirements for eligibility for membership must be matters of proof, not inference.

In re TERRETT, from California, 1st Sess. p. 39.

NOTE.—The "Levant" sailed from Honolulu in August, 1860, and was never again heard of. Her

officers were dropped from the Navy Register in August, 1861. Their descendants are not eligible, there being no proof that said officers were "actually engaged in the suppression of the Rebellion."

2. The status of the medical cadets (1861–1865), whether holding a warrant or letter of appointment from the Secretary of War, was that of enlisted men.

They were warrant officers and not confirmed by the Senate.

They are not eligible, unless afterwards commissioned in the United States Army, regular or volunteer.

In re MILLER, from Illinois, 1st Sess. p. 31.

3. The service of acting assistant (contract) surgeons not being rendered under the appointment of the Secretary of War, and not falling within the classes enumerated in Art. V. Const. (1885), they are not eligible.

In re HARVEY, from District of Columbia, 1st Sess. p. 31.

NOTE.—The applicant served as acting assistant surgeon April, 1864, to September, 1865, and was commissioned assistant surgeon, U.S.A., November, 1868, and is still in service. See also the cases of Lippincott (18) and Kilbourne (20).

It thus appears that the service of an acting assistant surgeon is not rated, as a qualification for membership, as equal to that of an enlisted man.

4. Officers of the Ohio one hundred days' men, 1864, having been mustered into the United States service, are eligible.

In re BUSHNELL *et al.*, from Ohio, 1st Sess. p. 31.

5. An eldest son, eligible for membership by inheritance, and also in his own right, may waive the inherited right in favor of the next younger son.

In re BREWER, from Pennsylvania, 1st Sess. p. 32.

NOTE.—See second and third provisions, Art. V. Const. Query. Would not this waiver pass the eligibility to the grandson, if any?

6. An eldest son, eligible for membership by inheritance, may waive his right. The next younger son then becomes eligible.

In re MCLAREN, from Minnesota, 1st Sess. p. 32.

NOTE.—See second provision, Art. V. Const. and Note in Brewer (5) case.

7. Surgeons of boards of enrollment not being commissioned officers, within the meaning of the Constitution, eligibility for membership cannot be founded on their service.

In re HUBBARD, from California, 1st Sess. p. 33.

8. Officers of the "Benton Cadets," having been mustered into the service of the United States, and performing actual service in the suppression of the Rebellion, are eligible.

In re "BENTON CADETS," from Ohio, 1st Sess. p. 34.

9. The eligibility of a junior descendant, claimed on account of the rebellion of an intermediate ancestor of the senior descendant, cannot be decided until the application of the senior be first considered, or his right waived.

In re LULL, from California, 1st Sess. p. 36.

10. Officers of the "enrolled militia" of Missouri, not having been mustered into the United States service, are not eligible.

In re MOORE, from California, 1st Sess. p. 36.

11. Commissioners of enrollment were not commissioned officers within the meaning of the Constitution, and are not eligible.

In re MOORE, from California, 1st Sess. p. 36.

12. A commissioned officer not mustered is not eligible under Art. V. Sec. 1, Constitution of 1885, which presumes sequence of commission in muster.

In re CARRINGTON, from Ohio, 1st Sess. p. 37.

13. An officer commissioned and mustered for State service is not eligible.

In re LANDRETH, from Pennsylvania, 1st Sess. p. 37.

NOTE.—The applicant was captain Forty-third Pennsylvania Infantry (Militia, 1863), a regiment of "Emergency Men," so called, organized by the State authorities for State service under proclamation of the President.

14. It is not permissible to use either the Insignia or the name of the Order, or the initials referring to the same, on any personal or business card.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 2d Sess. p. 74.

15. The word "arrears," in Art. XVIII. Sec. 3, means such sums as were due up to the time when the Companion was dropped or ceased to be a member of the Order.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 2d Sess. p. 75.

16. The Chancellor-in-Chief is alone authorized to issue the Insignia.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 2d Sess. p. 80.

17. Commissioned officers, not mustered into the United States service, are not eligible for membership in the Third Class.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 2d Sess. p. 84.

18. The service of acting assistant (contract) surgeons, not being rendered under the appointment of the Secretary of War, and not falling within the classes enumerated in Art. V. Constitution (1885), they are not eligible.

In re LIPPINCOTT, from California, 2d Sess. p. 86.

NOTE.—See cases of Harvey (3) and Kilbourne (20).

19. Master's mates and acting master's mates in the navy (1861–65) were not classified as commissioned officers, and are not eligible.

In re PAGE, from Illinois, 2d Sess. p. 86.

20. The service of acting assistant (contract) surgeons not being rendered under the appointment of the Secretary of War, and not falling within the classes enumerated in Art. V. Constitution (1885), they are not eligible.

In re KILBOURNE, from Wisconsin, 2d Sess. p. 88.

NOTE.—See cases of Harvey (3) and Lippincott (18).

21. The order of a general officer, assigning a civilian to duty with assimilated rank as a commissioned officer, does not bring him within the provisions of Art. V. Constitution (1885). He is therefore not eligible.

In re ROCKWELL, from Oregon, 2d Sess. p. 90.

NOTE.—Gentlemen who held no appointment or commission in the military service of the United States, under the laws in force at the time, and who rendered volun'ary service as aides-de-camp to general officers, were not recognized by the War Department as having any legal status in the service. War Department endorsement in this case.

22. The service of commissioned officers not mustered, not having been rendered in the capacity specified in Art. V. Sec. 7 (?) of the Constitution, they are not eligible for membership in the Third Class.

In re NORTON, from New York, 2d Sess. p. 91.

NOTE.—See also resolution (17), 2d Sess. p. 84.

23. A cadet, United States Naval Academy, April 17, 1862, to June 12, 1866, is not eligible.

The uniform ruling in similar cases confirmed.

In re WISNER, from Michigan, 2d Sess. p. 91.

24. Acting assistant (contract) surgeons were not "in civil life," and therefore are not eligible for membership in the Third Class.

In re SMITH, from New York, 2d Sess. p. 92.

NOTE.—This application was originally for membership in the First Class, and, when pronounced ineligible, was renewed for membership in the Third Class.

25. Members of boards of enrollment, holding no military rank, but belonging to a civil branch of the service, and in no sense a part of the army, are not eligible.

In re SINKS, from Kansas, 2d Sess. p. 93.

26. Officers of the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry are not eligible for membership.

Reaffirmed, 4th Sess. p. 220, see No. 36.

NOTE.—This regiment was called into the service of the United States in October, 1868, to serve against the Indians. The applicant had served previously as an enlisted man of volunteers, during the war.

In re AIKMAN, from Kansas, 2d Sess. p. 95.

27. A member whose resignation has been accepted may, on application, be restored to membership by the Commandery from which he resigned, in the same manner as if dropped from the roll, and will assume his original number of Insignia and diploma.

In re WOOD, from Oregon, 2d Sess. p. 96.

28. Officers commissioned during the war, but not mustered, are eligible upon muster, under Act of Congress, United States Statutes, 48th Congress, 1st Sess. chap. 63.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 2d Sess. p. 98.

29. A companion of the Second Class is not eligible to office in the Order.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 3d Sess. p. 134.

30. An officer whose only war service was as cadet at the military or naval academies, who was elected to membership prior to the promulgation of the decision on the ineligibility of cadets, and who subsequently resigns membership in the Order, may be restored to membership.

In re DENNISON, from Massachusetts, 3d Sess. p. 143.

31. Reinstatement or re-election confers none of the privileges which attach under the Constitution to any office held during former membership.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 3d Sess. p. 143.

32. An adopted son is not eligible for membership in the Second Class.

In re STEWART, from Pennsylvania, 3d Sess. p. 145.

33. Upon satisfactory proof that the senior descendant of an eligible officer served in the rebel army, the eligibility passes to the next loyal descendant.

In re INGLIS, from Wisconsin, 3d Sess. p. 146.

34. Officers of Foster's Missouri Cavalry Battalion, not having been mustered into the United States service, are not eligible.

In re GROVER, from Missouri, 3d Sess. p. 149.

NOTE.—As to the status of officers of the Missouri State Militia, see the letter of the Adjutant-General U.S.A. and accompanying documents, Proceedings 2d Sess. pp. 149–152.

35. Midshipmen in the navy during the war (1861–1865) were not commissioned officers and are not eligible.

In re BENJAMIN, from New York, 3d Sess. p. 156.

36. Any recommendation for membership at large shall receive the endorsement of the Commandery with which it is proposed to affiliate.

Resolution of the Commandery-in-Chief, 4th Sess. p. 215.

37. Officers of the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry are not eligible for membership.

In re AIKMAN, from Kansas, 4th Sess. p. 220.

NOTE.—See also Aikman case (26) and note.

38. It is not expedient to recommend a Companion of the Third Class for membership at large.

In re TRUMAN, from California, 4th Sess. p. 221.

39. Acting second assistant engineers in the navy during the late war held the relative rank of master (now lieutenant of the junior grade), corresponding with that of first lieutenant in the army, and are eligible.

In re DENNIS, from Nebraska, 4th Sess. p. 222.

40. Officers of the "Treasury Guards" are not eligible.

In re SMALLEY, from Minnesota, 4th Sess. p. 223.

NOTE.—See report, orders, and letters relating to service of civil employés of War, Navy, State, and Treasury Departments, pp. 224–230, 4th Sess.

41. The "War Department Rifles" was not a portion of the military establishment during the late war, was not mustered into the military service, but was composed exclusively of civil employés. Eligibility for membership cannot be founded on service therein.

In re BELLAS, from Pennsylvania, 4th Sess. p. 320.

NOTE.—See note to case of "Treasury Guards" (40).

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Strategy and Grand Tactics. By EDWARD FIELD, Captain U.S.A.	118
II.	Facetious Nautical Anecdotes. By F. S. BASSETT, Lieutenant U.S.N. (retired)	123
III.	From Bars to Stars. By EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES	132
IV.	Fire-Ships, Powder-Vessels, and Obstructions during the Civil War. By F. J. B.	142
V.	The Legend of a Soul. By H. W. CLOSSON, Colonel U.S.A.	150
VI.	Further Experiences of Teddy Tubbs. By E. L. K.	157
VII.	The Capture and Trial of Major André. By HOWARD A. GIDDINGS	164
VIII.	The French Army and the Revolution of 1789. By COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS	176
IX.	Old Uniforms of the United States Service. By H. D. SMITH, First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service	192
X.	Our Contemporaries. By EDWARD SHIPPEN, Medical Director U.S.N.	202
XI.	Service Salad	214
XII.	Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States	223

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does not mean to say, for the whole tenor of his article is the value of lessons from experience. What he probably means to question, and with justice, is the formulation of rules, and this formulation has grown out of this same confusion of science and art, of principles and practice. The truth is that there are, and can be, no rules for true art. It occupies the middle ground between science and empiricism, between that which is governed by law and that which is attainable by patience and skill. The blunders and pedantry which have disfigured and discredited the art of war are due either to exalting the practice to the dignity of principles and imagining that a study of what is general and immutable can fix operations which are kaleidoscopic, or, on the other hand, degrading it to a handicraft wherein practice and patience with a decent amount of adaptation must insure success. Let it be established, then, that in war science deals with principle, art with practice, but with the admission that the line between them is not always clearly definable, and that, while there is a general consension of fundamental maxims, circumstances modify not these maxims, but their practical operation,—always, however, logically; so that what was true in one generation is not refuted and discredited in the next, but with a change in the premises the same process works a change in the conclusion. As an example: A fundamental principle is, "Always try to be superior in force at the decisive point." From this followed the advantage of interior lines, allowing a central army opposed to two enveloping armies to concentrate against one while evading or detaining with a show of force the other. But at Leipsic, at Sadowa, and in several of the actions of the Franco-Prussian war the central army was defeated by the co-operating armies. Why? Because, the factors having been trebled and quadrupled, while the number of men that could be brought advantageously into action upon the same field remained about the same, each of the converging armies could sustain for forty-eight hours the attack of the central army without being destroyed, and thus the decisive moment was postponed to the junction of the armies operating on the exterior lines.

To the science of war belong organization, equipment, mobilization, and supply. To the art, tactics,—grand and minor. Strategy lies between the two and is upon the dividing line, which, as I have said above, is not always accurately definable, and may be described as the proper directing of masses of troops towards the object of the campaign. Inasmuch as the main principles governing such direction remain unchanged, only varying in their application, strategy is largely on the side of science. But it is undeniable that its spirit, if not its form, has been affected by modern invention; also, that genius which views everything from the stand-point of adaptation has a way of modifying, omitting, even disregarding successfully, and to that extent strategy partakes of art.

Grand tactics is the method of conducting the movements of armies on the field of battle, or when the opposing forces are within touch of one another. Minor tactics embrace what pertains to instruction, prescribed evolutions, and drill. The relation between strategy and tactics is perhaps best paralleled by that existing between any definite expression of thought and the words and letters making up such expression. Strategy has been an evolution from the fact that armies move upon their belliès. During the feudal age war was a desultory and tumultuous business. The king or baron summoned his retainers, who held their lands upon the condition of answering such summons. They started with such supplies as could be collected in a few days and carried by their rude and primitive transport. They descended upon an enemy's country like a swarm of locusts, and the capture of a rich city or the ravaging of a fertile champaign were the chief objects of the war. Being forced to scatter to plunder, they would have been absolutely at the mercy of a force always ready to fight. But their opponents were as heavily handicapped. If one sought to seize, the other had to anticipate, and the unhappy tiller of the soil was ground between the upper millstone of the invader and the nether one of the defender. It is the establishment of fixed magazines, and the necessity of maintaining communication with them, which has given an intellectual character to war.

In beginning a campaign the following points must be settled in order that this direction of the masses called strategy may be intelligent: The nature of the war, whether offensive or defensive, the theatre of war, the base of operations, the objective point, the line or lines of communication, the nature and influence of obstacles, the number, position, and strength of the fortresses within the theatre of war.

The question of offensive or defensive war should be determined by the situation and resources of the belligerents.

Under the first head come political and geographical considerations. Under the second, the numerical strength, military spirit, national characteristics, and financial stability of the opposed governments. The political situation is often of the greatest importance. From the form of government and the real location of power the strength and permanence of resistance can be approximately estimated. In France a single community has for centuries represented the brain of the body politic to such extent that the smallest influence exerted in that centre has been felt to the remotest corners. In war against such a nation the possession of the capital becomes absolutely vital. Three times in the last century has it fallen, and in every case war ceased practically with its surrender. Such countries should avoid defensive war.

Take, on the other hand, a country like our own, where the federal principle has never yielded any substantial ground to centralization.

Of how little importance, except to prestige and reputation, would the fall of Washington be! What perceptible effect did its capture in 1814 have? In such countries the defensive is indicated.

Sometimes political considerations virtually commit a nation to a certain line. Our seceding States declared that they sought only independence, and disclaimed all idea of subjugation. Consistency required that they should adhere at the beginning to a strictly defensive war.

Geographical considerations are of nearly equal importance. A country of mountains, passes, rivers, defiles can sustain a defensive war after the total defeat of large armies, while in a plain and level country such a course would only intensify ruin. In 1812 and 1813, Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos gave Wellington an impregnable frontier and the means of egress, and consequently forced the defensive upon his opponents. The extraordinary resistance made by Spain to the veterans of Ulm and Austerlitz, after all her organized armies had been crushed, is a remarkable instance of the combined effect of geographical features, race hatred, and fanaticism upon a guerilla warfare.

But, beyond all these considerations, there are advantages and disadvantages in either course *per se*. At the outset, an invader operating in a country fairly suitable for military movements, defended only by an army and not by fortifications, has in his favor the facility of concentration. If he has only to cross a frontier line, a river, or a mountain-range, he can usually count upon being largely superior at the point of first contact; for the defender, having to guard all practicable approaches, must spread his force widely. Thus, in 1815, Wellington and Blücher were guarding all the roads from France to Belgium. Napoleon, having assembled his forces behind the curtain of frontier fortresses, was able to break into their centre with numbers superior to any that they could at once oppose. This advantage is not lost with the initiative, but is retained as long as the invader can keep the lead and compel his opponent to parry his strokes, which have been carefully aimed, whose probable result has been calculated, and even the counter-strokes have been in some measure provided against. While, on the other hand, the fear of feints and the necessity of concentration will deter the defense from any brilliant *riposte*.

On the side of the defense is the advantage of easy supply. Stores, instead of being carried with the army, can be distributed at many points. Nor is the defender restricted to a single line, but he can, while resisting the advance in front, assume a secure position parallel to it, and, unless dislodged, make further advance extremely dangerous. Finally, time and distance are his allies. Every step that the invader takes leaves behind him a longer line of communication to be guarded, and every mile draws something from his available force,

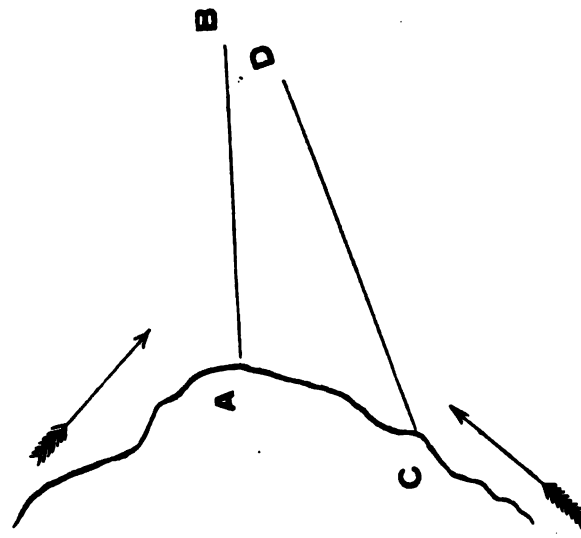
until he reaches that point where a decisive victory or a perilous retreat become the alternatives. If Johnston had been permitted to pursue his Fabian policy against Sherman at Atlanta, would not the time have come when this long line would be stretched to the breaking point?

The choice of the theatre of operations is to be determined by several considerations, political and military. If the countries at war are of considerable extent, their frontiers usually present many points at which an invader can enter and many lines upon which he can operate. To select wisely is to weigh carefully the object of the campaign, the facilities which each approach offers, the political effect of making a given region the seat of war, and the fitness of such region to the troops to be employed. Having given to each point due consideration, it will usually happen that the balance will incline to one alternative. In our movements against Richmond we had the choice of the following lines: Alexandria-Centreville, Acquia Creek-Fredericksburg, Fortress Monroe-White House, and Petersburg. The first had the advantage of covering Washington, but the disadvantage of a long line of communications, no water transportation, a flank peculiarly open to attack from the gaps in the Blue Ridge Mountains, many rivers to be crossed, a country which had been already heavily drawn upon for supplies, and the fact that only after the complete investment of Richmond could her main railroad arteries be reached. The second had the same advantage of covering Washington, with the additional advantage of secure water transportation for a part of the distance. The disadvantages were the same in kind, but each materially lessened by the comparative shortness of the exposed part of the line. The Fortress Monroe-White House line gave a very short and defensible line from the water base, with the right flank covered by the York River, which, being held by our gunboats, was both a defense and an avenue of supply; no river of any size to be crossed, although the Chickahominy, being largely a swamp, was a formidable obstacle. The disadvantages were the exposure of Washington, making a large detail from the strength of the invading column prudent and a *sine quâ non* in the eyes of our politicians, who could not grasp the idea of the threat to Richmond practically insuring Washington; the narrowness of the peninsula inclosed by the James and York Rivers, and the readiness with which it could be closed, as at Yorktown, and the even greater difficulty in striking at the Southside Railroad as compared with the Alexandria and Fredericksburg routes, owing to the interposition of the James River. The last route *via* Petersburg gave in City Point a base much nearer than any other, a left flank thoroughly covered, a comparatively productive country, and such proximity to the railroads that the mere possession of this base constantly endangered them. Its disadvantages were the possibility of ob-

struction of navigation in the James River, and the exposure of Washington, which it shared with the Fortress Monroe route.

Of these alternatives the first seemed to offer the maximum of disadvantages, the last the maximum of advantages; and it is one of the most commendable features in Grant's not otherwise strategically brilliant campaign, that he shifted his base to the James River.

The conformation of the base has often a marked effect upon the campaign. If it presents a salient angle to the opponent's frontier it is favorable for a sudden and rapid invasion, increasing the advantage of the initiative by the ability to strike deep at the first blow, and is specially favorable to interposing a force between the parts of an opponent's front, if that front is too widely extended. But unless the invasion gains early successes this form of base exposes the lines of communication, which are liable to be struck not only throughout their entire length, but even from points in rear of their origin. Thus the



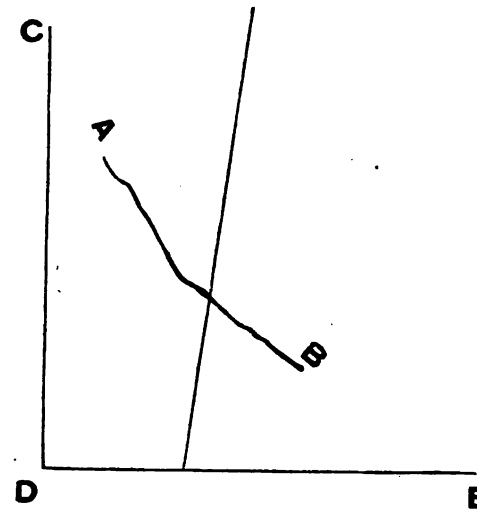
lines *A*, *B*, *C*, *D* can be attacked from points in rear of *A* and *C*. A frontier with the salient angle towards an opponent is favorable to movements directed against his communications; for if one army is at right angles and another parallel to their respective bases, it is obvious that the first has a great advantage in the fact that it so covers its base that the line of communications can only be reached by pushing back the covering force or by circuitous movements of such extent that, with a vigilant opponent and without great preponderance of force, they would be suicidal. The army whose front is parallel to its lines can only protect them by remaining within a limited distance. Either advance or retreat endangers them by permitting an enemy to interpose, and if driven from them they must inevitably be lost. It does not follow that victory in the case of the parallel position—which is tech-

nically called forming front to a flank—is hopeless, but it will be a tactical victory won by superiority in troops or manœuvres on the battle-field, whereas the army in the perpendicular position has a great advantage before collision occurs. Wellington's victory at Salamanca is a striking instance of tactical ability and a marvelously quick *coup d'œil*, enabling him at the critical moment to wrest from Marmont all the advantage which the latter's excellent strategic combinations had won for him.

In July, 1812, the French and English armies confronted one another on the Douro,—Marmont on the north and Wellington on the south side of the river. Wellington's line of communications, with his base in Portugal, was through Salamanca by the Ciudad Rodrigo road. Marmont's line was through Valladolid and Burgos. In this position each army covered its base. Marmont made a feint of turning Wellington's left, knowing that Wellington could not afford to disregard it, for the moment that his flank was passed it became a race for Salamanca, with the chances of winning in favor of the French. Salamanca was the real key to Wellington's position, for without it he could not hold the Ciudad Rodrigo road, upon which his supplies depended. He could, it is true, attack the French while on the march, with the result that each army would be compelled to form front to a flank and fight in a position parallel to its communications, and to either defeat would be practical ruin. Marmont had no intention of risking a battle under such circumstances. In fact, this whole turning movement was to compel Wellington to uncover the other flank. Wellington, being uncertain whether the move against his left was a feint or not, had adopted a middle course adapted to either result. He had left his right wing to cover that flank and concentrated with the centre towards the left. As he could not leave his wing exposed, and had not time to return to it, he concentrated on an inner and shorter line. Marmont followed, attempted to force this second line, was repulsed, and both armies resumed their normal positions again, covering their communications. In this new position Wellington felt tolerably secure against an attempt to turn his right flank; which attempt, if it should succeed, would enable the French to again anticipate him at Salamanca, because he supposed that the ford at Alba, by which the Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo road could be reached, was held by a Spanish garrison. He therefore remained in his lines covering Salamanca and his communications. Marmont, knowing that the ford had been evacuated, concentrated by his left, passed Wellington's flank, and this time a race commenced. Side by side, within pistol-shot, the two armies stretched forward, with the cavalry hanging like a cloud on the flanks, watching for a break or a chance to dash in. Wellington, finding himself outmarched and outmanœuvred, gave up the race and took the best position he could find, but practically abandoned the Salamanca Ciudad

Rodrigo line. In fact, nothing was left him but a retreat to Portugal and the abandonment of all the ground he had won. But Marmont, who had proved himself such a master of strategy, could not brook the idea of waiting and seeing the fruits of his success grasped by King Joseph. He detached his left wing and sent it to cut off Wellington from the Ciudad Rodrigo road. The latter, seeing instantly the blunder, allowed Marmont to thoroughly commit himself, and then, moving with his whole force upon this wing, crushed it, and regained by a decisive tactical victory all and more than he had lost.

While an angular base gives great advantage in compelling an opponent to form front to a flank, this is only the case when his base



lies outside of the angle; for it is evident that if the base *A*, *B* lie within the angle *C*, *D*, *E*, the only advantage of the angular frontier is to give the choice of lines of operation; for any position that the army within the angle may take as long as it is on the threatened side, protects the entire line, while should a movement be made from each side of the angle simultaneously, the inclosed army has all the advantages of an interior line and a coherent operation as against exterior lines and combined operations. On the other hand, with the base far beyond the angle, this frontier compels the army covering the base to form front to a flank as long as it is itself within the angle, but when it gets outside the advantage ceases, or remains in a modified degree, depending upon the obliquity of the armies to their lines. It was the fact that Richmond lay within the angle formed by the sea-coast and either the Fortress Monroe or Petersburg routes which deprived us of the peculiar advantages of the angular frontier; whereas, when Lee evacuated Richmond his base became Johnston's position in Carolina, and Grant, advancing along the James, cut him off and compelled him

to surrender. It sometimes happens that both armies may be manœuvring on fronts parallel to their lines of communication, for the convenience of having the avenues of supply parallel with the front of an army is very great. In such cases, as each is aiming at the other's communications, the one more immediately menaced will abandon his own plans and betake himself to trying to thwart those of his adversary. Hence the commander who finds himself upon his opponent's flank or rear, while his own is still out of reach, may concentrate every available man upon the decisive point, certain that the enemy will abandon his own plans to meet the immediate and pressing danger.

Upon the judicious selection of the objective point hangs the probable success of the initiative movement, with the advantage it confers of compelling an opponent to parry when he wishes to strike. If this is wisely chosen, and the lines of communication are such as the topography and character of roads indicate, then all the accidents which from time to time modify preconceived plans are likely to redound to the advantage of the general who has at the outset given a proper direction. While, if the choice of the objective is unwise, all that is unforeseen is more than likely to injure, and frequently the greatest energy and the adoption of the best course left open cannot avail to repair the consequences of an originally vicious direction. This is most strikingly exemplified in the Jena campaign. The Prussians, instead of holding the line of the Elbe, the natural defense of Prussia, made the farther side of the Thuringian Forest the objective point, for the double purpose of covering Saxony and Hesse-Cassel and of cutting off the French from the line of the Mayn. So faulty was this objective that before a single action was fought, and when nothing had occurred that might not have been foreseen, they were endeavoring by a difficult, complicated, and doubtful movement and by a long *détour* to regain the line of the Elbe at its most distant extremity. Napoleon, on the other hand, had massed his troops so close to the Saxon frontier that a single march could take them to the Saale, which was the terminus of the crochet formed by the Prussian left, which was thrown forward from the Elbe, while the Prussians were at the least calculation three marches from his communications. It was a case like the one mentioned above, in which each formed front to a flank and aimed at his opponent's communications; and so much was due to a correct objective point that, though Napoleon, who, contrary to the popular idea, was not omniscient, made three miscalculations of the Prussian movements, the right direction given at the outset prevented these errors from inflicting any real damage. So we see that even with the greatest generals, in place of the popular attributes of prescience and divination, it is the one who commits the fewest and least radical faults that wins.

The subject of obstacles is too extensive to be treated in such a

short review; but it may be said that, while they immensely complicate the problem, they do not of themselves introduce new principles. Stumbling-blocks in the path of mediocrity, in the hands of genius they are made to conduce to certain and brilliant results. Tennyson was asked whether the requirements of rhyme and metre did not greatly hamper poetic expression. "On the contrary," said he, "it is in these necessities and limits that some of the rarest beauties of poetic expression are found." So in war. It was through the gaps in the mountain-chains that the French struck the Austrians such sudden and rapid blows in 1796. It was the passage of the St. Bernard, unequaled since the day of Hannibal, that caused not only the defeat but the capture of Melas's army.

EDWARD FIELD.

FACETIOUS NAUTICAL ANECDOTES.

THE humorous side of sea-life has had many exponents in literature. Much of the success of every sea-novel is due to this element. Peter Simple, Midshipman Easy, Captain Bunsby, and other immortal heroes of the wave, were all wags in their way. The author of "Pinafore" was quick to see this fact, and gave us the ridiculous conceptions of character found in the "Bab Ballads." Captain Reece, of the "Mantelpiece," with his socialistic ideas; Lieutenant Belaye, of the "Hot Cross Bun," with his sea-sick crew of disguised female admirers; and Captain Capel, with his fish-tail, were absurd creations, humorous yet too glaringly improbable; but in "The Mystic Selvagee," Gilbert has well satirized nautical terminology, and in the "Sensation Captain," the fluctuations of nautical wedlock. One of the funniest of Hood's poems is that celebrating the wonderful virtues of a natural life-preserver,—the *caul*.

Sea-sickness has been a theme provocative of much witticism. The terror of the landsman during a gale, as well as the superstition of the sailor, and his conduct in like circumstances, have also engaged the attention of the humorist and satirist. Perhaps the most entertaining of Erasmus's Colloquies is that called "The Shipwreck," in which much wit and humor are mingled with graphic sketches of the scenes on shipboard during a gale. Rabelais exhausts the resources of his caustic wit in describing the conduct of his heroes during a similar scene. All through the writings of ancient and modern authors we find facetious tales and anecdotes, having the sea or the sailor as their theme.

Some of these "short yarns" are spun by sober classical writers. Elian, in his "Miscellaneous History," recounts the tale of a certain Thrasyllus, who had a sort of collector's mania for ships. This deluded Greek moved from Athens to the Piræus, so as to be able to keep tally of all the ships that came and went, imagining them to be his own. He issued orders to their captains, and felicitated himself on the happy termination of a voyage. This he continued for several years, until cured of this singular mania. He afterwards said that he had never been so happy as when thus occupied with his imaginary fleet. Athenæus, in his "Banquet of Wise Men," tells of a parallel case of folly or delusion in which some young bloods of Agrigentum, in Sicily, fool-

ishly engaged. "Some young men being drunk, their heads were so turned with the wine, that they took the house for a galley, in which they traversed the waves. They believed themselves soon overtaken by a frightful storm, and they pushed this extravagance so far as to cast furniture, hangings, and everything they could lay hands upon, out of the windows, saying that the pilot ordered them to do so, to lighten the storm-beaten vessel. A crowd gathered, and stole everything thus cast out, but they persevered in their folly. The next day, the guard came to this house, and found the young men with their heads leaning over as if to vomit, and questioned them; they answered the officer, saying that a storm had just overtaken them, and had compelled them to throw into the sea all their superfluous cargo. People were astonished at the delirium of these young men, when the one who seemed among them to have the authority of age over the others, said: 'Oh, Tritons! I myself have been so frightened that I hid myself as soon as I could in the hold.' The guard pardoned their folly, reprimanding them, and enjoining them to be more sober, and then withdrew. They all thanked him for his courtesy: 'If we ever,' said they, 'escape from such a storm, and reach port finally, we will erect statues in our own country to you alongside of those of the gods of the sea, since it is by your appearance that we have been saved.' Such is the history which caused this house to be called 'the galley-house.'"

This old third-century anecdote was handed down through various volumes of prose and poetry during the middle ages. These nautical landlubbers might have served as prototypes to Smollett's immortal heroes, Trunnion and Hatchway, who insisted on their whole households complying with their nautical routine,—living in garrison, swinging in hammocks, standing watch, etc. We cannot forget, also, the manœuvre of the first-named veteran, who persisted in tacking up the lane on horseback against a head-wind, on the way to his wedding.

The sea was, perhaps, too rude and deadly to the ancients, to furnish us many of these humorous anecdotes. Men learned to trifle with the domain of Neptune only when they became familiar with it. Such tales garnish the books of anecdote and adventure published during the middle ages. In a selection of stories from manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there is a *jeu d'esprit* turning upon the conduct of landsmen at sea during a storm. A certain passenger, while almost every one else was weeping or praying, began to eat his fill of salt meat, as if he expected a famine. When asked why he did so, he replied, "I will have to drink a great deal of water presently, so I must eat salt meat." This is like the tale of a Spanish soldier, who, when similarly situated, began to eat away at a loaf of bread. His reason was, "*Menester comer un poquito para beber tanto*" (One must eat a little to drink so much). Demonax, an ancient Greek, upon being asked if he were not afraid lest the fish would eat him, said,

"I should not complain, since I have eaten so many of them in my life."

The following humorous story is upon the same theme. A priest was told upon embarking that he should not despair in a storm, so long as the sailors swore and blasphemed, but if they embraced each other and sought mutual forgiveness for their offenses, he might fear the worst. Hardly was the ship at sea when a storm arose, and the pious father sent a brother to listen at the hatch to the conversation of the crew. "Ah! my God! good father, all is lost," said he, on his return; "these wicked men swear horrible oaths; you would shudder to hear them: their blasphemies alone have the power to sink the ship." "God be thanked!" said the good priest; "all will be well."

Étienne de Bourbon, a thirteenth-century writer and sermonizer, tells the following as having been related to an acquaintance. A man undertook a voyage in company with his wife, who was somewhat of a virago and scold. A storm arising, the sailors cried out that the heavy parts of the cargo must be thrown overboard to lighten the ship. Whereupon the passenger proposed to sacrifice his wife, saying that he knew of nothing heavier to bear than the weight of her tongue!

The old and well-known story about the sea-sick man who begged the captain to stop the ship until he could relieve his stomach, appears in a book of facetious anecdotes of the eighteenth century. The captain of a steamer having told an American lad that the ship was kept upright by his hold on the mizzen-mast, the little fellow always insisted, during rough weather, on the assurance that the captain retained his firm hold on that mast.

Some of these anecdotes turn upon the ability of the sailor to outwit the landsman in the *technique* of his own craft. There is the story of a sailor who applied for a berth on an East Indiaman, to whom one of the examining board said that it was extremely doubtful "whether he could box the compass." "I know how to do it," said Jack, "better than you know how to say the Lord's Prayer." A trial of skill was at once arranged, with a wager of fifty shillings on each side. The mariner at once said over the points of the compass successfully, in the usual manner. The contestant having repeated the Pater Noster, claimed the stakes. "Hold on," cried Jack, "we have not finished, for I have said but half my task." Thereupon he said over all the compass-points backwards, which his competitor could not do with the Lord's Prayer, so the sailor won his wager and got his berth.

In an interesting sixteenth-century work is an anecdote of another contest of wits, in which the man of the sea again triumphs. A passenger on board of an East Indiaman, thinking himself more of a philosopher than one of the crew, said to him, "My friend, where did your father die?" "In a shipwreck," replied the sailor. . "And your grandfather?" "While out fishing, a sudden squall came up and up-

set his boat, drowning him." "And your great-grandfather?" "He also perished in his ship, which struck a rock." "How, then, do you dare to go to sea, where all your ancestors have perished?" "Mr. Philosopher," said the mariner, "have the kindness to tell me where your father found death?" "Very peacefully, in his bed." "And his ancestors?" "In the same manner, very tranquilly, in their beds." "Ah, then, how can you dare to lie down in your bed, since your ancestors died there?"

There is equal humor in the song of Dibdin's, in which two old "sea-dogs" pity those ashore during a storm, endangered by chimneys and other perils of the land tempest.

The sailor is further credited with outwitting Old Nick. There is a German tale of a certain old salt who, in return for valuable services, was bound to serve the devil, after fifty years. Upon the appearance of Satan to claim his victim, Jack induced him to pump the sea dry first, but so arranged the pump that all the water ran back into the sea again, until the disgusted demon was willing to depart without his victim.

In an older story, "Tyl Eulenspiegel," the hero is required to tell the quantity of water in the sea, but he outwits the tempter by requiring in turn that the rain should not fall while he measures the ocean. In a similar tale from the "Gesta Romanorum," one of the old monkish story-books, the hero requires that all the rivers be kept from flowing into the sea, and thus outwits the demon. A like stipulation enables the hero of another old tale to rid himself of the task of drinking all the water of the sea. This latter feat was, however, accomplished by a certain Hindoo divine sage, if we may trust the Veda.

There was a legend current among sailors fifty years since, of a certain captain whose luck was so proverbial that it was attributed to an unholy compact with Satan. On one occasion, during a gale off Cape Horn, this redoubtable mariner bargains with the devil to aid him. His Satanic majesty holds on to the masts until a clear spot is seen in the sky, when he begs the captain to release him from further service. This being done, he lets go of the masts, which at once go by the board. "The de'il himself can't hold to a bad bargain if he has a Cape Horn gale against him," said the witty skipper.

It has for centuries been a habit of sailors, when sore pressed during a gale, to make certain vows or promises for their deliverance. A ludicrous story is told of one who vowed he would not, if saved, eat of a certain favorite dish. Just as the imminent danger was over he qualified his promise with, "Not without mustard, O Lord!"

Erasmus noted a similar circumstance during a shipwreck. "I heard one, and I could not help smiling, who, with a shout, lest he should not be heard, promised to St. Christopher, who dwells in the

great church in Paris, and is a mountain rather than a statue, a wax image as great as himself. He had repeated this more than once, bellowing as loud as he could, when the man who happened to be next to him touched him with his finger, and hinted, 'You could not pay that, even if you sent all to auction.' Then the other, in a voice low enough that St. Christopher might not hear him, whispered, 'Be still, you fool! Do you fancy I am speaking in earnest? If I once touch the shore, I shall not give him a tallow candle!'"

Votive tablets, picturing scenes of tempest or wreck, are frequently seen in European churches, having been placed there by mariners grateful for their deliverance. Cicero relates that a certain skeptic, Diagoras, on being shown these tablets in a certain temple, and being asked to acknowledge the power of the gods, as here witnessed, responds, "Ah, yes! but there do not appear here the portraits of those who have been wrecked, and who went to the bottom!"

Dependence upon the saints in such cases is sometimes supplemented by the wary mariner or fisherman by other precautions. Tricks of oracles and priests are proverbial, but it was left to certain Bavarian fishermen to deceive themselves willingly. Before embarking they were accustomed to cry out, "Holy Bartholomew, shall I return? Say 'yes!'" In fine weather, the echo responded, but none was heard when the air was heavy with fog or mist.

The saints themselves connive at a little deception in emergencies at sea. A very old story, from a Swedish calendar, is related of St. Peter. While at sea in a tempest, it became necessary to lighten the ship of her load, and half the passengers were to be chosen by lot for sacrifice. The worthy saint being chosen umpire, arranged the thirty in such a way that, while every ninth man was chosen, the fifteen Christians were saved, and only the Jews cast overboard. A similar tale is told in Ceylonese, but it was a Portuguese captain, this time, who arranged that the Moorish passengers only should be sacrificed. The solution is given in verse, as follows:

Place first four who gain,
Then five soon must die;
Two friends then follow, then a foe;
Then mark three friends who still must live;
One unhappy, one friend yet fortunate;
Then two victims, then two who earn reprieve;
After that, unlucky three, and one is passed,
Two condemned, two saved; the last is sacrificed.

In a work written by one Ibn Ezra, a Spanish rabbi, about 1100 A.D., we find a like anecdote, the rabbi himself succeeding, by his arrangement of the men, in saving his own disciples and selecting fifteen vagabonds, who had taken passage, for sacrifice.

Another story relates that a slaver's captain adopted the same ruse,

when compelled to lighten ship, in order to save his valuable cargo and sacrifice worthless white men. In another, an English captain thus selects the French passengers only. The arrangement would be thus, X's being sacrificed, O's saved:

OOOOXXXXXOOXOOOXOXXOOXXXOXXOOX.

The version of the tale current during the middle ages represents that the Virgin appeared on board the imperiled ship, with a poplar branch in her hand, and directed the lots, so that the Jews were chosen as victims. The Latin verse given below serves as a rule to indicate the arrangement of the thirty:

"Populeam virgam mater regina ferebat."

Each vowel here represents the number of its order in the alphabet, and this number gives the separate groups of the passengers.

Various other versions of this tale are given, in which the choice is made between soldiers of opposing forces, and mnemonic verses in French and English serve as a key to the lots.

Now and then, even in Catholic countries, the sailor, made skeptical by frequent narrow escapes, is doubtful of the efficacy of appealing to the saints. It is well known that priests are not considered as desirable passengers. Such a scoffer as thus referred to, said to Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits' order, "Why do you sail with me? A saint has no need of such vulgar means. He walks the water and imitates Christ!"

Monkish chronicles assert that certain saints could thus dispense with ship or boat, since they were able to walk on the waves as readily as on dry land. A certain Irish saint, Scothinus, met St. Barras in a boat while the former was taking a stroll over the Irish Sea. To an inquiry from his astonished brother, St. Scothinus replied that he walked in a beautiful meadow, and, to prove it, stooped and gathered a handful of flowers! Not to be outdone, the other saint immediately scooped up a handful of fish, to prove that it was the sea in which he floated!

Much fun has been poked at sailors because of their propensity to tell tough yarns, especially about mermaids, sea-serpents, and the like wonders of the deep. Brainard, in his "Ode to the Sea-Serpent," says, speaking of the stories told concerning one alleged to have been seen at Nahant,—

"But go not to Nahant, lest men should swear
You are a great deal bigger than you are."

Many mariners will decline to report such appearances, not relishing the ridicule to which they expose themselves.

Stupid seamen are rare, but now and then such ones serve as a target to the shots of witty paragraphers. A standing joke against the fishermen of Coggeshall, Ireland, was that they were in the habit of carrying with them, in their fishing trips, tubs of water to keep their fish in!

A humorous story is told in several folk-lore collections of certain fishermen of Saint Jacut, in Brittany, whose stupidity was proverbial. It is asserted that they mistook a field of flax in bloom for their fishing-ground, cast their nets therein, and caught a partridge, which they took for a feathered fish of a new breed. Three toads, four frogs, and a viper were taken at the second haul, which they preserved as new species of crabs and eels.

Another story of this nature is told of various localities, and is very old. Certain Swiss are said to have sunk a bell in the lake to avoid its being taken by the enemy, and, in order to mark the place, they placed a chalk-line on the side of the boat right over the bell! A Dutchman is said to have kept the bearings of his purse, which he had accidentally let fall overboard, by a similar expedient. An Irishman is said to have cried out to the captain of a ship just leaving her anchorage, "Captain, I dropped your shovel overboard; but I cut a great notch on the after rail, over where it fell. You can find it when you come back."

From a very old Chinese collection of tales comes the same kind of story. A man dropped a silver basin into the sea, and immediately made a mark on the surface of the water, so as to find his basin again. Coming to the land, he saw a shallow river, and at once waded out into it to search for his lost basin. Upon being asked what he was doing, he told of his loss, which had happened nearly two months before, and further explained, "When I lost it, I drew a line upon the water to mark the place, and as the water where I found this line is not different from the other, I seek here my lost basin."

In an old Hindoo collection of tales, a man drops a cup overboard, carefully observes the ripples, the currents, bubbles, etc., and upon his return from a long voyage, seeks the same spot. When he thinks he has found it, he sets to work diligently diving for the lost cup, to the amusement of his shipmates.

A story is told by Poggio, an old Florentine joker, based upon the well-known superstition among sailors concerning corpses on board ship.

A Venetian Jew, wishing to carry the body of his comrade, who had died at Bologna, to his native city, cut it into pieces and put the fragments into a cask filled with honey and aromatic liquors. This cask was confided to the charge of another Jew who took passage for Venice. A certain Florentine sailor on board, noticing the delightful odor of the cask, tapped it at night, and, finding the contents agreeable,

repeated his visits, so that when the ship reached Venice the cask was empty and the thieving Florentine was the living sepulchre of the pickled Jew!

Other superstitions of the sailor have furnished material for the humorous story-teller. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* related an anecdote of an old ship-builder at Wilmington, Delaware, who attempted to disprove the Friday superstition by laying the keel of a ship on Friday, launching her on Friday, and sending her to sea on Friday. Just a week from that day she was lost. His wife, reproaching him for his rashness, exclaimed, "I told thee so, Isaiah! This is all thy sixth day doings! Now thee sees the consequence. *Thee never had the vessel insured!*"

An old legend represents the dolphin as carrying shipwrecked sailors on his back, as antiquity represented it transporting Arion. The dramatist Ford finds in this a fit subject for his humor:

"Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,
Heaving up his crooked back, and presently
A feather-bed, to waft you to the shore
As easily as if you slept in the court."

The following verses are from Hood's poem, alluded to previously, illustrating a superstition long current among mariners:

"But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For in his pouch confidingly
He wore a baby's caul!
A thing, as gossip nurses say,
That always brings a squall!

* * * * * *

"The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rushed o'er and covered all,
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smothered by the squall;
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul!*"

Most people are impressed at first sight by the majesty of the sea, but now and then some one comes along who receives a contrary impression. Charles Lamb is said to have exclaimed, "The ocean! Is this all?"

The tides have especially been the object of much humorous comment from "landlubbers." A Frenchwoman, who saw the "vast blue" for the first time, asked to be shown the ebb and flow. When the matter was explained to her, she exclaimed, "Pshaw! the ebb and flow is, after all, nothing but green water!"

A well-known French caricaturist, Durandeau, overheard two peas-

ants talking about the sea at a watering-place on the French coast. The husband exclaimed, "Such a quantity of water! It seems ridiculous!" "Doubtless," said his better half, "but that doesn't explain this perpetual motion—the waves—the tides." Durandeau was equal to the occasion. "This movement, madam," exclaimed he, "is produced by fish. They move about so much that they cause the waves by the movement of their tails. Besides, twice a day they come to the surface to be caught, and, as they cannot stay in the air without water, the sea follows them!"

The humorist here merely reproduced ancient notions. Plato says the tides were caused by an animal breathing; Shetlanders thought them caused by the movements of a great serpent; and the Malays say they result from the restless motion of a large crab.

The final conclusion of an old humorist is as follows: "The ship is a fool, for it moves continually; the sailor is a fool, for he changes his mind with every breeze; the water is a fool, for it is never still; the wind is a fool, for it blows without ceasing. Let us make an end at once of navigation."

From this every sailor is bound to dissent. He loves his ship too much, fears the sea too much, and uses the wind too much to believe any of them foolish; and, as to himself, he may find comfort in the Persian saying:

> "The sea gives man his wit,
> The waves his knowledge."

F. S. Bassett,
Lieutenant U.S.N. (retired).

FROM BARS TO STARS.

(Continued from page 63.)

IV.

ANOTHER bright spring morning. Washington is once more bewitchingly arrayed. Among the letters which Ralph Seabrooke found in his box at the club was one bearing the postmark "Junebug, W.T." The following is an extract from it:

" . . . Now, old man, I want you to come out and make me a visit. You know there is nothing new for you in the East; but you have never killed a buffalo nor knocked over an elk, so come and be initiated into the exciting sport. My wife has written to her cousin—Miss Flora Parker—to come out at once and stay as long as she finds it agreeable. Flora has been spending the winter in Washington, where she still tarries, and doubtless you have met her. Now you will perceive the actual necessity of your coming, for it is too long a journey for a young woman to undertake alone, and your proverbial fitness as a chaperon makes you a most suitable *compagnon de voyage*. Now, if your oft-expressed sentiments of affection consist of a substance less vapory than gas, show it by taking the little Bostonian under your wing and getting the baggage checked through to Junebug. . . . "

This characteristic effusion was signed "Glynmoore," and Seabrooke pondered its contents for some moments. "Doubtless you have met her," he mentally quotes from the paper in his hand. "Yes," he continues, "I fancy I have, and if she agrees to the scheme nothing could delight me more." With this reflection he left the club and sauntered along H Street to the residence where Miss Parker was a guest. It was an unconventional hour for calling, but Seabrooke was unconventional, and every one was always ready to see him. Such proved to be the case in this instance. "Miss Parker will be down in a few minutes," was the answer he received.

"Oh, Mr. Seabrooke, I have such jolly news," said Miss Parker, in a rich, sweet voice, as she entered the room. "Adèle—Mrs. Glynmoore—has asked me to come to her, and says that you are to be my chaperon. I am simply wild with delight. When can we start?"

"That we go together at all must be decided by your uncle," re-

plied Seabrooke. "If he consents to trust such a precious package to my care, I will be overjoyed, and we will start whenever you say 'ready.'"

"Why, Mr. Seabrooke!" responded Flora. "You Washington men are so very droll. 'Package!' You speak of me as if I were merchandise and you were going to take me to the office to have me weighed and stamped. Why didn't you say bundle or box at once, and add that I might go as second-class matter, as my mouth would always be *open?* Of course, my uncle will be thankful for the rest my absence will bring him, and more than glad that I am so fortunate as to have you for an escort. However, you will see him at the club before dinner, and the first duty I shall impose upon you is to acquaint him with the facts and get his unqualified consent to the scheme."

"I will gladly do so," answered Seabrooke, "and you must wish me all manner of good luck. You will know the result of the interview at dinner-time. If I succeed in convincing your uncle that the trip is absolutely necessary for your health, as I hope to do, I may drop in later and we can arrange about starting."

Flora Parker was a decided beauty, somewhat after the Irish type. She was tall and her figure was superb. Her rich, red-golden hair was arranged in a manner peculiarly her own. Her large eyes were "gray with a chastened tinge of the skies," like those of "Miles O'Reilly's" "Janet," with the "swimming glance" and all, and they sparkled like brilliant gems. Her nose and mouth might have served as a model for Canova when he shaped his Clytie. She was of "Mayflower" ancestry, nineteen years of age, and a young woman of great culture and refinement. When she was sixteen years of age her uncle took her to France and located her at one of the best "finishing" schools in the glittering capital. She spoke French and German as if each were her mother-tongue, and she played and sang exquisitely. With all these attractions and accomplishments she was not in the least vain or pedantic,—as certain newspaper men who have never been north of Maryland would make us believe all New England women are. She was left an orphan when a mere child, and not having any sisters, cousins, or aunts so situated as to receive her, her bachelor uncle—Dexter Doane—claimed her as his ward. And her own father could not have been more zealous of her welfare or more punctilious in his care and devotion than was this middle-aged man of the world.

Seabrooke found Mr. Doane just where he felt positive he would find him at that hour,—comfortably seated at one of the Seventeenth Street windows of the club. He quickly made known his commission. The old gentleman hardly paused a moment: "Just the thing; just the very thing; nothing could be neater. I am obliged to run over to London next week to attend to a little matter, and, to be quite candid, it is a great relief to me to be able to leave Miss Parker in such excel-

lent hands. I have always said that if I had a daughter, and she was going on a long voyage or journey and had no woman relative or friend to accompany her, I would hand her right over to some club-man, some man of the world whose *savoir-faire* and *savoir-vivre* should be his credentials. And now I shall practice what I have preached; I will give you my niece willingly, and shall feel just as certain that she will reach her destination safely and without any *contre-temps*, as I should feel the reverse if she were in the charge of some reverend fossil gentleman or Y. M. C. A. fellow whose very verdancy respecting the world would insure some embarrassment if not actual compromise. For, with their prudish notions and queer, conservative conceptions of conventionalities, their awkward endeavor to be intensely circumspect and avoid all occasion for remark would result in inviting it."

Seabrooke was greatly rejoiced to find that all was to be so agreeably arranged, and later in the evening he left Miss Parker in an ecstasy of impatience for the dawning of the third to-morrow, which had been settled upon as their day of departure.

Seabrooke had met her quite early in the season, and it had been remarked that he had paid her just a trifle more attention than he had ever been known to bestow upon any one particular person. For years past he had been regarded as a confirmed, petrified bachelor, and the idea that he would ever marry seemed the acme of absurdity. And yet Seabrooke knew that in some unaccountable manner he felt just a little differently towards this young woman than he had ever felt towards another. He would not admit that he was old: neither was he. But what surer evidence can a man give of approaching age than exhibiting a *penchant* for very young women? It is a far more certain sign than gray hairs, turkey-tracks around the eyes, and all the *blasé* looks, attitudes, and expressions which may be assumed or which may not be controlled. Seabrooke still "took in" all the best balls, receptions, weddings, and operas, and he did not appear bored; at the same time he could not conscientiously assert that he enjoyed them quite so much as he did some twenty years earlier. But in Miss Parker's society he felt actually juvenile, and the prospect of a five days' *tête-à-tête* with her was quite the reverse of distasteful.

It has often been asserted and frequently written that there is no place in the world so conducive to love-making as the deck of an ocean steamer on a calm moonlight night. This may all be, but the mountains in September and the sea-shore in May have been successfully utilized for such purpose. In fact, if eyes and ears are not deceptive, the crowded stairway at some fashionable gathering has not been considered half a bad place.

As we are not all gifted with Mr. Bishop's faculty, it is impossible to say whether any such thought entered the mind of Seabrooke as he

sped across the continent with his fair charge at his side. If there did, we may safely conclude that he found a Pullman palace car quite good enough for all practical purposes. Be this as it may, he certainly viewed with actual regret the termination of his pleasant trip, which now was but a matter of a few hours. Flora confessed to him that she should always regard the past five days as the very pleasantest she had ever known, and that she heartily wished their destination was San Francisco instead of the euphonious Junebug. But at the latter point they disembarked and were warmly met by Glynmoore, who had come with an ambulance and four picked mules to meet them.

The distance to the fort was soon covered, and, as they turned into "Officers' Row," they saw Mrs. Glynmoore waiting on the piazza to receive them. Flora was her pet cousin, and Seabrooke was an old and cherished friend, and she regarded their arrival as a signal of a period that was to be one of unalloyed happiness and contentment.

There is necessarily a great deal of sameness in the life of a young woman during her visit at a frontier post; the stereotyped diversions are in a manner limited. Rides, drives, garrison hops, and not improbably a few flirtations usually constitute the programme; and when these have been depicted and given to the world in the fascinating and "fetching" style in which they have been presented by Captain King in his "Colonel's Daughter," it would seem not unlike disingenuousness for the writer of this little narrative to attempt in his crude way to give a detailed description of these pastimes and amusements.

It matters not at all how plain, how unattractive, and how wallflower-like generally a young woman may be, her recognition as a great belle immediately follows her arrival at an outpost. Hence the altitude of the pedestal upon which the young bachelor subalterns would place a young woman possessing so many accomplishments and attractions as did Miss Parker may possibly be conceived.

Seabrooke viewed with an outward calm the disruption the one fair woman in the world to him was causing in the hearts of the young men arrayed in brass and yellow. Five of them would appear nightly at Glynmoore's quarters with the same regularity that characterized their attendance at "stables" and "retreat" roll-call. And though she spoke of them to Seabrooke nonchalantly as the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth relief, as one after the other they would file in, yet he wondered if these five glittering warriors, either in the concrete or abstract, did not cause some little pleasurable flutter in her own palpitating breast.

It is simply mawkish affectation for a man in the full possession of his senses to pretend that he does not know whether he is or whether he is not liked by another person. He does know it instinctively, intuitively, just as he knows whether he dances and rides well. A clever woman may in various ways easily lead a man to believe that her love

for him is far greater than it really is. But when it is a question only of like and dislike, such deception is rarely resorted to; when it is, its ghastly transparency cannot fail to be observed.

Seabrooke knew that he was liked and well liked by Miss Parker, but he was not at all certain that he was loved by her, and a vast chasm stretches between these two feelings. No word of love had ever been spoken by either, still there seemed to exist an agreeable sensation of comprehension between them.

Without the faintest shadow of vanity, Seabrooke felt that if he had professed his love previous to their arrival at Fort Davenport, Miss Parker would have been in a reciprocal mood. He now recalled with displeasure those vapory little sighs which would escape her when he would say, "Good-night," and retreat to the smoking-car for a last pipe; also those sly side-glances which were cast at him just before reaching Omaha and just after leaving Sidney. Nor could he forget the peculiar misty appearance of her eyes and the unfamiliar quiver of her voice when, just as they were rolling into Junebug, she turned to him and said, "I am sorry our delightful little journey is over."

Such recollections had a tendency to make him wish to brand himself a mammoth *burro*, for he realized now that in allowing those little signs and evidences of feeling to pass unnoticed he had also, unintentionally, permitted the "golden moment" to escape.

"Well, there is just this about it," he argued, mentally; "if she really loved me two weeks ago, some lingering trace of affection must remain. I have to go on that hunting-trip to-morrow, and will be away for ten days or more. It would be awfully comforting at night, as I spread my frame on the banks of the Republican, to realize that the dearest little woman in the world has confessed her love for me. Should this not prove to be the case, the excitement of the hunt and the proximity of the Sioux—for Glynmoore has told me that the spot he has selected for my initiation is their favorite hunting-ground—will effectually, for the time at least, banish from my mind the memory of my imbecility."

That same night, as he was sipping his regular tonic with Glynmoore, Seabrooke said, "Wish me joy, old man; Miss Parker has consented to marry me."

"With all my *cœur*," was the response. "You are a lucky *canis*."

Glynmoore had acquired a habit which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been severely reprehensible; it was the interpolation of one foreign word at least into every remark that he made. That it was a habit only was well known, and the drollery of some of his expressions frequently occasioned so much amusement that censure was deferred. In fact, many officers at that time were guilty of this trait; those who were serving or who had served in Arizona or New Mexico

substituting Spanish and Apache words for Glynmoore's French and Latin.

There was one asinine patriot, however, from "Kownty Kark," who prided himself on what he called his "ling-gwist-tic ability." The use of foreign words by him was not a habit; it was a regular business, established on pride and vanity. Once he was asked by his department commander if he spoke Spanish.

"Floo-*ent*-ly, gin-i-ril," was the reply of this brass-buttoned Ananias.

"Give me an example," said the general.

Glad of the chance to exhibit his erudition, the elated Hibernian astonished his superior officer with, "It is essential for the public *bueno* that a *camino* should be run through *aqui*."

In relating this little incident to a brother officer, the Spanish scholar said, "Yer see the gin-i-ril kind of embarrassed me loike, he was so suddint. If I had thart a minnit, I would have said to him, '*No car-re much-o* fer *pay-so, grand-dissi-mo gin-i-ril-lissi-mo, car-re much-o* to put a *ka-bay-sur* on *yez*.' That would have been received with *elight*, and the gin-i-ril, seeing I was one of the *e-clar*, would have rajined, 'Cum to me staff. Gintilmen loike you is scarce.'"[1]

V.

Whether Seabrooke really experienced the pleasure he had anticipated in realizing that "the dearest little woman in the world had confessed her love" for him may never be known to any one save himself. But it was an undeniable fact that she had so confessed, and that he had "spread his frame on the banks of the Republican" for the past six nights could not be contradicted.

Seabrooke was enjoying the hunt immensely. To him it was that rarest of rare things,—a new sensation. He had shot coot on the Atlantic coast and seal on the Pacific,—from the Cliff House piazza. He had slaughtered partridges in Virginia and ducks on the "Eastern Sho'." He also plead "guilty" to having "crippled" a doe in the Adirondacks. But never before had he pulled the trigger of a Winchester rifle that covered the forehead of a lordly elk, nor of a Spencer carbine that almost touched a buffalo's heart; and, alas! he and many more of us can do so never again. From the top of a high bluff, where the hunting-party rested for luncheon, fully five hundred thousand buffaloes were in sight in the valleys, on the sides of the bluffs, and in the different cañons, and they were grazing as contentedly and as fearlessly as do the domesticated animals in a New England pasture.

This is no exaggeration; in fact, one of the party, now a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, estimated the number of buffaloes to be eight hun-

[1] It will be observed that this worthy spelled as he played,—by ear.

dred thousand. This was in the sixties. As far back as 1874 one of our illustrated papers pictured the valley of the Republican—where this hunt took place—as it then appeared. It apparently was almost as thickly settled as some of the suburbs of our large cities. Now, thanks to those demons of the Indians, of the old frontiersmen, of the white settlers, and of all civilized and uncivilized humanity,—the horse-thieving, whisky-trading professional white hunters,—also to a dilatory and shiftless Congress, scarcely a herd of buffalo or elk remain in the United States territory.

[NOTE.—In 1875, while with a hunting-party of Arapahoes in the Panhandle of Texas, the writer had forty-two superb buffalo-robes given to him, off hand, by different bucks and squaws. In 1879 he wrote to the celebrated scout and interpreter, Ben. Clark, who had been with him on the Texas hunt, and who was then located at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency, in the Indian Territory, and asked him to send him two buffalo-robes by express to Washington, D.C. The reply was, "Can't be got for love or coin; they are scarcer than rum on the Staked Plains." When this letter was received, and it was realized that but four years had elapsed since those countless herds of noble animals had been seen in Texas, the recipient felt that such wholesale slaughter, such brutal butchery, was a sad commentary on a nation that prides itself on its humanity, and that manufactures clay birds for the protection of pigeons and bangs its horses' tails to prevent injury to the poor flies.]

Seabrooke's departure with the hunting-party was the source of great relief to the full hand of matrimonial aspirants, or more properly to the two first and three second lieutenants, who fancied they were deeply in love with Miss Parker. They all liked Seabrooke, everybody did, and they knew nothing of the true situation; so they felt that with the "swell cit." out of the field they would stand a better chance.

None of these officers were in the least lacking respecting physical courage; but they were sadly deficient in that moral quality—that steel-riveted nerve—which enables a poor man to say to a great heiress, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," when the endowment consists simply of a prospective month's pay and a badly-worn uniform made by the troop tailor.

One of the five officers was somewhat noted for his presumption and for his extra allowance of assurance; he summed the matter up after this fashion: "I cawnt see why the mere fact of her having a pile of ducats should deter me. If the situwation was weversed I would not hesitate, and, blawst me, if I do now. There was Welty, of the engineers, and Cawrson, of the infantwy, they had nothing in the world but their pay and their cheek and their debts to go in on, and they both cawt fortunes. I can twace my pedigwe back to a blawsted twilobite, my pwofession is an honorable one, and I may be a captain at fifty. So I shall put it off no longer. Yes, Miss Pawker, 'This night or never my bwide thou shalt be,' or, more corwectly, my promised bwide."

Lisping this rather threatening refrain, the young man proceeded to get himself up in as immaculate a style as his wardrobe and that of his room-mate's would permit. But all his prinking was quite useless. He had gone so far as, "And weally, Miss Pawker, though I wegwet that I cawnt offer you higher wank and a gweater fortune, yet——" when she ended the matter by saying, "But do you not know that I have promised to marry Mr. Seabrooke?" The next morning the young Napoleon was reported "sick in quarters."

Just as Glynmoore, Seabrooke, and the other officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates that constituted the hunting-party were leaving Fort Davenport, with two ambulances and several army wagons, —the latter were taken to carry the tents, commissary stores, and luggage generally, also to bring back fresh meat,—Major Frank North, of Pawnee fame, rode into the fort, accompanied by two of his Indian scouts. He had met Glynmoore on several former occasions and had rather fancied him, while the latter had a great admiration for the "White Chief of the Pawnees," as North was then called. Glynmoore knew that every foot of the road they were about to travel was as familiar to North as was Pennsylvania Avenue to the late Beau Hickman; he also knew that he was an excellent shot, especially if Sioux happened to be the target, so he brought all his persuasive powers into action, and the result was that the genial major and the two Pawnees joined the party.

Though the writer has seen "Mose" Chapman and Jim Richmond (government scouts) kill wild turkeys at "Sheridan's Roost," in the Indian Territory, with cottonwood clubs, and has also seen Ben. Clark lean from his horse, which was running his best, and break their necks with a blow from his whip as they ran over the plain,—and once almost broke his own neck in vain endeavor to "follow his leader,"—yet he fears he might be charged with prevarication if he should give in detail the incidents of this hunt.

A man who has left Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington and spent a whole week of hard hunting 'mid snow and sleet in the rough Massanutten Mountains of Virginia, and returned triumphantly with three wild turkeys as the result of his labor, would scarcely believe the statement that Seabrooke knocked nine out of one tree in about two minutes,—and yet he did. Nor would the same Eastern sportsman believe that Frank North killed three buffaloes with one shot from his revolver! (How is that, Mr. *Reeder* Hag-*gard?*) But it is a matter of history that he shot a buffalo cow whose twin calves would have been born an hour later,—hence the three. But seriously, buffalo, black-tail deer, antelope, quail, turkeys, and jack-rabbits literally abounded. But one herd of elk was seen, and but two of these superb animals were taken; Glynmoore shooting one and one of the Pawnees the other.

VI.

The morning fixed upon for the return of the hunting-party dawned intensely disagreeable. Quite a stiff breeze was blowing from the north, bearing with it a sharp, cutting sleet. Quite early in the morning one of the Indians aroused North and told him he predicted a very bad day. This was prior to the days of weather bureaus, and this Pawnee was regarded as something of an oracle. Thrusting his head through the opening of his tent, North felt convinced that the Pawnee's prediction would doubtless prove true; so he hurried on his garments and hastened to awaken the ranking officer, to whom he imparted the gloomy tidings.

Under the most favorable auspices a storm is not regarded as a source of enjoyment, and when on the plains miles from any habitation, with no knowledge respecting its duration or its possible force, one's feelings are the reverse of pleasant. North said they were about fifty miles south of Fort Adobe, and that he thought it best to strike straight for that post.

The animals were fresh, the forage was not exhausted, the day was vile, and as "any port in a storm" seemed to be the sentiment of all, North's plan was determined upon. After a long, tiresome, profanity-provoking trip the little party rode into Adobe, wet, cold, and hungry, and learned from the sentry on "No. 1" that "All's well."

They were no strangers to that little garrison, however, and after the customary frontier hospitality had been extended, and they were warm and comfortable, they quite forgot the sorrows of the day, recalling and recounting different incidents of the hunt.

The next day was bright and pleasant. It was the kind of a day that in the North is spoken of as "lovely" and that in the South is termed "pretty." The course of the hunting-party was up the valley of the Platte, parallel to and almost touching the old overland road to California. Glynmoore, North, and one of the Indians rode on in advance, hoping to pick up a stray antelope or deer. It was about noon, and these three horsemen were fully five miles in advance of the rest of the party, when North turned to Glynmoore and said, "Don't you see something coming over that little bluff yonder that looks like an ambulance?"

Glynmoore looked where the major pointed, and about three miles to their left and front he saw a moving object, but not sufficiently distinct as to determine its character.

"It has gone now," said North. "We will see it again as it comes over the next rise." It was a rolling country they were traveling through.

"Oh, I see it now!" exclaimed Glynmoore. "It is an ambulance. I wonder if it isn't the paymaster; he was expected about this time."

A moment later North said, "Lieutenant, do you see any objects moving to the rear of that team?"

Again Glynmoore looked. "Yes," he replied; "I fancy it is the escort."

"What do you take them to be?" inquired North.

"Why, some cavalry from Davenport or Phillips," was the reply.

"Lieutenant," responded North, "that is some of the best cavalry in the world. That is a party of some twenty or twenty-five Sioux, and they mean to jump that ambulance in the next valley."

Even had Glynmoore felt inclined to doubt North's assertion he could do so no longer, for the Pawnee, showing much excitement, reined up beside them, and pointing to the objects in question, exclaimed,—

"Sioux! Sioux!"

"What must we do?" asked Glynmoore.

"Just this," replied North. "The inmates of that ambulance are ignorant that they are being pursued. Those devils mean to jump them in the next valley. They will put it off no longer, for they have seen us. We have not time to ride back and notify our party. There is but one thing to be done. Come on!"

Giving their horses the spur the three horsemen dashed forward, and as they did so they observed that the Indians were accelerating their pace also.

"If the ambulance can only make the next rise before they are overtaken," said North, "I can signal to them so they will understand something is wrong, and be on their guard."

"I am glad I brought this Spencer with me; it is so much more handy than a long rifle when mounted," remarked Glynmoore.

"Yes," answered North; "and you must be handy with it. The odds are dead against us."

On they pushed as rapidly as their horses could go, and in a short time, much to their joy, they saw the ambulance come dashing over the bluff in their front.

"Ah! the devils saw us and thought they would not wait," cried North. "Come on. See! they are giving it to them with arrows now."

Glynmoore saw only too plainly. The ambulance was tearing towards them, and a short distance behind, firing as they rode, came the Indians.

"Give a whoop, Ke Roots," said North to the Pawnee in the latter's native tongue. "It may halt them for a moment."

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

(To be continued.)

FIRE-SHIPS, POWDER-VESSELS, AND OBSTRUCTIONS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

THERE is no existing means of offense, save the sword alone, which has been so long in use at sea as that of the employment of fire-ships in some form or other. From the time when the Syrians sent vessels laden with burning brands against the mole of Alexander, to the last naval conflict in China, they have been almost uninterruptedly employed, while other weapons have been discarded as obsolete and antiquated.

With the invention, first of Greek fire, then of powder, they became more and more formidable. The annals of the wars of the middle ages are full of them, and Roman, Moslem, Greek, and Vandal made frequent use of incendiary vessels. They spread terror among the huge ships of the Spanish Armada, and added their destructive flames to the sanguinary conflicts of the Dutch and English in the seventeenth century. The New World had also seen them, and when, during the Rebellion, the Confederates, making use of natural advantages, employed fire-ships, they were hardly, as General Butler expressed it, using "unchristian" methods, since the example had been set by our fleet at Washington, against the British, in 1812.

The abundance of inflammable material, such as the pitch-pine of North Carolina, the cotton of Louisiana, the swift currents and the winding channels of the thousand streams, bayous, and inlets in which operations were carried on, were all favorable to the employment of these weapons, and their want of success is due to the vigilance of our forces and to the nature of the weapon itself. They depend much on the moral effect produced, and when the fear of their approach is lessened they lose much of their terrors. In addition to this, they were usually abandoned to the will of the capricious currents, instead of being towed or sailed into the midst of the hostile fleet. Steamers, having power ready at all times, were more able to avoid their attacks, and were provided with better means of extinguishing the flames kindled by the approach of these incendiaries than were the sailing-ships of previous wars.

There are numerous allusions to the preparation of these expected attacks by incendiary vessels in the official correspondence of the com-

manders of Federal vessels, but the instances of their actual employment are not so numerous.

There was wanting, too, that element of personal bravery in the conduct of these vessels that had often been present. There was no dashing Cochrane, no reckless Kanaris, to embellish with personal deeds of daring the insidious attacks of the fire-fiend. Admirals had not scorned to conduct fleets of them in former centuries, and the service was ever one of danger and daring.

The vessels used in this service during the war were unlike those formerly used. They were usually flat-bottomed scows, filled with pine knots, sometimes having turpentine or pitch poured over them, or rafts piled with cotton bales. Such a raft was prepared and sent down against the attacking fleet at New-Berne, N.C., but the current carried it against the railroad bridge, partially destroying it.

The first appearance of incendiary vessels in the Mississippi, where they were mostly used, was on the 12th of October, 1861. On that occasion the ram "Manassas" appeared at the head of the passes of the Mississippi, just before daylight, against the squadron of four vessels which lay at anchor there. Immediately following her appearance there came three fire-rafts. The steamer in advance avoided them easily, and they then drifted ashore on the west bank of the river.

After Farragut had entered the river with his fleet, these floating incendiaries were frequently set adrift. The admiral says, in one of his reports, "They have sent down five fire-rafts. None produced any effect on the fleet except the last, which only caused the collision of the 'Scioto' and 'Kineo,' both of which vessels dragged across the bows of the 'Mississippi,' and carried away the mainmast of the first, and damaged them both very much. But the raft was turned clear of all the fleet. As the wind and current were peculiarly favorable, it gave us more trouble than on any previous occasion."

These rafts came down every night while the fleet lay below, but the boats towed them away, or the flames were extinguished by the light steamers. They were sent singly, but the result might have been very different if several had been launched at once.

When Captain Bell and Lieutenant Caldwell destroyed the obstructions, fire-rafts were sent down, as much, it seemed, to light up their proceedings as to endanger their vessels.

When, finally, the attack on the forts below New Orleans was made, fire-rafts again made their appearance, adding to the terrors of the scene, and to the picturesqueness of that most stirring of river fights. Their vivid glare illuminated the dark night, rendering visible the approaching ships to the gunners in the forts, and sent forth dense volumes of smoke to blind the crews of the ships' guns.

The "Iroquois," the "Pinola," the "Winona," and the "Kennebec" suffered especially from them, being so illuminated by their light that

the gunboats, falling under the heavy fire of the forts, were compelled to turn down-stream.

The dense smoke from one of these rafts annoyed the "Brooklyn" greatly. A smoke-ship, especially designed to annoy the gunners, had been used with less effect at the siege of Antwerp.

The most effective raft, however, was the one that attacked the "Hartford," so well portrayed in a recent magazine article. The element of heroism was not even wanting. On this occasion the fire-raft was pushed by a tug-boat, instead of being left to the capricious current.

Just as the "Hartford," Farragut's flag-ship, was engaged with the forts on either hand, this raft approached her. In attempting to avoid it the ship touched the bottom, and for an instant she was in dire peril. Sherman, the commander of the pygmy tug, with daring worthy of a better fate, boldly pushed the burning raft against the side of the huge ship, under the very muzzles of her guns. The flames quickly leaped up the sides and rigging, and the mizzen shrouds were instantly afire. The disciplined crew responded to the call for firemen, and the flames were soon extinguished, while a well-directed shell was fired into the tug, exploding her boiler and killing her crew of half a dozen nameless heroes.

The flag-ship soon backed off the dangerous shoal and proceeded on her victorious course.

This attack showed what might have been done if the material wasted in rafts abandoned singly to the current had been expended in organized attack of several rafts at a time, controlled by steam-power, and launched at propitious moments.

The advent of iron hulls, low freeboard ships, and wire rigging will, perhaps, render such attacks fruitless, and it is certain that the results of the attacks during the war did not repay the expense or the risk incurred.

The effects of the attacks of incendiary vessels were rendered greater, after the invention of gunpowder, by adding to their equipment a large quantity of that explosive. These vessels were first used at the celebrated siege of Antwerp, and the results partially verified expectations. Since then they have occasionally been employed, but never with any great results. The fate of the brave little band who conducted the "Intrepid" into the harbor of Tripoli illustrates the danger of such service.

Such a vessel was used on one occasion only during the Rebellion. This was at Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, the night before the fleet attack on those defenses.

The "Louisiana," used on this occasion, was an old steam-vessel disguised as a blockade-runner, and charged with an explosive cargo, consisting of two hundred and fifteen tons of powder, in barrels and

canvas bags, placed on a light deck, about even with the water-line, over and forward of the engine. Fuses were led through the mass, clock-work used to ignite them, and fires kindled to insure an explosion. This formidable vessel was really a huge floating torpedo, depending on the concussive effects of the air for successful action.

It was towed into the anchorage, within a few hundred yards of the fort. (Captain Rhind, who led the gallant party who performed this hazardous service, says three, while other official statements make it eight.) The clock-work was set, the fires started, and the vessel left to her fate. She exploded as intended, but did no harm to the fort. The wind was blowing off shore, and the report of the explosion was heard in Wilmington, eighty miles away, and the fleet at the anchorage, twenty-five miles distant, was enveloped in a dense smoke for two hours.

Other examples of such attempts show that little can be expected of the concussive effects of the air, and this is the reason of the failure of such attacks to accomplish great results.

Before the advent of the torpedo these incendiary vessels were frequently used for a particular purpose,—the destruction of obstructions placed across a channel to prevent the passage of ships. We read of such obstructions early in history. They were employed to close the harbor of Syracuse against the Greeks in 413 B.C. Chains were stretched across the harbor of Constantinople as early as 700 A.D., and a whole fleet was sunk in the harbor of Rochelle in 1372. These obstructions are either entirely below the water, or they float on its surface. In the latter case a raft or float, called a *boom*, is used. It is usually made by fastening together huge logs, connecting sections of these by chains or by cables, and by anchoring the whole mass across or, better, athwart the stream. Such obstructions are usually defended by batteries or ships. The first formidable boom was used at Basque Roads, and it was here that Lord Cochrane won his laurels. Upon the invention of torpedoes they were used to increase these defenses, and prevent boats from approaching to destroy the boom.

Obstructions, in which all these features were embodied, singly or in combination, were placed in the harbors, rivers, and inlets of the South, from the James to the Mississippi. Frequently, as in the shallow inlets of the Atlantic coast, one or more rows of piles were driven into the sandy bottom. These were often cut off just below the surface of the water, and not infrequently were shod with iron.

Such simple obstructions were found in many places on the Atlantic coast, but never caused more harm than a delay until enough of them could be pulled out by the steamers to leave a passage through. Sometimes, however, the ships forced a passage through them by ramming. At Darien, in the Albemarle River, a double row of these piles had to be cleared by pulling, and a similar task delayed the operations in the Altamaha River and in the Stono.

To these simple measures were often added others. Vessels were frequently sunk in the channel, among or between the piles, more effectually obstructing the way.

The Confederate fleet in Croatan Sound were sheltered behind two rows of piles and sunken vessels, flanked by batteries, but the attacking fleet of light steamers cleared a passage through them. Less formidable obstructions like these were encountered in the Nansemond, Pamunkey, James, and other rivers of the South.

Ships were often sunk in the streams without any additional defenses. So, in the Cape Fear River, was found the privateer "Chickamauga," which, instead of ravaging the sea, barred the channel of the river with her sunken hull.

The mouth of the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal was thus closed by the Federal forces, several vessels being used, and branches of trees and earth added. These sunken hulks were frequently encountered and the attempt on the part of the blockading force to close the harbor of Charleston by sinking a whole squadron of vessels laden with stone will be remembered. These ships—old whalers, purchased at a cost of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars—were skillfully planted in rows in the channels, between the far-reaching bars off the harbor, but new and deeper channels were soon formed about them by the action of the currents, and the ship-worm has aided the waves to destroy them.

Instead of sunken vessels, floating rafts were often added to the hidden piles. In many cases these were made of logs of greater specific gravity than water, making the structure more formidable. In the Red River, below Fort de Russy, was found such a barrier, formed of two rows of piles and a raft of logs below. They were cleared by pulling and ramming until a passage was formed. Later, in the course of the war, torpedoes were planted near the barriers, or formed a part of them, being not infrequently attached to the piles. Torpedo defenses do not form a part of our subject, and we shall not describe these newest weapons of defense. A formidable barrier, combining the elements enumerated, was placed in the Neuse River below New-Berne, and successfully passed by the Federal fleet without serious damage to any of them. There were two barriers. The lower one was formed of rows of piling, some cut off below the water, others sharp-pointed and inclined down-stream at an angle of forty-five degrees. The latter were iron shod, and trigger-lines extended to the percussion-locks of a row of torpedoes near, each of which contained two hundred pounds of powder. The second barrier, one mile above, was formed of sunken vessels, having their rigging intertwined, and supported by piles.

The obstructions in Cape Fear River, below Wilmington, were almost as formidable as those just described. The first barrier was

formed of pointed piles, inclined down-stream, leaving a channel within twenty yards of a battery. The second row was formed of diamond-shaped crates, filled with stones and supported by piles, with a flanking battery. The third row was of piles alone.

It was at Charleston, however, that the greatest ingenuity was displayed in the construction of barriers to oppose the entrance of the blockading fleet. A full description of these would occupy too much space, and none but the principal features will therefore be described. Besides formidable torpedoes in various forms, placed in favorable localities about the harbor, barriers of different construction were encountered. A peculiar rope obstruction was placed at the entrance of the harbor, abreast of Fort Sumter. It was at first continuous, but the tidal currents soon destroyed it. One end of sections of rope, each one hundred feet long, was then moored, and placed at distances of one hundred yards apart, buoyed up by casks or logs placed fifteen feet apart. Smaller rope was fastened to this, so as to trail in the water, and, swinging by the tide, foul the propellers of the ships.

In the middle channel, abreast of Fort Johnson, a row of piles barred the way for some months, but they were swept away in 1863. Floating or partially submerged frame structures, with torpedoes attached, were placed in various positions about the channel, and finally a floating boom was maintained in Hog Island passage, supplemented by frame torpedoes.

These formidable obstructions were in range of the forts and batteries that were scattered about the harbor, and proved serious obstacles to the progress of the attacking fleet. Admiral Dupont says, "Any attempt to pass through the obstructions I have referred to would have entangled the vessels, and held them under the most severe fire of heavy ordnance that has ever been delivered."

The use of floating booms was not, during the Civil War, so common as that of the other forms of barriers spoken of in this article. Occasionally, however, as at Charleston, this defense is encountered. One found at the mouth of New River, South Carolina, was removed by the Federal vessels and placed at the entrance of Mud River, to prevent the approach of an expected fire-ship. The currents were, in many places, too strong for such structures, and the shallow water was favorable to fixed barriers.

The most formidable boom encountered was that at New Orleans. A raft was placed here as early as 1861. It was formed by placing in the stream cypress logs, separated by intervals of three feet, and bound together by timbers bolted to their upper sides. To the lower end of these logs were attached two heavy iron chains, which were fastened to trees on one bank and to huge anchors on the other. This structure, although retained in place by thirty immense anchors, connected to it by huge chains, could not withstand the pressure of the floating mass

of driftwood brought down by the spring freshets, and was washed away. Sections of it nearest the shore were then utilized in forming the new barrier. Eight mastless schooners, of some two hundred tons' burden, were anchored across the river, and connected by chains to each other and to the shore sections of the old raft. These obstructions were under the fire from Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the task of removing them was an arduous and dangerous one.

It was the prevailing opinion that it was useless for the fleet to attempt to pass while these barriers were intact. The current was so strong, and the speed of the ships against it so slow, that they could not hope to burst through it. It was decided to attempt to destroy it, and two gunboats were stripped of their masts, and under their gallant captains, Caldwell and Crosby, both directed by Fleet Captain Bell, proceeded, on the night of the 20th of April, 1862, against the obstructions. Although favored by the obscurity of the night and their resemblance to the mastless hulks, they encountered a heavy fire from the forts, which poured in their shot and shell, regardless of the heavy mortar fire under which they themselves were suffering. The attempt to explode a torpedo by electricity under the bows of one of the hulks failed; but Caldwell, on boarding another, designing to fire charges of powder under the chains, found that they could be slipped. His own ship was for a time in danger, for she and the hulk grounded as soon as the chains were slipped; but he was finally rescued from his perilous situation, and then boldly finished his task by again heading up stream, and, dashing against the connecting chains, finally broke them. In the morning a wide gap appeared, through which the fleet proceeded to the conquest three days afterwards.

This was the only formidable boom used in the river. It was regarded as the key to the possession of New Orleans, and that the city was safe from below so long as it remained. The Confederate engineer thus voices the professional opinion: "The conclusion, then, is briefly this: While the obstruction existed, the city was safe; when it was swept away, as the defenses then existed, it was in the enemy's power."

When our gunboats, under Porter, went on their extraordinary expeditions up the bayous and across the swampy lakes of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, they frequently encountered obstructions simply made by felling trees across the stream. These, added to the rafts of natural drift, seriously impeded and often prevented their further progress.

The lessons of the war in regard to these—the use of obstructions in harbors, streams, and inlets—seem to be that such barriers are costly and seldom repay the outlay. Vessels, when sunk in a tide-way, will not long obstruct the channel, but may be useful in a sluggish stream. It is likewise difficult to maintain a heavy boom or raft in the fair-way of a swift stream, and any floating barrier will in the future be vul-

nerable to the attacks of submarine weapons. Pile-work, easily planted in a shallow stream, is easily removed; but when assisted by other means of obstructing the channel, and especially by torpedoes, may seriously delay, but can seldom prevent, the passage of a fleet. Obstructions should in all cases be defended by strong batteries, and a boom should be anchored diagonally across the stream, and not directly across it, so as to diminish the force of a ramming blow.

Obstructions of all these varieties enumerated will continue to be used in future maritime struggles as aids to more scientific means of defense; but, except in the case of torpedoes, they are likely to be of even less usefulness than in the past. The powerful ram and the movable torpedo will be able to make short work of them, and they will therefore only be makeshifts, and little reliance will be placed upon them.

The invention and development of the modern torpedo has, however, already led to better plans for the defense of navigable channels, and many lessons were taught during the Rebellion that are useful to the student of maritime warfare. The loss of the "Tecumseh" at Mobile, the "Cairo," the "Osage," the "Milwaukee," and others, by the explosion of submarine mines, showed the value of the weapon then first regularly used in warfare.

Thus, with the disappearance of the fire-ship, with its reminiscences of gallant deeds and terrible results, the floating raft, the driven pile, and the sunken hulk yield to the new weapon, that has acquired tenfold power with the invention of new and more powerful explosives, and we have the exploits of a Cushing or of a Glassell to show that the old daring deeds will still be done, and that heroes will ever be found to lead in new and desperate enterprises.

F. J. B.

THE LEGEND OF A SOUL.

PART I.

All things that God did here begin,
If crystal bud or plume,
New splendor shall assume
In that new world of His, that world without a sin.

1.

To heaven once, the Lord so willed,
There came in wild unrest
A soul, no more possessed
Of earthly days, whose course discordant passion filled.
An evil time, not unrepined,
Of pride, ambitious toil,
And hate, a blind turmoil
Of doubt and fear and loss, this had he left behind.
Or would he count his triumphs o'er,
Like broken dreams from him
They fled, confused and dim;
Place, feast, and victory,—these all are his no more.

2.

He wandered on—beyond him seen,
And still beyond, unfold
High pillared halls that hold
Bright shapes of lovely face nor less majestic mien.
But silently they walk or wait,
As lost in coming joy,
Or memory's employ,
With all that can be felt of what is sweet and great.
Nor aught may be within their eyes
Of fellowship divine;
Like stars they were that shine
Among the tranquil depths of strange and distant skies.

Of peace they tell, too full for speech;
  None seemed, of all he met,
  Disturbed by one regret:
Too innocent are they his laden heart to reach.

3.

And windows ever open are
  To scenes that straight enthrall
  His glance, to echoes all
Of pleasure undefiled, if gathered near or far.
He watched the noontide round him break
  From every fronded bough
  In light and shade, that now
Are motionless and now to blithesome dance awake.
And rippling through their mazes ran
  Pellucid brooks, or, caught
  On yonder steep, were wrought
To irised clouds that die, but die to rise again
In brighter life. And birds in crest
  Of burnished plumage crossed
  The sunlit lawns, or, lost
Among the groves, are heard to sing themselves to rest.
Transparent rivers sunder wide
  The wooded heights; each grace
  Of leaf and cloudy trace
Descending on the flood before him there abide
Till he beholds a world appear
  To every form and hue
  Above it spread as true
As were those saintly hearts to His who brought them here.
Or downward now the waters pour
  Among resplendent seas;
  In snowy ridges these
Arise and fade against a far-receding shore,
Embracing islands crowned with palm
  That only half concealed
  Their palaces, and yield
Faint glimpses of white wings and strain of joyous psalm.

4.

The fields, unvexed by toil, return
  The fruit no thorns forbid,
  Or clusters barely hid
Along the drooping branch, to later ripeness burn.

And trees there were whose balsam clung
  In many an amber bead,
  And vines that upward lead
Their coils of lustrous green with golden berries strung.

5.

What wondrous blooms in flakes of white
  Along the wood career,
  Or, piled in scarlet sphere,
With unconsuming flame long aisles of shadow light!
Or, circling with wide sweep across
  The slope, a living bow
  Of promise do they throw.
In solitary pomp from yonder cliff they toss
Their plumes or haply diadem
  Some shrine of precious stone
  With rival hues, each one
In but a brighter grace uniting leaf and gem.
Now, from white columns thrown that bear
  Those mansions up, they send
  A crimson spray or bend
Round them in purple zones,—the only darkness there.
They cover that new earth, on high
  To bosky arches cling
  And chaliced incense swing
Before the hours that move in peaceful triumph by.
Each charm that ever hath been known
  To eye or ear of man
  Since days or dreams began
Was here, and still more sweet and beautiful had grown.

6.

A hallowed land! Not now appears
  So strange to him that land;
  Away on either hand
He sees its glory spread, and sees with rising tears.
Vain longings these its melodies
  Within him wake. They hold
  Their mystery untold,—
That land he once had crossed, its rest had once been his
  But not again unrolls
  This vision bright to souls
Made denizens of earth: its song forgotten is.

7.

Oh! home of purity divine,
  Home of immortal youth,
  Home of eternal truth,
Of love eternal, too, what blessedness is thine!

PART II.

The soul is free,—set free to fall,
  And so set free to rise,
  Among the good and wise,
Through all the shining worlds to Him who made them all.

1.

He wandered on, nor knew he less
  Hot discontent and strife
  Within, so was his life
Found void of any worth and left in loneliness.
Before him now upon the sward
  Some children leave their play
  And hasten far away
With outstretched arms to greet a Form they thought the Lord.
The saved go by, and still their eyes
  Upon him seem to dwell
  Like winter stars that tell
Of happy calm secured amid unchanging skies;
That tell of intervals so vast
  No earthly flicker dare
  A brotherhood declare
With splendors over such profound abysses cast.
Himself prostrate he flung and wept
  In bitterness apart,
  For through no other heart
Had thought of sin, it seemed, or sorrow ever swept.

2.

If he his shame would here withstand,
  Straightway, in words that fell
  As beats a funeral-bell
On hearths no longer homes, a voice he heard demand,

"This mortal—how shall he atone
  His work, so full of wrong,
  That he to those belong
Who came in spotless robes before the Great White Throne?"
Then did he not despair, but stayed,
  Nor could deny his need,
  Nor had he aught to plead,
Save, as he waited there, unceasingly he prayed,
"Oh! make me one of these!—Oh! fill
  My soul with rest—with rest
  Like this!—Oh! cleanse this breast,
That here I may abide if only yet Thou will!"

3.

More sweet and faint each moment made
  Those harmonies decrease,
  Born of the perfect peace
Forever lost to him,—and still to God he prayed,
"Have mercy, Thou—have mercy! See
  Thy likeness—even Thine—
  Within this soul of mine
Unheeded lingered—late I learn its kin to Thee."

4.

More sweet and faint beyond him fade
  Each sight, each sound, each breath.
  Is this the second death?
Is there no pity more? And still to God he prayed:
"They told on earth of One that died,—
  That died for me, they said.
  Still sleeps he with the dead,
Or lighter was his pain for hope to me denied?"

"No crown of thorns is here,
  No scourge, no cross, no spear,"
A symphony scarce heard from far above replied.

5.

A shadow covered stream and sea,
  Alike each glade and lawn,
  And into prayer was drawn,
For this lost soul, all life that safe with God might be.

"If not the scourge and spear,
  The wounded side is here,
And plaited thorn hath left its print, oh, Christ, on Thee!"

6.

Darker by stream and shore
That shadow fell. Once more
Went up a single voice in fond appeal delayed,—
A voice from one unseen that plead
  In tones long silent,—tones
  His startled memory owns
The sweetest ever heard,—that trembled as they said,—

"From sun and cloud, God sent, were born
  Broad fields of ripened grain;
  But when held He the rain
From any bramble found beside the goodly corn?
The stars were infinite, the tide
  Unwearied in its flow
  Through countless time below;
Far as His hand hath wrought shall not His heart provide?
If over waste of sky or mere
  Unseen no sparrow fall,
  Unheard no raven call,
Shall ever man look up and find no pardon near?
What limit had Thy love, ah! me?
  What even mine?—and less
  A love shall I confess
Within Thy gates? Behold, I leave him there with Thee."

7.

A mighty cloud came down,—what grace
  Or doom it bore unknown,—
  A Presence through it shone
From which no soul may hide if alien to that place.

8.

As harbor bells some morn reply
  To hearts full sorely pressed
  With strife of search for rest
Through murk of storm and sea, this answer met his cry:
"God waits, nor longer waits in vain;
  Robes to thee His angels bring—
  Spotless robes—and signet-ring
For His own sake, on whom the stain
Thy sin so long hath wrought no longer must remain."

9.

Oh! life of purity begun,
  Life of immortal youth,
  Life of eternal truth,
Of love eternal, too, thy blessedness is won.

So found he peace. Far overhead
  A face looked out on him
  No earthly touch could limn,
So fair with risen joy—abandoned once as dead.

H. W. C.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF TEDDY TUBBS.

PRIOR to the year ante-domino 1872, Teddy Tubbs had lived what is commonly termed an unsettled life. He had toyed with cold water, fish-skin, and egg-shells, but these failed to settle it as they did his coffee. He had shot birds on the marshes of New England and buffaloes in that portion of territory then known as the Nebraska plains. He had ridden rocking-horses on the banks of the historic Hudson and bucking broncos up the treacherous Platte. He had danced the can-can in the green-room of the old Theatre Comique at Boston with Tostay and Morlarchy—correct pronunciation but rather dissipated orthography—when they were in their prime, and had led cotillons in some of the most exclusive houses of our larger cities ere "an exile from Erin" had put a limit of four hundred upon the aristocracy of New York. He had also been guilty of participating in a Terpsichorean feat with a Pawnee squaw in one of the late Ben. Holliday's old overland stage stables not many versts from Adobe Town. He had caught blue-fish and mackerel with the same lines and from the same haunts once used and frequented by the great expounder of the Constitution, near his whilom beautiful home at old Marshfield, and had also baited crooked spikes with junks of salt pork and "set 'em for cat" in the vermilion-tinted Missouri. He had held his own at whist and bézique with gentlemen old enough to be his grandfather, but never until December of the year above mentioned had he met with that military classic, that text-book of tactics, ycleped draw-poker.

At this period of his career he reported as a very junior and verdant subaltern of the Fifty-fifth Regiment of horse at Camp McDougal, Arizona. After a brief but somewhat critical survey of "peoples and things," it struck Tubbs—who, like all other idiots, had pre-empted his ideas—that the post, the regiment, and the Territory were on a strike. The colonel was in New Orleans; the lieutenant-colonel was on leave; the senior major—who was supposed to be commanding the regiment and post—was absent; and the captain of infantry, who was in command *de facto*, was on sick report,—which sickness proved to be his grand round-up. Who the Mephistopheles was in command, unless it were some of the numerous hounds that one was obliged to greet with sabre or boot at every step, Tubbs did not know, neither did he care; for the adjutant, exhibiting a pure and pearl-like sympathy and graciousness never before cast before a sub, had asked him to take a room

in the absent major's quarters, just athwart the hall from his own. Socially, McDougal was heavily handicapped. Nearly all the officers were bachelors, and the few who were not had wives of homespun material.

At about seven o'clock on the day of the arrival of Tubbs at McDougal, dinner was announced. The *chef* had prepared one of those immaculate banquets which he had harvested from the commissary department, and the regular *menu* which had won him an enviable reputation while serving as cook of the oyster fleet of the Maryland navy. Toasts were drunk and responded to, *sitting:* no one felt like standing or talking with the mercury trying to shake off the 120 grip. And after the board was cleared, an Apache-woven basket, laden with clay pipes and tobacco, which did not remind one in the least of Perique or Latakia, was borne into the room by a wall-eyed, game-legged Chinaman, whose corsage consisted of an old blue-lettered flour-sack. After a digestible smoke, Tubbs retired to his *suite* of one room and threw himself upon the small hospital cot, which was the most imposing article of furniture present for duty. Tubbs lay upon his cot and smoked while he "rasseled" with retro- and introspection. Yes, he certainly was an ass! This he frankly admitted. But would he remain one? No! a thousand times no! He would rise upon the stepping-stones of his own corpse, as me lud Alfred puts it, or the defunct frame of some other cuss, to higher things. More sudden was his rise than he had anticipated, for the weird, ghoul-like form of a middle-aged but respectable tarantula was sighted, ambling stealthily towards him over the new mission blanket whereon he lay. Then and there the blade of Tubbs was baptized in gore. He severed him with one stroke, and, with a smile of supreme satisfaction lighting up his homely visage, he watched the for'ard part of the heavily-whiskered monster move haughtily for'ard and the aft portion nonchalantly aft. Suddenly something like a spear pierced his hand. His blow fell short. It was a flea. Not a trained, copyrighted flea of '89, that drives little coaches and jumps for fun and coin, but an aristocratic, aboriginal, galvanized Arizona flea who gets in his work and jumps for business. A *distingué*-appearing scorpion was also detected swinging gracefully from a spider-wrought trapeze which hung from the mesquite-limb decorated ceiling. Not having a "pongshong" for such company, Tubbs donned his cap and proceeded to the emporium of the trader. Parting the rare canvas *portière* which separated the merchandise parlors from the officers' *boudoir*, he paused in surprise,—the apartment was vacant. "There's a game a-going on over at Captain Fire's quarters," cheerfully lisped one of the Thrope brothers, both of whom were the post-traders. "Take a drink of wine with me. We are just out of whisky, but our train will be in to-night."

From a cavalry stand-point these brothers were royal good fellows, their one fault being that they played the "*E pluribus unum*" racket a

trifle too fine. They combined the sciences with trade. Though you might go to the store at nine o'clock in the evening and learn that there was no whisky to be had, but a "train" was coming through the cañon, you might rest assured that several barrels would be on hand by *réveille*, though no train—save one of thought that flashed through the mind of different officers—had entered the post. And that villainous fluid, manufactured of chemicals in the adobe court-yard by the light of a "taller dip," the officers individually assigned to positions in their interior department, and kept it there, if from no other motive than civility to the service.

Tubbs quaffed his grape-juice and sauntered to Fire's quarters. Thrope was right; there was a game in progress, and all of the officers who were present were engaged therein. Tubbs was politely asked to take a hand, but pleaded utter ignorance of the game as an excuse; and, lighting his pipe, said, "I will look on awhile."

And so he watched the many deals, the draws, the bluffs, etc., and heard for the first time those old army key-notes, "two pair," "threes," "flush," and "full." As he watched and listened his thirteen-and-a-quarter-ounce brain was not idle. He thought, as he saw the vegetable so popular in Boston—used in lieu of chips—"anted" up, and drank in the observations and declarations that followed, that of all stupid games draw-poker takes the lead.

"There is absolutely nothing in it," he mentally remarked, as after a two hours' study of the game he returned to his quarters. He dragged through the next day and in the evening wound up at Fire's quarters to repeat his programme of the previous night. He was urged to take a hand, but declined, because he could see nothing in it either amusing or entertaining. And this kind of existence continued without variation for about ten days. Then a change came o'er the spirits conveyed in Thrope's "train," as well as over the garrison generally; for quite a large scouting party—six troops—put into McDougal for rations and forage, the commanding officer being Captain Blue.

That night Captain Fire's quarters resembled a miniature Monte Carlo,—Arizona pattern. Three tables were in full blast. Tubbs instinctively drew nigh unto the board where Blue and four other veterans of poker and the Potomac were engaged in a rather stiff game.

Was it the shadow of the coming event? Was it the *nearness* that lent the enchantment that drew poor Tubbs to that special table? "Read your answer in the stars." The last time Tubbs had seen Captain Blue was at the Charity Ball in Washington,—the rather memorable Dolly Varden affair of that year. Tubbs was then a citizen, and was doing his best to make an agreeable impression upon one whose precious dust is now commingled with Italia's soil; while Blue was endeavoring to fascinate the original of Miles O'Reilly's gray-eyed "Janet." Oh, what a change was this, ye gutter-snipes!

Tubbs derived far more pleasure from watching the game of these old stagers than he had on any previous visit to Fire's quarters. Their new and unique (to him) expressions struck him as so peculiar that a new interest was awakened. Such remarks as "Come and see me, Cully." "Play 'em close to your abdomen, William." "I'm sitting behind three spinsters." "How does a flush of shovels strike you?" "Mine's like the face of a watch, as far as it goes, and all the same tint." "You play 'em like the Watsons." "If you were drawing to an empty bottle you could get a cocktail." "Come to my altitude," and so forth and so on, was about as comprehensible to Tubbs, who had fancied he at least understood the game, as was the writing on the wall to the ancient Babylonians.

He gazed and wondered. He saw large pots won by fellows who did not hold a single pair, while the one or possibly the twain they were bucking against retreated with quite respectable hands. "It is simply child's play," he muttered, as he knocked the neck off a stone bottle of ale with an old Second Dragoons sabre which was utilized as a corkscrew. But later in the evening, when one of the patriots was too "overcome" to savey what of he dideth, Tubbs was persuaded to take the deserted chair. Imagine his surprise when, upon raising his hand, he beheld a small but genuine flush. Tubbs was sitting next to the dealer, and he gracefully and diplomatically passed. His next chipped in a modest dollar. The next followed the example of his predecessor, and then Blue, with his customary "sang fraw" and invulnerable cheek, saw the dollar and raised it five. The dealer passed out. Again it was the turn of Tubbs. He saw the six and, with a superciliousness grossly unbecoming his age and rank, he chipped in a crisp green "X." His neighbors passed out. But not so Blue; he saw the "X" and "planked" down another, glibly quoting as he did so, "Ever outward, onward, upward." Tubbs saw the raise, and then the dealer asked him how many cards he would have. "I do not want any," was the blunt, frank reply. "So you are standing 'pat,'" remarked Blue. "I believe I will try it myself. These cards are good enough for me, Mr. Dealer." Having made this observation, he bet ten dollars on his hand. Tubbs saw him and elevated him five dollars. Blue threw five dollars into the pool and then another ten, saying, as he did so, "'Call me early,' Teddy, dear." The nerves of Tubbs relaxed. The silver cord became flabby and the golden bowl was opaque. The "pat" flush which a few moments before had seemed so invincible, now appeared of little worth. Remembering that

> "We are no match for the dead men who bore us,
> At a kiss, at a song, at a crime,"

and

> "Men are bound as are the stars to fall not after rising,"

poor Tubbs, in an agony of doubt and perplexity, at length forfeited his claim. And Blue, exhibiting a pair of deuces,—which was all he had,—coolly scooped in the pot, saying, as he did so, "General Grant says a pair of deuces are as good as four kings if they are properly backed; and, as usual, Ulysses is right."

As Tubbs sauntered across the parade-ground to his quarters, he said to himself, "I believe there is something in the nasty game after all." And here endeth the first lesson of Tubbs in that game of games.

After an unrefreshing slumber, somewhat augmented by a *soupçon* of pot. brom., Tubbs awoke to another day, and as he dressed he vowed a solemn vow. He'd have his pound of chips—of Blue's chips—that very night, or forfeit all his lands! (a small burial-lot in a Massachusetts cemetery). Not until after breakfast was he presented to his captain, who had come in with the scout. After the introduction the captain said,—

"Where are you living, Mr. Tubbs?"

"I'm up at the commanding officer's quarters," was the gall-like, not Gallic, reply.

"Yes; dat is very nice," responded the Bavarian captain. "You findt a little 'A' tent mit de bank of de river, mit de throupe. Un'stand?"

Poor Tubbs understood only too well, but as later in the day it was learned that the whole scouting party—Tubbs included—would again take the trail on the morrow, the order relative to the tent and the river was graciously revoked.

Tattoo had "gone," and one after another, as if by accident, Fire's guests of the previous evening began to drop in. The popular host did not fail to remark that Tubbs was the first to arrive. He greeted him cheerfully with—

"You want revenge, I fancy?"

"That is what I am here for," answered Tubbs; "and I have a 'pre' that I shall get it."

"Blue is hard to beat," responded Fire. "He can tell as well what you hold by looking at your eyes or glancing at your jaw as if he saw your hand."

"I can't see how a fellow's eyes or jaw can give him away, if he keeps the latter closed," answered the innocent novice.

"I could not either at one time," answered Fire. "But after expending about five thousand ducats for preliminary tuition I began to perceive that the feat was possible."

Again and again the old dragoon sabre had been called into requisition and the tables once more were in full blast. Tubbs and Blue, with three other "draughtsmen," occupied one table, and after an

hour's play of less than ordinary interest, Oats, of the infantry, suggested that each should chip in five dollars and make it a jack-pot. This proposition met with the approval of all, and twenty-five dollars' worth of chips being in the centre of the table, Fire shuffled the cards and handed them to Tubbs to cut. This ceremony was performed by Tubbs removing the top card only, saying, as he did so, "This will spoil the combination."

Fire then dealt the cards. Blue, who was sitting on the dealer's left, raised his hand, and finding three jacks, just "opened" it for five dollars. Oats, who discovered three little maids (not from school) in his hand, saw the five and raised it ten. Sabres, who sat next, on the strength of the three kings he was sitting behind, saw the fifteen and chipped in an extra "X." This brought it up to Tubbs, who held the ten, nine, eight, and seven of hearts. The youth studied the situation for a few moments, and then realizing that if he drew the jack or six of hearts he could beat four aces, he simply chipped in twenty-five dollars without raising. Fire, who had a "pat" flush of diamonds with a ten on top, followed the example of Tubbs. Blue then put up twenty, Oats followed with ten, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars basked in the centre of the table. Not such a cad game for a youth of Tubbs's experience to fondle.

"How many cards, Blue?" asked Fire, raising the pack.

"I'll be satisfied with one," answered the horseman. And he was: it was another jack.

"Two cards, please," said Oats, rather carelessly. One proved to be another little maid.

"I fancy one will do me," observed Sabres, lowering his eyelids. It was a king.

"One is enough for any one to struggle with," tremulously essayed Tubbs, vainly endeavoring to veil his excitement and anxiety.

As Fire tossed the card to Tubbs the door of the apartment opened to admit a man bearing a fresh supply of fluids, and a gentle zephyr was wafted into the room. Though but a balmy, gentle sigh, yet it proved to be as untimely and as disastrous as the rather recent squall in the vicinity of Apia; for it caught Tubbs's card, which was in air, on the weather bow, and the *six of hearts* lay beached upon the table, —face upward. That was the card the youth wanted to complete his sequence flush, and he reached for it with his left. Fire parried and, placing the card at the bottom of the pack, said, "You must take the next. Having been exposed, you are debarred from taking the six."

"Sweet Ruth's tom-cat!" exclaimed Tubbs, throwing his hand face upward on the table. "How's that for luck?"

Though the four veterans who were contending for the pot had seen and felt many queer freaks of the fickle goddess, yet they did all really feel a suspicion of sympathy for the novice.

"It certainly is rough! Rough on rats!" exclaimed Blue, who felt sure he held the winning hand.

"That would beat the man who made the cards," placidly observed Oats, who had thrust his little maids into his bosom for safety, and was doing the "right cut against infantry" with the old sabre.

"I say, give him five new cards if he will accept them," kindly remarked Sabres. "That is, of course, if Fire does not object."

"Not in the least," exclaimed the old captain, really sincerely sorry the thing should have happened. "It cannot affect me any way, for I have a 'Patrick.'" With this he dealt the next five to Tubbs, who was more than astonished to find on the "pick-up" that he had caught three aces and a pair of nines.

"It takes fours or a straight flush to beat me, any way," joyfully mused Tubbs, as he tossed off a noggin of malt extract, rejoiced to find the goddess showing symptoms of remorse.

Blue, having opened the pot, was obliged to make the first bet. This he did by putting up twenty-five dollars. Oats saw him in a hesitating manner and then went the same amount better.

It required fifty dollars of Sabres's coin to come in. But as he left a gallon of gore at Savage Station, and several fine specimens of bone at Gettysburg, he was not going to run, neither was he going to play the grand porcine act. He felt sure he had the best hand, and simply came in with his fifty.

Tubbs thought and thought,—in fact, he thought so long that the others were beginning to feel a trifle tired. At length he concluded that an ace "tight" was a hard hand to beat, and he "downed his scads."

On this occasion Fire probably showed the greatest amount of savey that he ever had exhibited, for he passed out. It may be remarked here that his wisdom was greater than Solomon's, and he gave a rare representation of excellent poker. Blue's turn came again, and he simply saw the raise, and it was then a show down. Feeling confident he could "scoop the pot," Blue produced his four jacks.

Highly elated, Oats "planked" down his four little maids.

Then Sabres, with an air not tolerated outside of a government office, said, "I am supporting four monarchs, gentlemen."

Poor, forlorn Tubbs was like the boy who had stained his best white trousers while in pursuit of berries; he had nothing to say. So Sabres raked down the pot, which was not to be sneezed at. And as Tubbs wandered homeward that night he was heard by the sentry on the hay-stacks to observe, "Though there may be things in heaven and earth, Horatio, never dreamed of in your philosophy, yet there are things in draw-poker never dreamed of in heaven or hell."

And here endeth Tubbs's second and final—for a time—lesson in the game he could see "nothing in."

E. L. K.

THE CAPTURE AND TRIAL OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

JOHN ANDRÉ, adjutant-general of the British army and aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton during the Revolution, was born in England in 1751. He joined the British army at the age of twenty-one, as a second lieutenant in the Seventh Foot, or Royal English Fusileers, coming to America with this regiment a short time before the beginning of the Revolution.

He was a born soldier and an accomplished gentleman and scholar, and soon became a favorite with his superior officers. Sir Henry Clinton entertained so high an opinion of him as to raise him to the position of adjutant-general notwithstanding his youth and the short period of his service. This position unhappily brought him into connection with Benedict Arnold, who was plotting the betrayal of West Point to the British. As Clinton's chief confidant, André was intrusted with the management of this affair, which was disguised as a mercantile transaction. He carried on a correspondence with Arnold for some time, under the assumed names of Anderson and Gustavus. A personal interview at length became necessary, and the "Vulture," man-of-war, with André on board, moved up the North River to a station convenient for the purpose.

On the night of September 21, 1780, he entered a boat dispatched from the shore and, under a pass for John Anderson, was carried to the beach outside the posts of both armies. He desired that he might not be carried within the American lines, but the promise made to him by Arnold to respect his wishes was not observed, he being carried within them without his knowledge. The interview took place at the house of one Joshua H. Smith. Daylight approached while the conference was yet unfinished, and it was proposed that André should remain concealed until the following night.

During the next day a gun was moved to the shore and trained on the "Vulture," compelling her to drop down the river; in consequence of which, in the evening, when he proposed to return, the boatmen refused to take him on board. This embarrassing circumstance forced him to the endeavor to reach New York by land. Yielding with reluctance to the urgent representations of Arnold, though against the

positive instructions of Sir Henry Clinton, André laid aside his uniform, which he had hitherto worn under his surtout, and put on a plain suit of clothes, concealing in his stockings the following fatal papers:

1. An estimate of the forces at West Point and its dependencies, September 13, 1780, showing a total of 3086 men.

2. An estimate of the number of men necessary to man the works at West Point and its vicinity, showing a total, exclusive of the artillery corps, of 2438 men.

3. Artillery orders issued by Major Bauman, September 5, 1780, showing the disposition of that corps in an alarm.

4. Major Bauman's return of the ordnance in the different forts, batteries, etc., at West Point and its dependencies, September 5, 1780, showing the distribution of one hundred pieces.

5. Copy of a statement of the condition of affairs submitted by Washington to a council of war, September 6, 1780.

6. Remarks on works at West Point, a copy to be transmitted to his Excellency General Washington, September, 1780.

Fort Arnold is built of dry fascines and wood, is in a ruinous condition, incomplete, and subject to take fire from shells or carcasses.

Fort Putnum, stone, wanting great repairs—the wall on the east side broke down—and rebuilding from the foundation. At the west and south sides have been a *chevaux-de-frise;* on the west side broke in many places. The east side is open. Two bomb-proofs and a provision magazine in the fort, and slight wooden barrack. A commanding piece of ground five hundred yards west, between the fort and No. 4, or Rocky Hill.

Fort Webb, built of fascines and wood, a slight work, very dry and liable to be set on fire, as the approaches are very easy, without defenses save a slight abatis.

Fort Wyllys, built of stone five feet high; the work above, plank filled with earth. The stone-work fifteen feet, the earth-work nine feet thick. No bomb-proofs. The batteries without the fort.

Redoubt No. 1. On the south side, wood, nine feet thick; the west, north, and east sides four feet thick. No cannon in the works. A slight and single abatis. No ditch or picket. Cannon on two batteries. No bomb-proofs.

Redoubt No. 2. The same as No. 1. No bomb-proofs.

Redoubt No. 3. A slight wood work three feet thick; very dry. No bomb-proofs. A single abatis. The work easily set on fire. No cannon.

Redoubt No. 4. A wooden work about ten feet high and four or five feet thick; the west side faced with a stone wall eight feet high and four feet thick. No bomb-proofs. Two 6-pounders. A slight abatis. A commanding piece of ground five hundred yards west.

The north redoubt. On the east side built of stone four feet high. Above the stone, wood filled in with earth. Very dry. No ditch. A bomb-proof. Three batteries without the fort. A poor abatis. A rising piece of ground five hundred yards south. The approaches under cover to within twenty yards. The work easily fired with fagots dipped in pitch, etc.

The south redoubt much the same as the north. A commanding piece of ground five hundred yards due east. Three batteries without the fort.

These were all in Arnold's writing except the fourth. To his having the originals André owed his detection.

Arnold also provided him with the following safe-conducts:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOUSE, Sep. 22, 1780.

"Joshua Smith has permission to pass with a boat and three hands and a flag, to Dobbs Ferry, on public business, and to return immediately.

"B. ARNOLD, *M. Gen.*"

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOUSE, Sep. 22, 1780.

"Joshua Smith has permission to pass the guards to the White Plains, and to return, he being on public business by my direction.

"B. ARNOLD, *M. Gen.*"

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOUSE, Sep. 22, 1780.

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.

"B. ARNOLD, *M. Gen.*"

Mounted on a horse furnished by Arnold, and accompanied by Smith and his negro, André at length started for New York. It was upon a Friday afternoon that this expedition was begun. The evening twilight was setting in when the travelers crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, two miles northwest of Smith's house. André's dress at this moment consisted of a purple or crimson coat, with vellum-bound button-holes, and garnished with threadbare gold lace, which, with a tarnished beaver hat, he had obtained from Smith. The rest of his apparel was his military undress: nankin small-clothes and handsome white-topped boots. Over all was his well-worn watch-coat with its heavy cape, buttoned closely about his neck.

The travelers spent the night at Crompond. They set out early the next morning, and after proceeding several miles stopped at a farm-house for breakfast. Here Smith announced his intention of returning home, fearing the Cowboys who infested the region ahead; although Arnold had given him positive orders not to leave André until he had seen him safe inside the British lines. André had not the means of preventing his return had he wished, and was secretly not sorry to be rid of his company. After vainly urging the acceptance of his gold watch on his guide, he continued his journey alone.

Near Tarrytown, André says his heart was in his mouth on meeting Colonel Samuel B. Webb of our army, an acquaintance of his. The colonel stared at him and he thought he was discovered, but they kept moving and soon passed each other. While thinking of his good luck and hairbreadth escape, and when within sight of the British lines, he was assailed by three bushmen, who presented their muskets and ordered him to stand.

On the west of the road flowed the river; on the east rose the Greenburg hills. Before him, a half-mile north of Tarrytown, a rivulet crossed the road through a marshy ravine, then known as Wiley's Swamp, and by a southwest course flowed into the Hudson. A few rough logs laid side by side served for a bridge over this stream. Here, on the south and lower side of the bridge, and on the west side of the path, were secreted among the bushes John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, whose presence on this occasion saved America from a mortal blow. On the previous day these young men, with four others of the neighborhood whom the war had deprived of all peaceful employment, had agreed to waylay the road in quest of spoil. Three of them lay in ambush, while the others watched from an adjoining hill-top, lest the light-horse should come upon them unawares; for being detached from no military organization, and acting under no commission, it would fare hard with them if discovered by troops of either army. It is said that the commanding officer at Salem knew of their exploit; but Captain Tallmadge, second in command, asserted that if he had come upon them he would have arrested them as soon as he would André.

André, seeing a British coat on one of the men, took them to be Tories, and said, "My lads, I hope you belong to our party?" They asked what party he meant. "The lower party," he answered. And upon being told that they did, he said, "Thank God, I am once more among friends! I am a British officer out on particular business, and you must not detain me a minute." He was sternly told that he was a prisoner, and ordered to dismount. He laughed unconcernedly and produced Arnold's pass, remarking, "My God! I must do anything to get along." The pass was treated with but little respect after his previous avowal, and he was led aside to a gigantic tulip-tree, twenty-six feet in girth, that stood on the south side of the stream, and which was afterwards known as Major André's tree. Here he was searched and the compromising papers found in his boots.

He eagerly offered to surrender all he had and pay them a hundred guineas, or more, and any quantity of dry goods, if he was allowed to escape. Paulding, their leader, finding they had captured a spy, swore that not ten thousand guineas should release him. He was accordingly taken before Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, in command of Sheldon's Dragoons at Salem. Colonel Jameson immediately sent

him, together with the papers, under guard, to his chief, General Arnold.

Captain Tallmadge, second in command, coming in soon after, was told the circumstances. This most efficient officer suspected treachery and strongly objected to André's being sent to Arnold. He was finally allowed to recall him on his own responsibility. The papers he immediately forwarded to General Washington. Colonel Jameson, however, reported the capture to Arnold, as was his duty. The news came while Arnold was at breakfast with his staff. Hastily excusing himself, he sprang on the horse of one of his aides and galloped to the river. He escaped to the "Vulture," eighteen miles below, coming under her guns just as he was about to be overtaken by a boat from the shore.

Upon being recalled by Captain Tallmadge, André gave up the hopes of escape he had hitherto entertained, and wrote the following letter to the commander-in-chief:

ANDRÉ TO WASHINGTON.

"SIR:

"What I have as yet said concerning myself was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated. I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded. I beg your Excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety induces me to take the step of addressing you, but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes, or self-interest, a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me. It is to vindicate my fame that I speak and not to solicit security. The person in your possession is Major John André, Adjutant-General to the British army.

"The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held; as confidential in the present instance with his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton. To favor it I agreed to meet upon ground not within posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence. I came up in the 'Vulture,' man-of-war, for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the shore, to the beach. Being there I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals and had fairly risked my person. Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your Excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more I must have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become prisoner I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus as I have had the honor to relate was I betrayed (being Adjutant-General of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts. Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman. The request I have to make to your Excellency, and I am conscious I address myself well, is, that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct toward me may mark that though unfortunate I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor. Another request is

that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen. I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charlestown, who being either on parole or under protection, were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not exactly similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect. It is no less, Sir, in a confidence in the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter. I have the honor to be with great respect, Sir, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRÉ, *Adjutant-General.*

"His Excellency General Washington."

At 7 P.M. on the next day Washington gave orders that André be brought up to head-quarters at Robinson's house. The courier reached Sheldon's post at midnight. André was in bed, but he arose and prepared to obey orders. The rain fell in torrents. A more dismal night for so dismal a journey could not have been found. He was taken under a strong guard led by King, who was joined by Tallmadge and two other officers. The party reached Robinson's house on the morning of Tuesday, the 26th. In the evening André was transported across the river and securely bestowed at West Point. On the morning of Thursday, the 28th, he was brought out and taken down the river to Tappan, or Orangetown as it is sometimes called, where lay the main body of the army.

While seated in the boat beside Tallmadge, André interrogated him as to what treatment he was likely to receive from our hands. Tallmadge candidly reminded him of the fate of his own classmate and friend, Nathan Hale. "Yes," said André. "He was hanged as a spy; but surely you do not consider his case and mine alike?" "They are precisely similar, and similar will be your fate," was the answer. The prisoner's fortitude was shaken and he became silent. In the evening Washington caused a board to be convened, consisting of every general officer present with the army.

On Friday, the 29th, just one week since he had started from Smith's house for New York, André was brought before the tribunal. It was assembled in an old Dutch church at Tappan, and consisted of fourteen officers.

The authority of the meeting was first read:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, TAPPAN, September 29, 1780.

"GENTLEMEN:

"Major André, Adjutant-General to the British army, will be brought before you for your examination. He came within our lines in the night, on an interview with Major-General Arnold, and in an assumed character, and was taken within our lines in a disguised habit, with a pass under a feigned name, and with the enclosed papers concealed upon him. After a careful examination you will be pleased as speedily as possible to report a precise state of his case, together with your opinion of the light in which he ought to be considered, and the punishment that ought to be inflicted.

The Judge-Advocate will attend to assist in the examination, who has sundry other papers relative to this matter, which he will lay before the board. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your most obedient and humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The prisoner was now called to listen to the names of the officers who composed the board. These were Major-Generals Greene, Stirling, St. Clair, La Fayette, Howe, and Steuben; Brigadiers Parsons, Clinton, Knox, Glover, Patterson, Hand, Huntington, and Starke. Greene was President, and John Lawrence the Judge-Advocate-General. This officer's share in the proceedings was limited to the preparation of the case on behalf of the government and eliciting the facts before the court. He was, by the admission of all, a man of humanity and sensibility. He was about André's own age, and his whole conduct showed his sympathy with the prisoner, whom he warned of his peril, and exhorted to preserve his presence of mind and to be cool and deliberate in his answers. Greene also advised him that he was free to answer or to stand mute to the questions to be proposed, and cautioned him to weigh well what he said.

He was asked if he confessed or denied the statements of Washington's letter to the board. In reply he submitted the following paper:

ANDRÉ'S STATEMENT.

"On the 20th of September I left New York to get on board the 'Vulture,' in order (as I thought) to meet General Arnold there in the night. No boat, however, came off, and I waited on board until the night of the 21st. During the day a flag of truce was sent from the 'Vulture,' to complain of the violation of a military rule in the instance of a boat having been decoyed on shore by a flag, and fired upon. The letter was addressed to General Arnold, signed by Captain Sutherland, but written in my hand and countersigned J. Anderson, Secretary. Its intent was to indicate my presence on board the 'Vulture.' In the night of the 21st a boat with Mr. —— and two hands came on board, in order to fetch Mr. Anderson on shore, and if too late to bring me back, to lodge me until the next night in a place of safety. I went into the boat, landed, and spoke with Arnold. I got on horseback with him to proceed to —— house, and in the way passed a guard I did not expect to see: having Sir Henry Clinton's directions not to go within an enemy's post, or to quit my own dress.

"In the morning Arnold quitted me, having himself made me put the papers I bore between my stockings and feet. Whilst he did it he expressed a wish that in case of an accident befalling me that they should be destroyed, which I said of course would be the case, as when I went into the boat I should have them tied about with a string and a stone. Before we parted some mention was made of my crossing the river and going by another route, but I objected much against it, and thought it was settled that in the way I came I was also to return. Mr. ——, to my great mortification, persisted in his determination of carrying me by another route, and at the decline of the sun I set out on horseback, passed King's Ferry, and came to Crompond, where a party of militia stopped us and advised we should remain. In the morning I came with Mr. —— as far as within two miles and a half of Pine's bridge, where he said he must part with me, as the Cowboys infested the road thenceforward. I was now near thirty miles from King's bridge, and left to the chance of passing that space undiscovered. I got to the neighborhood of

Tarrytown, which was far beyond the points described as dangerous, when I was taken by three volunteers, who, not satisfied with my pass, rifled me and, finding my papers, made me a prisoner.

"I have omitted mentioning that when I found myself within an enemy's posts, I changed my dress."

André's personal examination being concluded, he was remanded into custody, the court proceeding with the examination of the papers. Having finished their examination they made the following report, signed by every member of the board:

"The board having considered the letter from his Excellency General Washington respecting Major André, Adjutant-General of the British army, the confession of Major André, and the papers produced to them, report to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief the following facts which appear to them concerning Major André:

"*First.* That he came on shore from the 'Vulture,' sloop of war, in the night of the 21st of September, on an interview with General Arnold, in a private and secret manner.

"*Secondly.* That he changed his dress within our lines, and under a feigned name, and in a disguised habit, passed our works at Stoney and Verplank's points, the evening of the 22nd of September, and was taken on the morning of the 23rd of September at Tarrytown, in a disguised habit, being then on his way to New York, and when taken he had in his possession several papers which contained intelligence for the enemy.

"The board having maturely considered these facts, Do also report to his Excellency General Washington that Major André, Adjutant-General to the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeable to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death."

The day was well advanced when this report was made. On the next it received Washington's sanction.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, September 30, 1780.

"The Commander-in-Chief approves of the opinion of the Board of General Officers, respecting Major André, and orders that the execution of Major André take place to-morrow at 5 o'clock P.M."

The time of execution was afterwards changed to twelve o'clock on Monday, October 2. The general officers lamented the sentence which the usages of war compelled them to pronounce, and never, perhaps, did a commander-in-chief obey with more reluctance the stern mandates of duty and policy. The sympathy excited among American officers by André's fate was as universal as it is usual on such occasions, and proclaims alike the merit of him who suffered and the humanity of those who inflicted the punishment. Indeed, Washington and André deserve equal honor: André for having accepted a terrible risk for his country, and borne the consequences of failure with unshrinking courage, and Washington for having performed his duty to his own country at a great sacrifice of his feelings.

Upon the intercession of his friend Hamilton, André was granted permission to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton.

ANDRÉ TO CLINTON.

"TAPPAN, Sep. 29, 1780.

"SIR:

"Your Excellency is doubtless already apprised of the manner in which I was taken, and possibly of the serious light in which my conduct is considered, and the rigorous determination that is impending. Under these circumstances I have obtained from General Washington permission to send you this letter, the object of which is to remove from your breast any suspicion that I could imagine I was bound by your Excellency's orders to expose myself to what has happened. The events of coming within an enemy's posts, and of changeing my dress, which led me to my present situation, were contrary to my own intentions, as they were to your orders, and the circuitous route which I took to return, was imposed (perhaps unavoidably) without alternative upon me.

"I am perfectly tranquil in mind and prepared for any fate to which an honest zeal for my King's service may have devoted me. In addressing myself to your Excellency on this occasion, the force of all my obligation to you, and of the attachment and gratitude I bear you, recurs to me.

"With all the warmth of my heart I give you thanks for your Excellency's profuse kindness to me, and I send you the most earnest wishes for your wellfare which a faithfull, affectionate, and respectfull attendant can frame.

"I have a mother and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Granada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject. I am persuaded of your Excellency's goodness. I receive the greatest attention from his Excellency General Washington, and from every person under whose charge I happen to be placed. I have the honor to be, with most respectfull attachment, Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRÉ, *Adjutant-General.*

"His Excellency General Sir Henry Clinton, K.B., etc."

The contents of this letter were known throughout the army before the author was hanged. This was certainly in ill taste. It should never have passed the walls of the general's marquee. It was enough to satisfy justice that the writer's body should swing from a gibbet, without exposing to the world the secret agonies of his soul.

Meanwhile, intelligence of the finding of the court and of his fate were communicated to André through two officers, from Greene, one of whom was his aide, Major Burnet. The sentence was listened to with a composure that his informants vainly strove to emulate. The prisoner had steeled himself to meet his fate with calmness. Every authority testifies to the composure and dignity preserved by this unfortunate man while he was in our hands. "All of the court that inquired into his case," says La Fayette, "were filled with sentiments of admiration and compassion for him. He behaved with so much frankness and courage and delicacy that I could not help lamenting his unhappy fate. It is impossible to express too much respect or too deep regret for Major André."

Tallmadge says that "from the few days of intimate intercourse I had with him I became so deeply attached to Major André that I could remember no instance where my affections were so fully absorbed by any man. When I saw him swing under the gibbet it seemed for a time utterly insupportable; all were overwhelmed with the affecting spectacle and the eyes of many were filled with tears." Thatcher, Hamilton, Washington himself, bore witness that his whole conduct, to the last breath of his life, was that of the accomplished man and gallant officer. Every authentic account which we have shows how much our officers regretted the necessity of André's death, and how amply they fulfilled his parting adjuration. "The tears of thousands," says Thatcher, "fell on the spot where he lay."

Many of the officers of the court signed the sentence with trembling hands, while the tears ran down their cheeks. It was believed in the British army that Washington's soul revolted at the task, and that he could scarcely command the pen when he subscribed the fatal document. In after-years, it is said, Washington never, even by his own fireside, alluded to André's trial or fate.

Superior to the terrors of death, but dreading disgrace, André was deeply affected by the mode of his execution. He wished to die like a soldier, not like a criminal. To obtain a mitigation of his sentence in this respect, he addressed to General Washington this letter, replete with the feelings of a man of sentiment and honor:

ANDRÉ TO WASHINGTON.

"TAPPAN, Oct. 1, 1780.

"SIR:

"Buoy'd above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, Sir, that if ought in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if ought in my misfortunes marks me the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your heart, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

"I have the honor to be, Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRÉ,
"*Adjutant-General to the British Army.*"

There are few, I believe, who can read these noble lines without regretting that the policy that exacted the sacrifice required the rigid fulfillment of its harshest details. The request was pronounced inadmissible by Washington's counselors, and, since assent was out of his power, he made no reply.

The morning of October 2, 1780, found André with his mortal duties all performed, and not afraid to die. The noon of this day was

the hour appointed for the execution. At half an hour before, the cortege set forth. A guard of five hundred infantry were drawn up in a hollow square about the gallows. André walked arm in arm with two subalterns, each with a drawn sword in his opposite hand. A captain's command of forty or fifty men marched immediately about these.

An immense multitude was assembled on all sides to witness the spectacle, and every house along the way was thronged with eager gazers, that only of Washington excepted. Here the shutters were drawn and no man was visible save the sentries that paced to and fro before the door. Neither the chief himself nor any of his staff were present with the troops. Every eye was fixed on the prisoner, and every face wore such an aspect of melancholy and gloom that the effect produced on some of our officers was not only affecting but awful. André was pale but calm, and his face bespoke the serenity of an approving and undismayed conscience. . He was dressed in full British uniform, except sash and sword. His coat of the brightest scarlet faced with a beautiful green, his vest and breeches bright buff.

It seems that up to this moment he was persuaded he was to be shot and not to be hanged. Not until the troops turned a right angle to the course they had hitherto followed, and the gallows rose high above him, was he undeceived. At this moment he recoiled and paused. "Why this emotion, sir?" asked one of the officers who held his arms. "I am reconciled to my fate," said André, moving his arm convulsively, "but not to the mode of it." Calling Captain Tallmadge, he asked, "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told that it was so ordered. "How hard is my fate!" he cried; "but it will soon be over." He shook hands with Tallmadge, who withdrew. A baggage-wagon was driven beneath the cross-tree, into which he leaped lightly but with visible loathing. Throwing aside his hat, he snatched the rope from the clumsy hangman, and himself adjusted it about his neck. He could not conceal his disgust at these features of his fate. Then he bound his handkerchief over his eyes. The order of execution was impressively read by our Adjutant-General Scammon, who then informed André that he might speak if he had anything to say.

Lifting the bandage for a moment from his eyes, he bowed courteously to Greene and the attending officers, and said with firmness and dignity, "All I request of you, gentlemen, is, that you will bear witness to the world that I died like a brave man." Adding, in an undertone, "It will be but a momentary pang."

His arms were loosely tied with his own handkerchief, the signal was given, the wagon rolled swiftly away, and almost at the same moment he ceased to exist.

Thus perished André, the noble man and gallant soldier, the idol of the British army, universally loved and respected, deplored alike by

friend and foe. A sadder tragedy was never enacted, but it was inevitable, and no reproach rests upon any person concerned except Arnold.

In 1821 his mortal remains were claimed by the country for which he laid down his life. A withered tree, a heap of stones, mark the spot from whence they were removed. In the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, where sleeps so much of the greatness and glory of England, stands a massive monument, erected by his country in grateful recognition of his heroic services.

HOWARD A. GIDDINGS.

THE FRENCH ARMY AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

(FROM THE LONDON NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE.)

In a few days France will be celebrating, with innumerable speeches, countless *fêtes*, and inordinate self-complacency, the centenary of that hideous, grotesque orgy of blood and bunkum styled the great French Revolution. The political history of that loathsome event I do not propose to touch, but I have thought that a slight sketch of the part which the army played in the melodrama might be interesting.

The French army did not initiate the Revolution, they simply went with the tide; but unquestionably by their concurrence they greatly facilitated the work of those professional politicians—self-styled patriots—who, for their own sordid interests, converted a constitutional reform into a destruction of all the existing institutions. Louis XVI., if he had possessed any vigor, any ruling capacity, might have checked and possibly somewhat controlled the movement by the aid of his army, had the latter been only moderately loyal. Unfortunately, the king was deficient in firmness and energy, and the army was shamefully oblivious of its military obligations and its self-respect. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the army behaved disgracefully, and by its conduct during the Revolution brought great dishonor on the profession of arms.

There were two primary causes for the misconduct of the French army during the Revolution, which period, for our purposes,—if not accurately,—ended with the life of Louis XVI. One of these causes was the barrier between the officers and men; the other, the neglect of the officers to try and acquire the respect and love of the men.

The state of the French army in the beginning of 1789 was unsatisfactory in almost every respect, as the following brief statement will show: It numbered 172,384 of all ranks, and 1183 general officers, of whom fifteen were marshals, giving a proportion of one general to nearly one hundred and forty-six men. The infantry of the line were organized in one hundred and four regiments, twenty-three of which were composed of foreigners. Each regiment had two battalions,—except the Régiment du Roi, No. 28, which had four, —and each battalion consisted of four companies of fusiliers, with the

addition of a company of grenadiers to the first battalion, and a company of chasseurs to the second battalion. The number of all ranks in a regiment was about twelve hundred. In addition to the above there were twelve battalions of chasseurs, seven colonial regiments, and one regiment of marines. The cavalry consisted of thirty-nine regiments, of which one was a cuirassier corps. The artillery was organized in seven regiments, and comprised the sappers and the pontoniers. The engineers were a corps of officers without men. The household troops were composed of the "Cent Suisses," for the interior service of the palace, the Garde du Corps, the Gendarmerie, and the Chevaux Légers. The Garde du Corps was composed entirely of gentlemen. In addition to the above were the Garde Française of six battalions, and the Garde Suisse of four battalions. These two regiments, though belonging to the guards, were not practically members of the Maison du Roi. The provincial troops were a sort of militia, recruited by lot, officered by country gentlemen, and constituted a substantial reserve to the regular army. In the regular army men were obtained nominally by voluntary enlistment, but really in great measure by *racolage*, which may be translated as "kidnapping," or "crimping." The engagement was for eight years, with power to re-engage for successive periods of two years. The men were poorly paid, insufficiently fed, and badly clothed, till just before the Revolution their lot was somewhat ameliorated. The discipline had been, at all events in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI., severe. The Comte de St. Germain, who was Minister of War from 1775 to 1777, introduced the German system, and instituted the punishment by the cane. Meeting with universal resistance, for it was substituted blows with the flat of the sabre. What proves that corporal punishment was unknown in, and regarded as an indignity by, the French army was that even the infliction of blows with the flat of the sabre provoked mutinies in many regiments, and that numerous suicides, to avoid this degradation, took place. One grenadier said, with reference to this innovation, "The only part of the sabre which I like is the edge;" and this saying speedily ran through France, and still further excited the indignation against the Comte de St. Germain. Another anecdote illustrates the feeling of the army on this subject. A private of the regiment of Laval was ordered to receive blows with the flat of the sabre. He protested that he was of noble birth, and, consequently, exempt. His protest was disregarded, and the sentence was undergone. The victim succeeded in obtaining his discharge, and, becoming a private individual, challenged his colonel and ran him through the body. Though, however, corporal punishment was unknown in the army till M. de St. Germain took office, and after his dismissal seems to have been abolished, the discipline in the French army during the eighteenth century was in some respects very severe. In Mirabeau's

memoirs an instance of almost incredibly severe punishment is given. His grandfather, when inspecting a regiment, noticed a soldier who carried his musket awkwardly. He was about to make a remark on the subject, when the major said to him in a low voice, "Sir, you shall know all about it." They passed on, and the major related the following story: "The regiment was in garrison at Sarrelouis, and in fortresses it was and is forbidden, by the regulations of the service, for soldiers to draw a sword, under penalty of having the right hand cut off. This man found two of his comrades fighting. He ran up, and, following the rule that two crossed swords should only be separated by a sword, he drew his own, threw himself between them, and said, 'Friends, what are you doing?' The guard hastened up, the two culprits fled, and the corporal (for he was one), who remained because he had nothing to reproach himself with, was seized with his sword in his hand, and taken to the guard-room. He related the affair as it had happened. A court-martial was assembled. He appeared before it with firmness, and repeated the truth. He was asked the names of the culprits, and on his refusal to give them he was threatened with the penalty to which, though with good intentions, he had made himself liable. He replied, 'I know them, but I will not name them, and still less put them in my place. Who of you would denounce his comrade? No; I will save two men for the king. Few soldiers are sure of rendering such a service. I have incurred the penalty; I will undergo it. I only ask a favor: it is that you will be good enough to cause me to lose the left hand, in order that I may still be able to draw my sword on better occasions.' The letter of the regulation was followed in all its rigor,—the worthy soldier was condemned, and gave thanks for the change of hand which was accorded him. When he arrived at the block, he said to the executioner, 'I have undergone the humiliation and ceremony as an example; that is the punishment, the rest is the order of the king. I execute it; it ought to be done by the hand of a soldier. Withdraw, and give me the knife!' He took it, in fact; and with one blow cut off his left hand."

A finer instance of chivalrous and loyal feeling was perhaps never given; but what are we to think of the two brawlers who allowed their innocent comrade to suffer for their offense, or of the officer commanding the garrison, who did not remit the cruel penalty? The great cause of discontent in the army was the fact that high rank was practically denied to all save those members of the old *noblesse* who had Court influence. This rule affected both the lesser *noblesse* and the *bourgeoisie*, while promotion from the ranks was so rare as to be almost non-existent. At the commencement of Louis XVI.'s reign the regulation was that no one not of noble birth could rise above the rank of lieutenant; but in practice this rule was not very strictly observed, especially in the artillery and engineers.

In 1781, however, when Marshal Ségur was Minister of War, a royal edict was issued providing that no one should obtain a commission in the army or navy unless he could trace his nobility back for four generations. By this edict the area of appointment was so much restricted that it was found impossible very strictly to enforce the new regulation; as a matter of fact, however, down to the outbreak of the Revolution, all the higher commissions were monopolized by noblemen of influence, often appointed, when little more than boys, to the command of regiments without reference to their qualifications or military experience, and simply because they belonged to the *haute noblesse*, and had protectors among either the courtiers or courtesans of Versailles. These amateur soldiers never failed to display the most brilliant courage, and sought opportunities of reaping renown in the field, but the details of the profession they deemed beneath their notice, and they carefully shunned the monotony of garrison life. They, in time of war, usually spent the winter at Paris or at their châteaus, only joining their regiments when the campaign was about to open. Most of the other officers who were possessed of influence followed the example of their commanding officers. In peace time such officers spent even less time with their regiments, only appearing from time to time on the occasion of inspections or some great ceremony. The actual commanding officer was the lieutenant-colonel or major, who was aided by the poorer and less influential officers. These had all the work, but got none of the credit.

Promotion from the ranks was, as I have said, of rare occurrence, and led to little when it did take place. Practically "the ranker" could aspire to no higher position than that of color-bearer or sub-lieutenant of grenadiers. Considering that in a hand-to-hand fight the struggle was certain to be fiercest around the colors, and that the grenadiers always led the way in any desperate attempt, there is a sort of grim humor in the posts above named being especially reserved for meritorious and distinguished *sous-officiers*. The case of Denis Batten, who was born in 1723 and died in 1806, a general of brigade *en retraite*, is an illustration of the system existing in the French army during the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI.

The son of a small proprietor,—a peasant, in fact, in the Jura,—Denis, when twenty years of age, met one day, while attending market at the neighboring town, a recruiting corporal of the regiment of Dauphin infantry. The corporal wore a handsome uniform of white faced with blue, and the peasant lad was attracted by it and the artful conversation of the experienced recruiter, who dazzled him with stories of honor and glory, and wound up by promising him the epaulets of a grenadier, and even the stripes of a sergeant. A carouse at the corporal's expense followed; at its close Denis Batten signed the engagement. The following year he, to use the words of General Ambert, burnt his first

cartridge at the siege of Courtray. In 1745 and 1746 he was present at the sieges of Menin and Tournay and the battle of Fontenoy. After four years' service and as many campaigns, his distinguished conduct at the siege of Brussels won for him the epaulets of a grenadier. Thus the first of the corporal's promises, or rather predictions, was fulfilled.

In 1748 he was one of twelve grenadiers of the regiment Dauphin who constituted the forlorn hope at the capture of Bergen-op-Zoom. In the subsequent pillage two beautiful and rich women, laden with articles of value, appealed to Denis Batten to save them from an infuriated crowd of marauders. Being wonderfully muscular, he struck down six of the pillagers, placed the ladies in safety, and stood sentry over them until order was restored. The next day the ladies placed at his feet the gold and jewels which, together with honor and life, he had preserved to them. The young grenadier refused the gift, advising them to conceal their property, as they might be subjected to annoyance if marauders got to know that they were rich. The ladies urged him in vain, Batten walking off whistling with his hands in his pockets. His colonel heard of the occurrence, but it was not till eight years later that Batten was promoted to the rank of sergeant. As sergeant of grenadiers he made the campaigns of Hanover, 1753–1763, and was four times wounded. At the battle of Filinghausen he was wounded by a large bullet which carried with it a piece of cloth. A painful operation for the purpose of extracting the cloth became necessary, and this operation Batten bore without even frowning. At Minden a fragment of a shell broke two of his ribs. After fifteen days of hospital he was beginning to approach convalescence when he learned that a battle was imminent. From this he was resolved not to be absent. Eluding the vigilance of the doctors, he reached the house of a peasant, where his sufferings became so great that he fell fainting on the floor. On recovery he bought from the occupants all the linen which they could spare, and with it encircled his body with a thick bandage, which enabled him to breathe with less pain. In this state he walked twenty miles, through woods and hostile detachments, reaching his regiment just as it was going into action. At the battle of Fulda, in 1768, his company, the grenadiers, consisting of three officers and forty-five men, was detached to occupy a mill in advance of the line. The guide took it the wrong way, and they fell into an ambuscade of Prussian hussars. The French officers, believing resistance impossible, gave up their swords. The commander of the enemy's party, addressing himself to Batten, said, "Follow the example of your officers, and give up your weapon." "Come and take it," replied the sergeant, who then shouted, "Close on me, grenadiers! close on me!" Saying this, he charged his weapon. This was a remarkable arm, borne solely by the sergeants of the Dauphin regiment. It was a sort of forked halberd, and commem-

orated an exploit of the regiment at the siege of Mons, where it had captured a corps of the enemy which sought to defend a ravine with similar weapons. The Prussian commandant rode at Batten and tried to ride him down or sabre him. A desperate single combat took place, which ended by Batten killing his adversary. Infuriated by the sight, the hussars threw themselves on Batten and his grenadiers. The struggle was desperate; Batten fought like a hero, and, bravely seconded by his comrades, did great execution, the sergeant himself killing eleven of the enemy. Numbers eventually prevailed; the grenadiers were all either taken or killed, and Batten alone, covered with wounds and streaming with blood, was left to continue the hopeless contest. As a last chance of safety he sprang over a hedge and used it as a parapet. But the end was at hand; the hussars surrounded and rode him down, their horses trampling on his head. Disarmed and a captive, the enemy were about to kill him, when a corporal, struck with admiration for his heroism, cried out, "This is a brave man; we must take him to head-quarters."

Brought before Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, the latter, on hearing the story, with a chivalrous feeling which did him the highest honor, said, "Mr. Sergeant, I wish to make a handsome present to your colonel, M. le Dauphin. His company of grenadiers will be restored to him. Such brave men ought not to be prisoners." Batten and his comrades were accordingly transported to the French army in wagons. The three officers were compelled to withdraw from the service, and Batten was made sub-lieutenant in his own regiment. He was then forty-five years of age. He took part in the campaign in Corsica, and subsequently accompanied his regiment to America, where, as usual, he distinguished himself. In 1779, for his conduct as commandant of a fort in the roads of Brest, he was given the Cross of St. Louis; and the same year became lieutenant by seniority. Not being noble, further promotion came to an end; but in 1791, all ranks being thrown open to merit, he became captain. His promotion henceforth was rapid. At the battle of Jemmapes, in 1792, he was lieutenant-colonel of his old regiment, then styled the Twenty-ninth Demi-Brigade. In command of three battalions of this regiment and three other battalions, probably volunteers, he carried the village of Jemmapes, capturing two pieces of artillery. At the head of his regiment he, at Neerwinden, so distinguished himself that he was promoted to the rank of colonel on the field of battle. Shut up in Valenciennes, he was named provisional general of brigade, with a promise that his promotion should be subsequently confirmed. During the siege this splendid veteran behaved with his usual energy and fearlessness, and was blown up by a small mine and wounded in the shoulder by a fragment of shell. After the surrender of Valenciennes he was sent into La Vendée. The Minister of War confirmed him in

the rank of general of brigade, but Batten refused, saying that he had been more than fifty years in the regiment, that he could not leave it, that he had neither the science nor the activity for a higher command. Nevertheless, the authorities, though they humored him by leaving him with his regiment, retained him on the army list as a general and placed several brigades under his command, and he handled them with ability and success. After, however, sixty-four years of service, innumerable campaigns, many wounds, and continued fatigues and hardships, he retired from the army at the age of seventy four, and settled at Avignon in the bosom of his family, where he spent the remainder of his long and honorable life, a link between Fontenoy and Austerlitz, the early parts of the reigns of Louis XV. and Napoleon.

When so gallant, so distinguished, and so capable a soldier could not, at the price of so many campaigns, wounds, and brilliant actions, —such capacity,—win a higher rank, in nearly half a century of service, than the rank of lieutenant, it is easy to conceive that practically the barrier between the soldiers and their officers was so insurmountable as to destroy all ambition on the part of the former, and to render sympathy between the two almost impossible. By it the army was divided into two distinct classes, almost into two races. The gulf of separation was widened, moreover, by the unaffected contempt felt by the noble for the plebeian in France. Yet the latter was often richer and more cultured than the former. Moreover, the French officer of noble birth rarely troubled himself to acquire that capacity in his profession, that respect and affection from his men, only to be acquired,—the first from the constant practice of his duties, the second and third from living among and studying the habits, wants, and characters of his men. Brave to excess were the officers, and ever eager to see active service; generous to a fault also, and certainly not more harsh than the officers of other nations at that time, perhaps less so. These good points, however, were not sufficient to make up for the want of habitual intercourse and a common devotion to a common duty; and as the liberal ideas promulgated by the encyclopædists and brought back from America began to spread, the soldiers asked themselves why they should have all the hardship and toil and the officers all the honor and glory, seeing that the commanded were at least as prodigal of their blood as the commanders, and very often more capable in professional matters than the belaced and luxurious strangers, who avoided the sight of their men as much as they could, and looked upon them as mere flesh for cannon. In the Garde Française, which, at the time of the Revolution, had been for many years constantly in Paris, and had been necessarily more strongly impregnated with the democratic ideas of the Parisians than had been the rest of the army, the feeling of the men towards their officers was particularly bad. The latter were all men of high birth and social standing, who, owing to their connection

with the palace, considered themselves rather courtiers than soldiers. They rarely saw their men on parade, and did not even condescend to accompany their men to and from the barracks or the review or exercise ground. Without the above description of the state of things in the French army it would be difficult to understand the almost universal, not only want of loyalty to the king, but also devotion to the officers. Even in the Indian mutiny, where men of an alien race and faith strove to free their country from its conquerors, there were several instances where loyalty to their government, or devotion to particular officers, caused entire regiments to remain true to their duty, and not a few cases in which individual men followed their officers, or, at all events, saved their lives. In the French Revolution, however, general history shows that, whatever little-known memoirs may say, the disloyalty was universal, and the feeling of the men towards their officers one of detestation. Never since the days of the Pretorians had an army been so false to its military oath, so utterly devoid of military honor, as the native French regiments in this first and most foul Revolution.

About the first proof given of the disloyalty of the French army was afforded by the garrison of Béthune, who, being called out to suppress a corn riot not long before the Revolution, when ordered to fire, brought the butts of their muskets angrily to the ground. The Garde Française, seduced by the populace of Paris and the intrigues of the infamous Duke of Orleans, gave the first serious example of disloyalty. This regiment, three thousand six hundred strong, having shown alarming symptoms of disaffection, were, about the 26th June, 1789, ordered by the Commandant of Paris, the Baron de Bezenval, to be confined to barracks. On this, three hundred of them, headed by their sergeants, of whom the afterwards celebrated Hoche was one, broke out of barracks and betook themselves to the garden of the Palais Royal. There they were received with enthusiasm and presented with money by the Orleanists, and women—they cannot be styled ladies—of rank and position openly embraced these disgraces to their profession. This shameful scene was repeated on several successive days. Eleven of the ringleaders were seized and imprisoned in the Abbaye, but were soon released by the mob. The military authorities brought up a body of dragoons, but the mob gently laid hold of the bridles of their horses, on which the dragoons sheathed their swords. No officer appears to have had sufficient nerve and sense of duty to cut down, or blow out the brains of, the first man who disobeyed orders; but there are excuses to be made for the conduct of French officers,—for their want of vigor at the commencement of the Revolution. The king was humane to weakness, and stringent orders had been issued by his government that violent measures were to be avoided. The result of this want of energy was, on this occasion, that the soldiers raised their hats in salute

to the mob, and, liquor being brought to them, drank to the health of the king and the nation.

On Sunday, the 12th July, the Parisians learned that Necker had been dismissed, and processions, having at their head busts of the ex-minister and the Duke of Orleans, traversed the city. They appeared on the Place Louis Quinze, and were charged by the regiment Royal Allemand; but these were driven back by showers of stones. On this, Prince Lambesc arrived at the head of his regiment of dragoons. These advanced against the mob and drove it through the gardens of the Tuileries. In the tumult which followed, the busts were broken and a soldier of the Garde Française was killed; but the assertion made in several books, that the Prince de Lambesc, with his own hand, killed an old man, is untrue. On the contrary, the prince saved the life of a young woman who, holding a child in her arms, had been thrown down by the crowd.

Whilst this tumult was taking place, the Garde Française, who, a few days previously, had come to blows with the Royal Allemand, heard what had happened in the gardens of the Tuileries, and, furious at learning that one of their comrades had been killed, turned out of their barracks and opened fire on a squadron of Lambesc's dragoons, who had been left to overawe them. The dragoons retired, and were followed up to the gardens of the Tuileries by the Garde Française, who placed themselves between the mob and the royal troops. More foreign troops were brought up from the Champ de Mars, and were ordered to dislodge the Garde Française, who opened fire on them. The royal troops, restrained by the previous orders to avoid shedding blood, did not return the fire to which they were subjected.

Encouraged by the weakness of the authorities, twelve hundred of the Garde Française proceeded to the Palais Royal, where they openly fraternized with the populace, who, knowing their men, plied them with wine. Thus primed, these heroes, who, from their flight across the Maine at Dettingen, were nicknamed in the French army "les Canards du Maine," returned to the gardens of the Tuileries with a tail of brigands, announcing their intention of driving off the foreign regiments. Baron de Bezenval, the Commandant of Paris, however, fearing the spread of disaffection in his ranks, had withdrawn his troops to the Champ de Mars. Early the next morning the Committee of Revolutionists at the Hôtel de Ville were hard at work forming a force of forty-eight thousand volunteers, the origin of the National Guard. Orders were given for the manufacture of arms; gunsmiths' shops were pillaged, the Garde Meuble was gutted of its weapons, including the sword of Henri Quatre and the lance of Dunois, and thousands of men soon appeared in the streets with every description of weapon in their hands. A body of some forty thousand men next proceeded to the Invalides and demanded the twenty

pieces of cannon and the twenty-eight thousand muskets stored in the arsenal of that establishment. The governor, M. de Sombreuil, a veteran of eighty years of age, who had for means of defense but a handful of invalids at his disposal, tried to temporize. He said that he had sent to Versailles to ask permission to give up the arms in question, and must wait for a reply. The mob would, however, submit to no delay, and advanced to the assault. De Sombreuil sought to induce the invalids to fire the few pieces of artillery on the rebels, but the old scoundrels, untrue to the salt which they had eaten for so many years, and destitute of a spark of honor and self-respect, threatened to hang the governor if he did not submit. Baron de Bezenval was close at hand with ten thousand men; but that officer, paralyzed alike by the cold reception which he had met for his energetic conduct in putting down the riot at Reveillons a few weeks before, and the positive orders given to him on this occasion not to fire on the people, remained passive. De Sombreuil had no choice, therefore, but to submit. The next day—*i.e.*, the 14th July—took place that which is commemorated by the French as a glorious feat, but which was an act leaving an indelible stain on the nation and the Garde Française. The Bastille was a very strong fortress, commanded by a man of honor and courage, the Marquis de Launey; but he was hampered by the orders given not to fire on the people, by the want of energy of the king, by the smallness of the garrison, consisting of only eighty-two invalids and thirty Swiss soldiers, and by the absence of all provisions beyond two sacks of flour and a little rice. At first the assailants, numbering tens of thousands, though several soldiers and a few officers were among them, had no organized military body to assist them. Hence they somewhat shrank from the task which they had set themselves. Two soldiers, however, who had joined the populace, daringly climbed the roof of a house abutting on the outer ramparts, and thence surmounting the walls, descended into the outer court, which was empty; the garrison, with the exception of a small guard at the main gate, having been withdrawn to the inner court. These two disloyal men then lowered a small draw-bridge, by means of which a crowd rushed in and lowered the large draw-bridge. The governor then directed his men to fire with their muskets on the mob. Several of the latter fell, and the court was instantaneously cleared, showing that had De Launey acted vigorously from the first and fired his cannon he might have saved the Bastille. At this moment some of the Garde Française arrived with a few pieces of cannon, and, under the direction of their sergeants, commenced a regular attack on the fortress. Élie and Hulin—the former a half-pay officer of the Queen's Regiment of Cavalry, and the latter an ex-officer of the Garde Française—acted as leaders of the armed populace. The latter again entered the outer court, pillaged and burnt the governor's house,

and mistaking one of the inmates, Mlle. de Monsigni, a young and beautiful girl, daughter of an officer of the garrison, for a daughter of the Marquis de Launey, tied her to a bundle of straw, to which they set fire, swearing that they would burn her alive if the Bastille were not surrendered at once. The flames were just reaching the girl when one of the soldiers, Aubin Bonnemère, who had let down the draw-bridge, rushed forward, explained the mistake, and carried the young girl to a place of safety. This act of heroism and humanity may well be set against his disloyalty. The struggle lasted above three hours, only one gun being fired from the Bastille, and that doing little damage. As to the musketry fire from the garrison, it seems, no doubt owing to the treachery of the soldiers, to have been comparatively harmless. The invalids, after a while, pressed the governor to surrender; but the Swiss gallantly insisted that he should hold out. This he did, relying on assistance from the Baron de Bezenval; but the latter, though he sent three couriers to Versailles, asking for permission to act, received no answer, and, finding that his troops were not to be trusted, eventually withdrew them to Versailles. At length, closely pressed by fifty thousand insurgents and two thousand of the Garde Française, and despairing of succor, the brave De Launey determined to blow up the fortress. On, however, rushing to the magazine he was stopped by some of the invalids, who presented their bayonets at his breast. He then begged them to at least die with arms in their hands; but the French portion of the garrison urged, as French soldiers have so often urged since then as an excuse for treason, that they would no longer fight against their fellow-citizens. On this he proposed that a white flag should be hoisted, and an attempt made to obtain a capitulation with a condition that the lives of the garrison should be spared. Élie and Hulin agreed to the terms, adding, "On the honor of French soldiers, no injury shall be done to you." The Bastille was thus taken at the cost of only fifty killed and seventy-three wounded.

The inherent ruffianism of French insurgents soon became manifest. The Garde Française, to do them justice, strove to the utmost to save the garrison. The mob was too much for them, and a massacre of the garrison instantly began in spite of the terms of the capitulation. Élie and Hulin strove to carry off De Launey and his second in command, Major de Losme, to the Hôtel de Ville. In vain did they do all that was possible, and Hulin was a man of extraordinary strength. The blood-thirsty scoundrels who composed the mob tore their victims from them and cut off their heads. This, then, was the heroic feat, heroically completed, which the French are about to celebrate this year. It may interest the reader to learn that Hulin, who, with his comrade Élie, somewhat atoned for his infamous conduct in heading the mob by striving to rescue De Launey and De Losme, reappeared

in history on two memorable occasions. Having attained the rank of general, he was, in 1804, the president of the infamous court-martial which, without a scrap of evidence, condemned to death, at the bidding of Napoleon, the Duc d'Enghien. Of Hulin we learn from his memoirs that, after spending "twenty years in unavailing regrets, bowed down by misfortune, blind, and unhappy," he wished for the grave to relieve him from his sufferings. The second occasion of his reappearance was when Malet's conspiracy broke out in 1812. General Hulin was the Governor of Paris, and Malet, entering his room, shot him with a pistol in the face, severely wounding him. We presume, though we do not know, that it was this injury which brought about his blindness. It was a just retribution on this disloyal soldier, who, at the capture of the Bastille, was instrumental in dealing the first blow at royalty, that he incurred subsequently lasting infamy by becoming one of the instruments of a despot in murdering a prince of the blood, and that he was severely wounded in 1812 by one who had been formerly in the Garde du Corps.

Soon after the capture of the Bastille the Garde Française were incorporated in the National Guards, under the title of "Grenadiers du Centre." This disgrace to the military profession took part in the outrage at Versailles. Somewhat ashamed of their previous conduct, the Garde Française expressed their determination to resume their duties at the palace, but they apparently did not play any very active part in the attack on the Garde du Corps, and some of them joined the latter in protecting the person of the king when the mob had penetrated into the private apartments. They also intervened to save the lives of the Garde du Corps, exclaiming, "Let us save the Garde du Corps, as they saved us at Fontenoy." They, however, nevertheless failed to do their duty, which was obviously to join the Garde du Corps and the regiment of Flanders in dispersing and shooting down the scum who insulted the king and queen, murdered some of the Garde du Corps, and cut off their heads.

Nor was the Garde Française long without imitators. Before long the greater part of the army openly manifested its insubordination and disloyalty. A few instances will prove the truth of this assertion. The regiment of Bassigny had already, in 1788,—when quartered in Brittany,—protested against the orders given them, and had been, by a decree of the Minister of War, disbanded, the officers being cashiered. The general of the district, however, found it out of his power to carry out the decree, and it became a dead letter. Some two years afterwards, when the army had become thoroughly demoralized, the regiment drove away its colonel. About the same time the regiment of Poitou imprisoned its lieutenant-colonel; the regiment of Languedoc having without orders quitted Montauban, where it was quartered, the regiment of Noailles refused to replace it in garrison; the regiment Royal Champagne

insulted its officers and threatened to shoot them. At Metz the loyal, resolute Marquis de Bouillé had his head-quarters. He was respected by his men, but even he could not altogether stifle the manifestation of insubordination, aggravated by the peculation which had kept the garrison in arrears of its pay.

The worst instance was the mutiny of the Régiment de Salm, composed of Germans. On Bouillé approaching the regiment in order to address it, he is saluted with a cry for pay. Getting no satisfaction, Salm marched towards its colonel's quarters with the view of seizing the colors and military chest. Bouillé and the officers got there before the mutineers, and posted themselves, sword in hand, on the outer staircase. The regiment drew up in front of the house; but, impressed by the resolute bearing of the general, did not charge. Some scoundrels in the ranks fired off their muskets at him, but always some better-disposed comrade struck the weapon up. Bouillé managed to get an order to a dragoon regiment to come to his assistance, but the men refused to mount. At length, after a weary waiting to see who would first give way, the mayor arrived and persuaded the regiment to return peaceably to barracks. Had there been a true king on the throne, instead of an amiable, weak, though personally brave old woman, and had he been served by a hundred men with the tact and resolution of Bouillé, the Revolution would not have been disfigured by the apish absurdity and tiger-like ferocity which have caused it to resemble the memory of an obscene and horrible nightmare.

Nor was Bouillé only harassed by the misconduct of the garrison of Metz. At Strasburg a cavalry regiment had been knitting forage-cords together with intention to hang the quartermaster. The garrison of Bitche went out of the town in military order, and, having deposed its officers, returned to quarters. But, in fact, everywhere the army was disgracing itself, and showing how little sense it had of military honor. At Hesdin, Royal Champagne had been shouting "*Vive la nation, au diable les aristocrats!*" and threatening to shoot its officers. The regiments of Beauce and Normandie had drawn up an address to all the regiments of the army, suggesting federation, and had written to the municipality of Paris, asking that body to act as intermediary in the matter. In numerous garrisons the men and non-commissioned officers clamored for the sending away of their officers and the division of the military chest.

The worst case of mutiny took place at Nancy. In that garrison there were three regiments: the French infantry Régiment du Roi, the French dragoon regiment, Mestre de Camp, and the Swiss infantry regiment, Château Vieux. All these had for some time been in a state of thinly-veiled mutiny; sometimes not veiled at all. The government sent General de Malseigne thither as inspecting commissioner, to inquire into the accounts. He ascertained that the accounts of Château Vieux

were complicated, and could not be adjusted without some little delay and reference. The regiment demanded instant payment, and took to bullying, and threatened the inspecting commissioner. M. de Malseigne, finding that they were backed up by the other regiments, and that nothing could be done, managed by a stratagem to quit the town and gallop off to Lunéville, where was stationed a regiment which had not yet mutinied. Chased by one hundred troopers of Mestre de Camp, he succeeded in winning the race. The carbineers received the detachment of the Mestre de Camp with a volley which sent these heroes back to Nancy as fast as their horses could go. The whole of Mestre de Camp then marched on Lunéville. A parley ensued, and the carbineers gave up M. de Malseigne. He successfully escaped at the corner of the first street, unhurt, under a shower of bullets; but, returning to the carbineers, he was again surrendered, and this time safely conveyed to Nancy, where he was thrown into prison. The Marquis de Bouillé promptly marched on Nancy with all the troops which he could collect, sending on a proclamation offering the mutineers the choice of unqualified submission within twenty-four hours or destruction. On the road, a deputation from the town met him. He received them in the presence of the regiment of Salm, now so completely impressed by Bouillé's conduct, that when the mutineers spoke with insolence, they cried out to "Hang the scoundrels!" With National Guards, the mutineers numbered about ten thousand men, while Bouillé had no more than four thousand four hundred, about one-third of whom were National Guards. The garrison were daunted by his firmness. Château Vieux urged resistance to the last. The Régiment du Roi were alarmed by the state of feeling of Salm. Mestre de Camp broke out into vehement curses to hide their terror, and the National Guards did not know what to do. Bouillé had arrived within thirty paces of the gate, when a flag of truce was hung out, and it was announced that the mutineers submitted. The regiments were already marching out by the different gates assigned to them. Some stragglers, however, remained behind with a mob of the civil population, and refused, when summoned, to open the gate to Bouillé, threatening to fire a loaded cannon rather. A gallant young captain of the Régiment du Roi, M. Desilles, who had remained with his men in order to moderate their excesses, placed himself in front of the muzzle and exclaimed, "They are your friends, they are your brothers; the National Assembly sends them! Would you dishonor the Régiment du Roi?" Dragged away by some men of Château Vieux, he returned and seated himself upon the touch-hole. The cowardly scoundrels, on this, shot and bayoneted him, and fired off the gun, which, being loaded with grape, struck down fifty men of Bouillé's leading files. The reply was a rush at the gate, before which the mutineers retired. But in the mean time the regiments which had left the town, hearing

the firing, returned to assist their comrades. A fearful struggle ensued. It ended by Bouillé's complete success, though at the cost to him of forty officers and five hundred men. Of the mutineers, it is estimated that some three thousand were killed or wounded. Before nightfall the three regiments were on the march for new garrisons. Of the National Guard three hundred, and of the French regular troops one hundred and eighty, had been taken with arms in their hands, and were known to be ringleaders. These worthless fellows were, however, pardoned by the National Assembly; and, indeed, paraded in triumph through the streets of Paris by the Jacobins. Why this reward? Was it for, first, bullying and mutiny; and, secondly, for murder and cowardice,—for the mutineers ought to have been victorious? The ringleaders of Château Vieux could, fortunately, by Swiss law and the Convention under which they served, be dealt with in a more fitting manner. They were brought before a court-martial of their own officers, which in a few hours convicted eighty-three, of whom twenty-three were promptly hanged and the remainder sent to the galleys.

Of the abortive flight of the king, we will only remark that, had the cavalry at Varennes done their duty, the king could have been saved, and that the chief cause of his arrest, Drouet, was an ex-dragoon of the regiment of Condé. The capture of the Tuileries, on the 10th August, 1792, was distinguished by two facts: the Gendarmerie à Cheval, mostly ex-Gardes Françaises, placed on guard at the Tuileries, basely deserted to the mob; the Garde Suisse heroically fought in defense of the king, and slew hundreds of the ruffians opposed to them, till at length, ordered by foolish, philanthropic, feeble Louis to cease firing, they were borne down by mere weight of numbers, broken up into small parties, massacred, mutilated, and even eaten by the fiends whose base, wild-beast performances will be celebrated this year. Among the ignoble demons chiefly responsible for that day's horrors was Marat, the squalid, mean-looking ex-horse doctor. He was not destined to enjoy many months the triumph of the obscene creatures of whom he was an inspirer. Within a year from the capture of the Tuileries the monster was stabbed in his bath by the beautiful, heroic Charlotte Corday, who declared at her trial, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save innocents, a savage wild beast to give repose to my country." The general reader is probably not aware that Charlotte Corday had other than public grounds for this righteous, though injudicial, execution of a monster. Four years previously Marat had, by means of a low journal which he edited at Caen, denounced M. de Belzunce, a major in the regiment of Bourbon, who had to a certain extent succeeded, by his personal influence, in keeping his men to their duty. A mob assembled and demanded his death. The magistrates, to save him,

induced him to take refuge, first in the Hôtel de Ville, and afterwards in the citadel; while the military authorities, to avoid exasperating the populace, ordered the regiment to quit the town. No sooner had the regiment left than Marat again denounced M. de Belzunce, who was taken from the citadel, the National Guard offering no resistance, and torn in pieces, portions of his body being actually eaten and other portions preserved in spirits. This amiable and loyal young officer was deeply loved by Charlotte Corday.

The disappearance of discipline and loyalty in quarters had their natural results as soon as the army took the field. There being but a small Austrian force in Belgium, the French were tempted to invade it at the end of April, 1792, but in every direction they, to quote the words of Alison, "encountered discomfiture and disgrace."

Biron, at the head of ten thousand men, marched from Valenciennes on the 28th April, and on the 29th encountered, at Jemmapes, Beaulieu with four thousand Austrians, who had assumed order of battle. After a preliminary cannonade, Biron sent a column to attack; but two thousand Austrian cavalry suddenly appearing, Biron, justly distrustful of his troops, ordered a retreat to Bossu. Scarcely had the French formed at that place, than two regiments of French dragoons, who had been in advance, but had no enemy in front of them, seized with a sudden panic, galloped back on and through the infantry, shrieking the old parrot cry, "*Nous sommes trahis!*" Biron strove in vain to rally them; the infantry, for the most part, followed the shrieking dragoons. At length he succeeded in inducing some of them to face about and resume their ranks. The next day there was another stampede. Another column, under Dillon, four thousand strong, quitted Lille on the 28th. The following day they stumbled on a body of the enemy on the march. Startled by this sudden apparition, the French fell back, but being pursued by a few squadrons with some pieces of light artillery, which fell upon the rear-guard, the whole force fell into disorder. Dillon and his officers strove in vain to keep them steady, all to no purpose. The heroic Republicans had only the courage to wound their commander, and rushed tumultuously to Lille, yelling out "Treason!" And on their arrival at Lille, Dillon was massacred by the populace as an atonement, I suppose, for the cowardice of his soldiers.

I think that I have written sufficient to show that this year the French army, at all events, has no reason to look back with pride on the French Revolution.

COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS.

OLD UNIFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES SERVICE.

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

COWPER.

"He is too costly for every day.
You would want another for working days."

Much Ado About Nothing.

PART I.

BEFORE attempting to enter upon a description of American military uniforms, we beg the reader's indulgence for a short digression as introductory to the main subject of this paper.

We will glance at the origin of a small but important article, necessary to both civilians and military men,—the handkerchief.

The Greeks and Romans did not make use of this indispensable part of modern dress, but were supplied with cloths, which were known as "sudoriums," to wipe moisture from their faces. The Roman historian Tacitus relates in his work, that Nero claimed while at the theatre he had never been obliged to wipe the perspiration from his face. It was the custom to have two "sudoriums," one attached to the girdle and one carried in the hand, but they were never used as pocket-handkerchiefs. Only children and elderly persons were allowed to blow their noses in public. Husbands would obtain divorces from wives requiring such an article. The custom of carrying handkerchiefs began in Italy about the year 1210. Alcuin, the noted and gifted counselor of Charlemagne (804), mentions a cloth called "facitergium," which the clergy carried at their left side, and which they used during services. The noble dames of the middle ages were accustomed to bestow upon their knightly husbands and lovers scarfs, sashes, and handkerchiefs embroidered with heraldic arms. The Empress Josephine gave a great impetus to the general use of elaborate and costly handkerchiefs. She suffered from an extremely poor set of teeth, and to conceal the defect was in the habit of holding a delicate lace handkerchief in front of her mouth when conversing. The ladies of the court imitated the example of their illustrious mistress, and costly little squares of fine material leaped at once into high favor.

The Chinese have a custom governing the use of pocket-handkerchiefs peculiarly their own. They carry in their pockets small bits of twilled silk, which they throw away after using once. The Japanese follow closely in the footsteps of their formidable neighbors, substituting for silk, small four-cornered pieces of paper, of which they carry a supply in their ample flowing sleeves.

The handkerchief of late years has made vast strides in prominence, and has been put to many novel uses. Perrinon, a retired French army officer, designed a handkerchief for the use of the privates and raw recruits constituting the legions of France. An official French gazette gave a detailed description of the novel idea. They were made in bright colors, of good but coarse texture, and contained representations of weapons belonging to all arms of the service, with clear and concise instructions for using them, as well as sound military maxims and rules. The ingenious idea attracted the attention of the Minister of War, and in 1882 an order was issued ordering a sufficient supply for all the forces. In the United States an enterprising countryman conceived the idea of publishing a paper printed on cotton cloth, an exact representation of a pocket-handkerchief, which was the distinctive title of the paper.

From the handkerchief we will turn briefly to the origin of the petticoat, which is not devoid of interest, and it may astonish many to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. "I like to record this fact," writes a lady. "Naturally, women take a sort of satisfaction in discussing a weakness in the other sex, especially in the matter of dress. Please don't stare me out of countenance at the supposed presumption of my assertion that men have, or appear to have, a sort of envious feeling towards us for having stolen from them this prerogative, and that they clutch at every means in their power to wrest it from us, or at least share it with us, for I'll prove it before I get through. And we do not wonder this is so. There is dignity in drapery, as well as grace and elegance. When Henry VIII. went to meet Anne of Cleves, he was habited, we read, 'in a coat of velvet somewhat made like a frocke embroidered all over with flatted gold of damaske, with small lace mixed between, of the same gold, and other laces of the same going traverswise, that the ground little appeared.' And in a description of a similar garment belonging to his father, Henry VII., we read of its being decorated with bows of ribbon, quite as some of the present day would adorn a ball-room dress. It is well known that the garment was at first not alone a skirt, but, as the name denotes, a little coat. How it came to lose its upper half, or body, we do not know, unless the 'petticoat' was made with long skirts for the sake of warmth, and in each case it was as much petticoat, as we understand it, as anything."

The characters drawn by Shakespeare reveal the fact that in days

of yore men were given to wearing trailing skirts. In the inventory of Henry V. appears a "petticoat of red damask with open sleeves;" and although it was a question whether this had been fashioned for a man or woman, it would, if a woman's, be the only instance known before Elizabeth's time of a woman using such a garment. Thus we hear nothing of women's petticoats before the Tudor period. "Good Queen Bess," "with all her learning, which was essentially masculine in her age and time, had the true instincts of womanliness, as regards personal adornment, even though we find her deficient in taste, and heartily wish that she had not made such a guy of herself in her old age. Yet as a woman we have to thank her for stockings and petticoats and many other articles of feminine apparel."

An old and curious volume in possession of the writer, speaking of "dresses and furniture" before the Revolutionary War, states, "Boots were rarely worn—never as an article of dress; chiefly, when seen, they were worn on hostlers and sailors; the latter always wore great petticoat trousers, coming only to the knee and there tying close." He never saw carpets on floors before the Revolution. When first introduced, they only covered the floor outside of the chairs around the room. The first umbrellas he ever knew were used by the British officers, who were deemed effeminate in them. Parasols, as guards from the sun, were not seen at all. As a defense from rain, the men wore "rain-coats" and the women "camblets." As a defense in winter from storms, the men wore "great-coats" daily. It was a general practice (as much so as moving on the 1st of May) to put on these coats on the 10th of November, and never disuse them till the 10th of May following. The price of fine cloth before the Revolution was always a guinea a yard, and all men, save the most refined, expected, after wearing it well on one side, to have it vamped up new as a turned coat.

As a valuable institution, and one which should be founded and fostered in this country, we quote from an article lately published in a Service paper:

"A museum little known, but for all that very interesting, particularly to experts, is the museum of military uniforms in the commissary department (clothing) in Berlin. It was founded in 1817, and contains specimens and patterns of every requisite used in the military uniforms worn in the Prussian army during the past nearly seventy years, from a button, hook and eye, up to the finished army regulation coat. Every article has a little tablet attached to it, stating its exact description and use, together with a written order of the respective ministry of war, certifying that it has been duly tried and approved of. One may readily conceive the endless variety of czakos, helmets, sabres, knapsacks, bugles, cartridge-boxes, scabbards, shoes, boots, gaiters, etc. It is certainly not only an interesting collection, but also a very valu-

able one, especially as regards the full uniforms of officers, with their heavy gold and silver embroidery, epaulets and the like."

It was during the crusades in the twelfth century that the custom of using coats of arms was first introduced into Europe. The knights cased up in armor had no way to make themselves known and distinguished in battle but by the devices on their shields; and these were gradually adopted by their posterity and families, who were proud of the pious and military enterprises of their ancestors. From an article published on costumes the following is taken:

"We owe the hat to Asia, for it was in that country that the art of felting wool was first known, and from the most remote periods the art was carried on by the Orientals. In India, China, Burmah, and Siam hats are made of straw, of rattan, of bamboo, of pith, of the leaf of the Tallpoat palm, and of a large variety of grasses. The Japanese make their hats of paper. The Romans, the Goths, the Gauls, the Celts, the Spaniards, and the Teutons were in the old days all innocent of hats. To the crusaders are we indebted for bringing the first hat of wool to Europe. In the reign of the third Edward, in England, history tells us that the noble wore his cap of maintenance, the knight his mortier, the esquire his plumed bonnet, and the citizen the flat blue, red, or black cap of the livery of which he was a member. In the early part of the reign of Henry V. hats became to be popular, and in the time of the Wars of the Roses, all men, of high and low degree (with the exception of 'prentices, who wore caps), wore hats. The cocked hat made its appearance in the reign of James II., and could be converted into a variety of shapes. It was known under several names, as the Brigadier, the Ramilies, the Regent, and the Frederick. Even to the present day the naval full dress is incomplete without the cocked hat, and on the Continent many functionaries, civil as well as military, continue to wear it. Our old militia line and field officers of some thirty or forty years ago used to wear them, and of immense proportions. The round hat, such as Ben. Franklin wore, was taken to Paris from this country by the young officers who fought for our independence under Rochambeau and Lafayette. It met with great favor there."

The "Encyclopædia Britannica" is authority for stating that the first naval uniform of that country was established in 1748, and the colors chosen were blue and white. The identical patterns then issued may now be seen in the United Service Institute. They were obtained a few years since from Plymouth, where they had been carefully preserved.

Mr. Locker, a commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, says, "In the naval gallery of this institution I can show you every variety, cut, and complexion of dress. Nottingham, Raleigh, and Torrington expanded their dignities in courtly costumes. Lawson, Harmon, and Monk

frown in buff belts and jerkins. Sandwich, Munden, and Benbow shine forth in armor. While Rooke, Russell, and Shorel, the heroes of a softer age, are clothed in crimson and Lincoln green, surmounted with the flowing wig, which then alike distinguished the men of the robe and sword." In 1746, Captain Wyndham and all the officers of the "Kent," 70, wore gray and silver, faced with scarlet. Such foppery was not infrequently combined with check shirts and petticoat trousers.

Mr. Locker further states, regarding British naval uniforms, that he had it from the lips of Mr. Forbes, admiral of the fleet in 1746, that he was summoned to attend the Duke of Bedford, and was introduced to an apartment surrounded with various dresses, and his opinion was asked as to the most appropriate. The admiral said, "Red and blue, as they are our national colors." "No," replied his Grace, "the king has determined otherwise; for having seen my duchess riding in the park a few days ago in a habit of blue faced with white, the dress took his Majesty's fancy, who has appointed it for the uniform of the Royal Navy." William IV., upon reaching the throne, ordered the naval uniform to be blue with red facings. Queen Victoria shifted them to white early in her reign. As early as 1603, King James ordered his principal "maisters of ships" to be most bravely attired in liveries of scarlet cloth, embellished with velvet, silk lace, buttons, and gold embroidery.

The placing of sword, chapeau, epaulets, etc., on the coffin of a deceased officer originated with the Church of Rome. It was a portion of their burial ceremonies to have the military adornments of an officer displayed when mass was solemnized for the repose of his soul. Gold bullion epaulets "are the palettes of Henry IV.'s time, which were circular plates of metal to protect the shoulders. They were not ordered to be worn as a part of the English naval uniform until June, 1795. Their French origin was sufficient to incur the detestation of Lord Nelson, who, speaking to Captains Ball and Sheppard, said, 'They wear fine epaulets, for which I think them great coxcombs.' He was destined to receive his own death-wound through his epaulet."

The first authentic American naval uniform is thus described in a paper preserved in the Massachusetts State Department. It is a resolve of the Massachusetts Council, April, 1776: "*Resolved*, That the uniform of the officers be green and white, and that they furnish themselves accordingly; and that the colors be a white flag with a green pine tree, and the inscription, 'An appeal to Heaven.'"

The Marine Committee, on September 5, 1776, authorized the following uniform for the officers of the Continental navy, which probably is the first official document of the kind issued:

"UNIFORM OF NAVY AND MARINE OFFICERS.

"IN MARINE COMMITTEE, PHILADELPHIA, September 5th, 1776.

"*Resolved*, That the uniform of the officers of the navy of the United States be as follows:

"*Captain.*—Blue cloth, with red lappells, slash cuff, stand-up collar, flat yellow buttons, blue breeches, red waistcoat, with narrow lace.

"*Lieutenant.*—Blue, with red lappells, a round cuff faced with red, stand-up collar, yellow buttons, blue britches, and red waistcoat, plain.

"*Master.*—Blue, with lappells, a round cuff, blue britches, and red waistcoat.

"*Midshipman.*—Blue lappelled coat, a round cuff faced with red, stand-up collar, with red at the button and button-hole, blue britches, and red waistcoat.

"UNIFORM FOR THE MARINE OFFICERS.

"A green coat faced with white, round cuff, slashed sleeves and pockets, with buttons around the cuffs, silver epaulette on the right shoulder, skirts turned back, buttons to suit the facings, white waistcoat and britches, edged with green, black gaiters and garters.

"Green shirts for the men, if they can be procured.

"Extract from the minutes. JOHN BROWN, *Secretary.*"

From the Journals of Congress we take the following report on army clothing:

"Wednesday, June 19th, 1776.

"*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies forthwith to cause a suit of clothes, of which the waistcoat and breeches may be of deer leather if to be had on reasonable terms, a blanket, felt hat, two shirts, two pair hose, and two pair shoes, to be manufactured or otherwise procured at reasonable rates in their respective colonies for each soldier of the American army enlisted therein for the present campaign, and the same to be baled, invoiced, and stored in suitable places, to be delivered to order of Congress or the Commander-in-Chief of the American army. That sufficient sums of money be granted to the assemblies and conventions aforesaid, on applying for the same, to enable them to discharge the demands arising from the purchase of the articles aforesaid."

"TICONDEROGA, September 25, 1776. UNIFORM OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.

"General Gates to the President of Congress.

"1st. One black leather cap with a turned-up cape	$1.⅔
"2d. One blanket coat	$4.
"3d. One thick set waistcoat with sleeves	$2.50
"4th. Two shirts	$5.
"5th. Two pair shoes	$8.
"6th. Two pair yarn hose	$2.00
"7th. One hunting shirt	$2.⅓
"8th. One pair baise or duffil leggens	$2.50"

They were allowed twenty-three dollars for the whole uniform.

On July 10, 1777, a deserter from the Continental ship "Champion," Captain Josiah, was described as wearing a blue coat turned up with white, and a gold-laced cap.

From Secret Journals of Congress, vol i. p. 184, February 28, 1781, we take the following extract:

"On motion of Mr. McDougall, seconded by Mr. Bland: WHEREAS, It is the policy of all wise nations to discourage extravagance and promote economy in their public officers, and an attention to this policy is indispensably necessary in republics; and WHEREAS, It is improper for the officers of the army or navy of these States to manifest the least disposition to imitate the enemy in any respect which will not promote the service of these States, especially to wear the uniform of the enemy's army or navy.

"*Resolved*, That after the first day of January next, no officer whatsoever in the service of the United States shall in any of them wear on his clothes any gold or silver lace, embroidery or vellum other than such as Congress or the commander-in-chief of the army or navy shall direct for the uniform of the corps, and badges to distinguish officers.

"*Resolved*, That after the said first day of January next, no officer of any description in the army or navy of the United States or any other officer in their service shall wear any uniform usually worn by the British army or navy."

The following extracts are taken from an article written by the late Rear-Admiral Preble, United States Navy, on the subject of "Naval Uniforms:"

"In the manuscript diary of William Jennison, lieutenant of marines on board the U.S.S. 'Boston,' Captain Samuel Tucker, then just arrived on the coast of France, and which is now in the possession of the Rev. Joseph F. Jennison, there is noted the following requisition, under date April 11th, 1778:

"'On board the "Boston." Wanted, for the use and services of the marines belonging to this ship.

"'40 green coats faced with white.

"'40 white waistcoats.

"'40 white breeches.

"'The buttons of the whole to be a plain white. Coats to be opened sleeved, and a belt for every waistcoat.

"'In behalf of the captain of marines.

"'WILLIAM JENNISON,

"'*Lieutenant of Marines.*'

"It appears from this that the buttons for the marine uniform at that date were not gilt, but were covered with plain white, like the facings.

"Under date 'May 13th' we find 'Regimentals for the marines, *an uniform ordered by Congress*,' was brought on board and distributed to all officers and men.

"This uniform does not seem to have pleased some of the officers concerned, for in the manuscript papers of Paul Jones, preserved in the Congressional Library, we find the following original paper, which is indorsed, 'Uniform dress for the navy agreed to at Boston by the major part of the captains, March, 1777.'

"'FULL DRESS FOR POST CAPTAINS.

"'Dark blue coats, white linings, white cuffs, and narrow white lappells the whole length of the waist. The coats full trimmed, with gold lace or embroidered button-holes. The buttons at equal distance asunder on the lappells. The upper part of the lappells to button on the upper part of the shoulder, three buttons on each pocket-flap, three on each cuff. Stand-up blue collars. White waistcoats, breeches, and stockings. Dress swords. Plain hats, black cockades and gold buttons and loops. Gold epaulets on the right shoulder, the figure of a rattlesnake embroidered on the straps of the epaulets, with the motto, "Don't tread

on me." The waistcoat trimmed with gold lace, yellow flat buttons, with the impression of the rattlesnake and motto, "Don't tread on me" on each of them.

"'UNDRESS FOR POST CAPTAINS.

"'The same as dress coats, with the difference that the undress coats have frock back and turn-down white collars.

"'DRESS FOR LIEUTENANTS.

"'The same as for post captains, excepting the lace and embroidery, the epaulets, and that instead of the rattlesnake they wear buttons with the impression of an anchor.

"'UNDRESS FOR LIEUTENANTS.

"'The same as for post captains, excepting the lace and embroidery, the epaulets, the buttons, and that the coat be made short, or such as are usually called coatees.

"'Dress and undress for *masters* and *midshipmen* the same as for lieutenants, excepting the lappells, and that they wear turn-down collars on their dress and undress coats.

"'Dress and undress for commanders of ships and vessels under twenty guns. The same as for post captains, excepting the epaulets.

(Signed) "'JOHN MANLY,
"'HECTOR MCNEIL,
"'DUDLEY SALTONSTALL,
"'E. HINMAN,
"'JOSEPH OLNEY,
"'JOHN ROCHE,
"'JOHN PAUL JONES.
"'HECTOR MCNEIL for Capt. WILLIAM THOMPSON.
"'JOSEPH OLNEY for Capt. ALVAH WHIPPLE.'

"Whether the uniform recommended, or rather 'agreed to,' by the captains was established, and the buff facings superseded the red facings of the Marine Committee's order, I have been unable to learn. Old naval portraits show both uniforms,—that of Captain Nicholas Biddle, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, has red facings; one of Paul Jones, the white. It seems also, from the following extract from John Adams's Diary, that the uniform of the marines was changed from green to red, the facings being the same in both uniforms. John Adams, who did not love Jones, says in his Diary, dating from Port Louis l'Orient, Thursday, May 13th, 1799:

"'After dinner walked out with Captain Jones and Landais to see Jones's marines dressed in the English uniform, red and white; a number of very clever and active sergeants and corporals are employed to teach them the exercise, and manœuvres and marches, etc.; after which Jones came on board our ship. This is the most ambitious and intriguing officer in the American navy. Jones has art and secrecy, and aspires very high. You see the character of the man in his uniform and that of his officers and marines,—*variant from the uniform established by Congress*,—golden buttons for himself, *two* epaulets; marines in red and white instead of green. Eccentricities and irregularities are to be expected from him. They are in his character, they are visible in his eyes. His voice is soft and still and small; his eye has keenness and wildness and softness in it.'"

Regarding the materials and colors of the uniforms of the Continental troops during the Revolutionary War, the most extravagant and erroneous ideas appear to prevail throughout the country. It is gen-

erally accepted that the regular colors were blue and buff. Such, beyond all question, were the colors of the commander-in-chief and his staff; but the rank and file rarely wore these colors. The uniforms most commonly used throughout the forces were *brown*, with combinations or facings and trimmings of red and white; and green uniforms with like colors. The so-called Continental militia companies throughout the United States have adopted uniforms such as the Revolutionary soldiers never saw, much less owned or served with. The modern Continental makes up a brave and, it must be confessed, a handsome as well as picturesque appearance, in blue and buff coats, buff breeches, and usually top-boots, cocked hats, and ruffled shirts, such as the highest and most important officials of the Continental army wore upon grand gala and parade days. The men of Valley Forge had few such trappings, and were glad to wrap around their weak and attenuated forms the merest rags of blankets or garments of any description, as protection from the biting blasts of winter. But the story of their sufferings and patriotism is well known to every true lover of his country's history, and we will no further digress.

The following is taken from a general order issued by General Lee, June 15, 1776:

"The Major General, wears a blue ribbon; as a badge of his rank, and by which he may be known. The Brigadier Generals, a pink ribbon."

The caps of the officers and men of the first and second regiments of South Carolina were ornamented in front with a crescent and the legend "*Liberty.*" (Drayton's "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 281, 1776.) "When the Count d'Estaing sailed from the Bay of Delaware, July 1778, 'La Chimère,' a 30-gun frigate, 12-pounders, with Mons. Gerard on board, Mr. Hancock, Mr. Drayton, and Mr. Duer, as a committee of Congress, waited on him there, on the 12th of July. They were conveyed on board the frigate, in her barge, the crew being dressed in a *scarlet uniform, with silver lace.*" (Drayton's "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 22.)

The following appeared in a list of clothing received from Boston and Philadelphia, at Albany, for the use of the Northern Army in 1777:

"Rifle shirts. Private and Sergeants' coats, blue faced red, brown faced red, brown faced white, brown faced green, drab faced red, drab faced green. Drummers' and fifers' coats, green faced blue, cloth breeches and waistcoats of a red flesh color, and common color, and striped homespun woolen. Leather and strong linen breeches. White Dowlas shirts."

The general order book of General Washington, when his headquarters was at Cambridge, is a curiosity in itself. It contains all the orders given by General Washington from July 17 to September 23, 1775. The leaves, loosely stitched together, are somewhat tattered and

stained. We will refer to a few extracts. The orders are, for the greater part, in his handwriting. The first order bears date of July 17, 1775, exactly two weeks after Washington assumed command of the army besieging Boston. "By His Excellency General Washington Esqr.," as one reads on the second line of the first page. "Boston" was made the parole on that day. The countersign is illegible. On the 23d of July the order of the day shows plainly the condition the army was in. It reads:

"As the Continental Army have unfortunately no Uniform & consequently many inconveniences must arise from not being able to distinguish the Commissioned Officers from the Non Commissioned Officers & the Non Commissioned Officers from the Soldiers, it is desired that some badges of distinction may be immediately procured, for instance the Field Officers may have Red or Pink couloured Cockades in their Hats. The Captain Yellow or Buff, & the Subalterns Green. They are to furnish themselves accordingly. The Sergeants may be distinguished by an apaullette or stripes of Red Cloath, sewed on their right shoulder, the Corporal by one of green.

"The people employed to make speares are desired by the General to make four dozen, immediately, thirteen feet in length, and the wood part a Good deal more substantial than those already made. Particular in the New Hampshire Lines, are Ridiculously short and light and can answer no sort of purpose."

On the 6th of August the general "is in hopes of prevailing with the Continental Congress to give each man a hunting shirt," to provide Indian boots or leggings for the men instead of stockings, "as they are not only warmer but ware longer."

H. D. Smith,
First Lieutenant U.S. Revenue Cutter Service.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

If the improvements in guns, projectiles, and explosives continue to advance it would seem that, in the next war, armies will be chiefly employed in keeping out of the way of each other's guns, on pain of annihilation if they do not succeed in avoiding each other. Besides the repeating rifles, Gatling guns, dynamite guns, and what not, the government has been experimenting with a 6-pounder gun that is said to fire nineteen times in a minute, or sixty times in four minutes and twenty seconds. As an esteemed contemporary remarks, "There will be no charges like that of Pickett's men at Gettysburg against such weapons."

A recent number of the *Revue du Cercle Militaire* remarks that the three millions of soldiers actually under arms, in Europe, have (with the exception of a few thousands employed on distant expeditions) absolutely nothing to do. Behind these three millions there are twenty-five other millions which can, upon an emergency, be brought under the colors; "and this state of things is called an armed peace." "The real effective, on a war footing, consists of more than ten millions of men, to whom may be added, in case of necessity, eighteen millions of troops of the reserve. This is almost equal to the entire population of a first-class power, and that of Italy does not exceed it. The German Empire has forty-seven million inhabitants; and, deducting women, children, old men, and the infirm, there remain nine millions of individuals representing the force and energy of the nation, of whom nearly two-thirds, upon a rupture with a neighboring power, would abandon their usual avocations, don the uniform, and pass at once from civil life to that of the camp. The same thing would happen in France, Italy, Austria, and Turkey, in due proportion to their respective populations; while Russia maintains a comparatively less numerous army, although her effective force is greater than any of the other Continental powers."

In this connection it may be interesting to condense a statement published in the *Journal d'Alsace*, which gives the following numbers for the armies of the five great Continental powers: Germany, 7,200,000 men; France, 6,408,655; Italy, 2,626,900; Russia in Europe, 2,600,000; Austria-Hungary, 1,181,000. For the army of the

"first line," which comprises in reality the forces destined to go into active service, Russia occupies the first place, with no less than 1,639,000 men; Germany comes next with 1,000,000; France with 960,000, and Italy with 610,000. Russia has 3624 guns; Germany, 2832; France, 2694; Italy, 1632.

As for the navy, England has a *personnel* of 61,400; Russia nearly 30,000; France nearly 25,000; Germany has 16,500, and Italy 14,400. The next war will solve many naval problems, no doubt. At present, England leads in the number of her ironclads and torpedo vessels, while the naval forces of France and Russia are quite evenly balanced, both in ironclads and torpedoes. Italy can boast of seven of the largest armored ships in the world, and is not so badly off in respect to others. Since Lissa, Italy has a completely new navy.

On the 30th of March last an order was promulgated by the Emperor of Germany separating the command of the navy from the administration, or bureau work. The emperor himself assumes the direct command, while the administration is to be in the hands of the chancellor.

In some recent numbers of the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, General Pierron gave his opinions in regard to the actual value and *rôle* in war of fortresses and fortified places. In summing up, he says, "The object of fortifying is to *gain time*, and a fortification fulfills its end in giving to the defender time to call reinforcements, or to withdraw his own troops. . . . While, therefore, the continued improvements in artillery render problematical the invulnerability of any permanent fortifications, of whatever material constructed, an army can never do without certain strong places.

"1. To protect its flanks upon a frontier, thus covering some strategic deployment.

"2. To place in safety its laboratories and stores of munitions of all kinds, whether on the frontier or the sea-coast.

"3. To insure the unobstructed passage of a water-way, or river.

"4. To hold passes in mountainous regions.

"Even if it cost their weight in gold, an army cannot do without these fixed bases; but that is an additional reason for razing without hesitation all fortifications which do not completely fulfill one of the four objects above mentioned. Every fortress which only exists because it is a legacy from the past ought to be abolished without delay, for it weakens the army from the necessity of having a garrison, and will infallibly cause the ruin of its inhabitants, instead of protecting them. The experience of 1866, and of 1870-71, has proved that it is much easier to reduce by artillery a fort or fortress than to reconstruct a tunnel, a viaduct, or a great bridge. This lesson, drawn from experi-

ence, should never be lost sight of. It is the principal resource of the future defender, who thus does not weaken himself by garrisons."

In connection with the subject of forts which command water-ways, Major Walford, Royal Artillery, says, "It is implied that during the bombardment of Alexandria the principal damage to the ships was done at the time they were anchored. The ships were at first formed in line ahead, and passed the forts in that formation at a distance of about fifteen hundred yards. As a matter of fact, it was during that time (two hours) that nearly the whole of the injuries to the ships were inflicted. They then withdrew to a distance of about twenty-five hundred yards, and then anchored and bombarded the forts; and I was told by a newspaper correspondent who was present on the occasion, that the moment the ships anchored and commenced their fire, the fire of the forts slackened. That, I think, is proof positive, if any proof can be positive, that in the future naval action against forts, ships are very little to be feared so long as they are on the move; and they will be best kept on the move, I think, by the use of howitzer batteries in position in-shore, out of sight of the ships. The moment a ship anchors, and the range is discovered by the position-finder, a salvo should be fired at her from a howitzer battery, so as to compel the ship to shift her position, and while she is shifting position her fire will be of very little value."

This view is certainly borne out by the experience of the "Ironsides" and other vessels, at Fort Fisher, during our late war.

Two artillery articles of marked ability and value were published in the May number of the *United States Military Service Institution.* The "Practical Training of Field Batteries" is by Lieutenant Satterlee, adjutant Third Artillery; "A Comparative Table of the Relative Values of Field-Artillery Guns" is by Lieutenant Schenck, of the Second Artillery.

"The Danger to the Country from the Lack of Preparation for War" is the subject selected by the Council of the Military Service Institution for this year's prize essay. The essays must be in hand by September 1, and the Board of Award consists of the Hon. John Bigelow, of New York; Rear-Admiral S. B. Luce, U.S. Navy; and General Jos. Wheeler, M.C.,—certainly an excellent selection. The committee reserve the right to publish in their journal any or all of the essays presented, and the subject is such a fruitful one that we may look for more than one valuable contribution in the pages of the journal.

À propos of the danger from war, we notice that M. de Blowitz, in

the May *Harper*, says he would rather have written the "Battle of Dorking" than have published all the secret political documents in the world.

Certainly Colonel Chesney's is a most remarkable production, in whatever light it is regarded, but it is answerable for a number of imitators, more or less successful,—all depending upon the supposition of war between England and this country.

The latest venture, in this strain, is by no less a person than Mr. Frank Stockton, who last winter wrote a history of a supposed war between the United States and England for the pages of a New York weekly paper.

Like the "Remarkable Wreck of the 'Thomas Hyke,'" by the same author, it is a marine absurdity full of circumstantial detail. But it does not compare with the "Wreck of the 'Thomas Hyke.'" The argument is, that our country and England fall to loggerheads, about the end of this century, over the seizure of a fishing vessel. War is declared, and the government determines—as it is to be a naval war—to let it out by contract to a syndicate, keeping our navy in port, and in entire abeyance. The capitalists who form the syndicate have control of patents, such as something "which was not an explosive," but razed fortresses, and, if directed below the surface, caused earthquake waves, etc., etc., only one discharge being necessary. The handy gun which did all this was carried in a vessel of ordinary size. Then there was a *crab*—an ironclad, half submerged, an immensely fast and powerful affair—which, driven by electrical engines, overtook the fastest men-of-war, and, by means of pinchers or claws, twisted off their rudders and propellers, dropped them to the bottom of the sea, and then, seizing their stern-posts, towed them, stern foremost, in triumph, just as the Romans used to do with their Carthaginian captives. Of course, the syndicate wins an exceedingly honorable peace, and only one man is killed in the whole war, and that was by the fall of a derrick in coaling a "Repeller," as the syndicate's men-of-war were called. The best and most Stocktonesque hit in the whole thing is the erection of a monument to this man, THE victim of the war!

Now, Mr. Stockton may not know it, but the idea of a war carried on by contract has been a mess-table joke ever since the writer knew anything about the service, and probably long before. The *motif*, therefore, is not new, and to those naval men who love Frank Stockton (and who does not who has read "Rudder Grange"?) the relation becomes a trifle tedious. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

No one can say that Russia is backward in experiments upon modern methods in warfare. There have been extensive trials of the use of the electric light; the military use of the bicycle has been thoroughly exploited; the use of dogs—especially as adjuncts to the

human sentinels over parks of artillery or cavalry barracks—has been introduced, and military ballooning has been much advanced. In addition to this, it is proposed to use the speaking-trumpet in the army for giving orders under fire, or where troops are in loose formation.

It is strange that the speaking-trumpet, so long in use among seamen that it long ago became a naval emblem, should not have been used, under certain circumstances, in operations on shore. As naval men well know, it is not so easy to give intelligible orders through the trumpet without practice. Some officers never attain the art, just as some never can pitch the voice, without it, so as to be distinctly heard. Hence the necessity for practice with the *porte-voix*.

A late Russian army publication upon disciplinary regulations informs us that a soldier who is found guilty, by court-martial, of certain military crimes is put in the category of "*strafovannyé*,"—what we should call the "black-list,"—and is liable to be flogged. The captain of his company has then a right to punish him with fifteen blows of the rod; the major can give him twenty-five, and the colonel fifty, if he does not conduct himself with extreme circumspection.

A "Polyglot Guide" to the different languages spoken by the subjects of the "Great White Czar" is also, no doubt, useful to his officers and soldiers; for it appears that in that immense empire no less than twenty-four languages are spoken. For each one of these the "Guide" contains one thousand words,—those of most common use. To test the variety of languages the word *war* is taken, in the different dialects of Russian, Swedish, Finnish, Esthonian, Siberian, Persian, Kirghiz, etc., etc., and here are the remarkable differences: Voïna, krig, sota; sodda, karch, songouch, yag, serilessi, etc., etc. The Poles, Lithuanians, Little Russians, and White Russians have the same word for *war* as the Russians proper,—viz., *voïna*.

No doubt many of our readers have seen the model of the proposed Nicaragua Canal, which has been exhibited, during the past winter, in Washington and in Philadelphia. It is a remarkable and interesting thing. With the lake, streams, and levels filled with water, it gives one an excellent idea of the country and the proposed work. It is said to have cost five thousand dollars to construct this model, which is now in the Paris Exposition.

Speaking of the Exposition reminds us that two officers and thirty men of our marine corps are there to guard the American exhibits, as was the case at the last Exposition. It goes without saying that the little detachment consists of picked men, who, like their predecessors, are highly praised for their bearing, and for intelligent performance of what, after all, must be rather tiresome and monotonous duty.

In this connection we may recall that it was in France that the first company of marines for our young navy was raised and uniformed.

The French Ministry of the Marine exhibit models, on a scale of ten millimetres to the metre, of the different types of large vessels actually serving in their fleet. From Cherbourg has been sent the model of the cruiser "Surcouf;" from Brest, those of the "Sfax" and the "Dupuy-de-Lôme;" from Rochefort, the "Condor," "La Mitraille," and "Jean Bart;" while from Toulon came the "Trident," "Davoust," and "Magenta." The ministry also exhibit two anchors from the national works at Guérigny, each of which weighs near fourteen thousand pounds.

Some of our army officers may be interested to learn that the Grand Hippodrome, at Paris, not to be outdone by their friend, Colonel Cody, has a stag-hunt,—with live stag, real pack, piqueurs, hunting-horns, and all that. They have also adopted the "American innovation of three rings" to their circus. Buffalo Bill must look to his laurels.

It is reported that the Japanese government has adopted a law of recruitment for its forces which is an exact copy of the German system. Under this law every Japanese is subject to a military service of three years with the colors, four years in the reserve, and five years in the *landwehr*. The active army itself is divided into the men with the colors and a reserve of substitutes. The *landsturm* comprises all men between seventeen and forty, who have not been drawn for the other classes.

A voluntary service of one year with the colors has been provided for young men of education who can equip and ration themselves during their term of service. Students of colleges and young men preparing to be teachers are only compelled to spend six months with the colors; while the infirm, and those who are the sole support of families, are exempt from service.

As Japan has about thirty-seven millions of people, and as the peace establishment of her army has been fixed at forty-three thousand, there will be no necessity for very rigidly enforcing the conscription at present; but, the law being formulated, a very large force could be called out, without delay, should the necessity arise.

That sprightly weekly, *Le Yacht*, not only gives well-considered articles on naval subjects, with descriptions of new men-of-war or merchant vessels which have any novelties in their construction, but it illustrates its articles very handsomely.

As for yachting news, it often supplies us with items concerning our own clubs and their doings, which we would be at a loss to find in any one paper at home.

Lieutenant Weaver's article upon "The Individual Training of the Soldier," which appeared in the April number of this magazine, has attracted great attention, both at home and abroad, and surprise has been shown that systematic instruction in gymnastics, of the proper kind, should not have received more attention from our military authorities.

Our foreign critics do full justice to the intelligence and capacity of the United States soldier, but they can little understand the peculiar character of the service hitherto required of him, and that his "gymnastics" have largely consisted in Indian chasing, fort building, "boomer" repressing, and what not: this often under circumstances where even ordinary drill could rarely be thought of. Now that the tendency is to abandon the outlying forts and cantonments, and to bring troops together in greater numbers, something may be done with success in "individual training."

The situation on the Afghan frontier seems to be the cause of increasing solicitude with the English military authorities. A "General Officer," writing upon "The True Policy of the English in India," in *Colburn's United Service*, says,—

"The higher policy of the defense of India demands that we should arrest the advances of a European enemy by taking up position beyond Indian territory, our mountain frontier forming a second line of defense. This principle was lately acted upon in Burmah. A European power was approaching our northeastern frontier, and it became a question of who was to be master of the Upper Irrawaddy. Upper Burmah now forms an outwork of India, and keeps at a distance any possible enemy in that quarter. The same policy must be followed out on the northwest frontier of India, when the occasion arises. A stay-at-home defense, a passive or half-and-half policy, would be doomed to failure; our history shows this. The only policy that was ever satisfactory for us is an aggressive one. In most of our wars we have been successful, not by waiting for and repulsing the enemy, but by striking at and destroying his means of attack. We must ever act up to this traditionary policy if a European power is bent on encroaching on the northwestern frontier of our Indian province, by advancing into Afghanistan and occupying Kandahar and Kabul, on the principle advocated by Mr. Curzon in his late admirable article on our 'True Policy in India.' The defense of that frontier all along the line must be committed to our own hands, without any over-sensitive regard to the susceptibilities of the Afghans, who, we may be sure, would only play their own game, unless we were present to look after our military interests. Behind this line all India would lie quiet with a sense of safety and security from external danger."

Ay! but *would* all India lie quiet when the "disturbing element"

was at their doors? Perhaps not. Indeed, the editor remarks, in the same number, in speaking of the armies of the native princes in India, —which they have, when "loyal," been allowed to maintain, as playthings: "Till lately these armies were almost entirely disregarded; but now, in consequence of the advance of Russian troops to the very frontier of Afghanistan, and their consequent approach to India, those levies have assumed a new importance, and must be regarded as probable factors in future Indian wars. Till now, they would have been, from their inefficiency, useless as auxiliaries in a contest with an European enemy. The best mode of dealing with these troops is by no means evident, and the consequences of a blunder might be disastrous. Princes and people now evince fervent loyalty, and there is no reason to doubt their sincerity. But the experience and skill of Russian emissaries in fomenting disturbance should not be overlooked, and the treachery of some of the contingents in the great mutiny should not be forgotten."

The mention of those "dreadful Russians" reminds us of the pictures of the soldier-painter Vassili Verestchágin, which have been exhibited for some months in the cities. A few of his pictures are well known from the engravings, such as the "Blowing from the Guns, in India,"—a huge canvas which has a perfect fascination for most people, if we may judge from the crowds always surrounding it. The same may be said of "Skobeleff and his Troops, at Shipka Pass," the "Spy," "After the Battle," the "Cossack Picket on the Danube," and a score of others. We see here troops, living and dead, just as they appear in the field, and on it, without any dress-parade business,—the realities of war.

We understand that it is the fashion with many professional artists to decry Verestchágin's paintings. That they are unequal in execution any one can see; but that they appeal to the public strongly is evidenced by the crowds which visit them. As for his "methods," or his "color," we feel inclined to recall to the caviling artists the anecdote of Mr. Lincoln, when people complained to him that a certain distinguished general drank a great deal. "Does he?" said the grim-faced but shrewd and kind-hearted President. "I'd like to know just what brand of whisky he drinks, that I might send some to some of our other generals."

The fact that, at the siege of Metz, horses were fed upon meat (mostly of their own kind it is to be supposed) will be new to many. We all know about the ponies and cows of Iceland, and other boreal regions, which are fed upon dried fish, but sarcophagous artillery horses come upon us as a new revelation.

A French veterinarian, M. Lavaland, has made what was a neces-

sity of war the basis of some subsequent experiments, the result of which may be condensed as follows:

That the flesh of slaughtered animals is best for the purpose, and that the objection of the horse to the food is soon overcome if the flesh is gradually mixed with the regular forage. The horse digests the flesh, whether cooked or raw, and whether mixed with vegetable food or not. If given the mixed food the horse keeps in good condition, and even gets fat; showing increased vigor and spirit. The broth of boiled meat may be advantageously used as a drink for horses. Whether raw or cooked, the meat should be reduced to small pieces and pounded, being then mixed with grain or other feed, and a little salt added. At Metz some horses came to take two or three *kilos* of meat a day, while with others it was necessary to administer it as a bolus. Other animals, which were given meat lightly sprinkled with flour or bran, soon came to eat it alone and without preparation.

A naval correspondent asked *Truth* why that paper did not expose the condition of her Majesty's coast-guard cruisers.

Mr. Labouchere replies, "The only answer which I can give is that the matter has never caught my attention. I feel no shame in admitting that. The man who could unearth all the frauds perpetrated in all the government departments has not been born yet. If I can do my ten or a dozen per week, all the year round, I feel it is enough for an every-day character.

"But I have looked up her Majesty's twenty-four coast-guard cruisers, and the bearings of the swindle seem to be these: Five of the twenty-four are steamships that cannot steam, and the remainder are sailing ships that cannot sail. They spend the greater part of their time in harbor, or in the dock-yard; but some few of them are occasionally employed in the North Sea. They then serve the purpose of affording fun to the fishermen, who, when trade is slack, get them to go at full speed, and then amuse themselves by sailing round and round them."

Punch has a poem upon the Samoan disaster, of which we may be allowed to quote two stanzas. Alluding to the escape of the "Calliope," owing to the power of her engines, the verses run:

"And now was the time for such test as the measured-mile trials knew not,
Such strain as will find the least flaw, and such pressure as proves the weak spot.
Bad now if a draughtsman has bungled, bad now if a workman has scamped!
Picture now that swart first engineer, as they circled, and thudded, and champed.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Huzza! That's a cheer from the 'Trenton.' Brave hearts have those Yankees who hail
The 'Calliope's' plucky attempt, from the midst of a peril to pale
The cheek of Columbus himself—'Hail, Columbia,' the sound of that cheer
Will follow us, gallant four hundred, this many and many a year."

General Lord Wolseley, who has of late vigorously taken to writing for the magazines, discusses, in the May *Fortnightly*, whether "a soldier's life is worth living," and comes to the conclusion that it is. That is about all there is to say about the article.

In an article in *Murray*, upon the "Command of the Sea," Admiral Fanshawe, of the English navy, says, "But the power of the British Empire does not depend, as in those nations" (France and Prussia), "upon its military strength; it depends upon a navy, deriving its existence from vast commercial resources and financial credit. Should the British Empire be conquered in war, those vast commercial resources and financial credit will be crushed by its conquerors. Is it possible that these, like the armies of Prussia and France, can rise again in equal or greater strength than before? Many will answer, No: these, if once lost in war, are lost forever."

The *Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio*—a military monthly published in Rome—confines itself, as its title denotes, to articles upon fortification and gunnery. Diagrams and illustrations are quite profusely scattered through its pages, which also contain an extensive "Miscellany," reviewing the military progress of the world. Our own advances in this way are kept in view quite as much as those of their European neighbors.

The British War Office has sent Major-General Edwards to Australia to report on the local defenses. General Edwards is a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, who has served in the Crimea, the Indian mutiny, and the Soudan; and no doubt his mission is in part due to the numerous articles upon the subject of colonial defense lately published in England.

A late number of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* has a paper upon "The Military Defenses of Victoria," by Major Disney, late commandant Victorian military force. It appears that Victoria alone last year voted more than $675,000 for purposes of defense. The colonial military force was 5000, and the actual strength of all ranks 4837. In addition, 1380 men were on the military reserve, and receive no pay when not in actual service. A first-class reserve force has been formed, the members of which receive a retaining fee, contingent upon their performing a certain amount of drill in the year.

Beside this force there are 174 rifle clubs in the colony, with 4266 sworn-in members, exclusive of those in the mounted rifles and rifle volunteers. The colonial troops are divided into two portions,—the garrison force and the field force. The former man the works of Port Philip Bay, and, in conjunction with the local navy, lay and work the mines which defend Melbourne from attack by sea, as well as manning batteries at outlying ports. The engineers have charge of the submarine mining depot, electric lights on forts, etc.; and mines are

always kept loaded and ready for laying. The field force has a complete equipment, and there is always a fair amount of transportation available, with an organized medical and commissariat department, so that in twenty-four hours after the governor's proclamation they should be ready.

The colonial troops are trained precisely on the same lines as the regular troops in England, and although not much can be done in the way of punishment, the pay is so good that it is an inducement for men to behave well.

As yet, we believe, Australia has not any concerted plan among the colonies for federal defense; but Queensland and South Australia have adopted the Imperial Army Act for the government of their regular forces and of all troops when called out for service.

The colonies of Australia also own several powerful harbor-defense vessels, which are permanently stationed there in addition to the regular naval squadron.

In the same number from which we have just quoted is a closely-printed article of almost fifty pages, upon the subject of "Russian Infantry Tactics." It is really delightful reading, being, among other things, a commentary upon the influence of Souvarov, and the work of his disciple Dragomirov. "That Souvarov is great, and that Dragomirov is his prophet, sums up the opinion of nine-tenths of thinking Russians; and it becomes of the greatest importance to know how this writer continues to shape the teachings of his master into harmony with modern conditions of war."

Another article, translated from the Russian of Colonel von Fendrikh,—"The Organization of a Staff for Military Railway Work, and of a Central Management for the Control of Rolling Stock in War-Time,"—shows what the Continental authorities are doing in this important matter.

A Lieutenant Chamberlain has lately contributed a series of articles to *Colburn*, remonstrating in regard to the present system of naval education in the English service. He says, "When once the principle has been recognized that a *certain amount* of mathematical knowledge is necessary, then by all means let the boys be taught that amount in a thorough and business-like manner, instead of being packed off to sea just as they are beginning to pick it up. This applies with equal, if not greater, force to the study of seamanship; for a first-class mathematician may prove a wretched seaman, and a good seaman a bad hand at x, y, z; but as the navy is intended mainly for use in *war-time*, the intrinsic value of the latter will be far greater than that of the former when the hour of danger arrives." He proposes the entry of the cadet at the age of fourteen; his retention on board the training ship for four years; and then, at the age of eighteen, to go to sea as a sub-lieutenant, with possible promotion to the rank of lieuten-

ant at the age of twenty. Moreover, he would have no executive officer allowed to study at Greenwich until he has served at least four years in a sea-going ship.

Speaking of the age of officers, it may be interesting to some to know that about the end of last year there was a promotion in the English navy of four rear-admirals, eight post-captains, and fourteen commanders. The average age of the captains was forty years and five months: the oldest forty-four and the youngest thirty-eight years. Under the regulations only three of the eight have any chance of becoming rear-admirals. For the lieutenants who were promoted to commanders the average age was thirty-six years and eleven months: the oldest had been sixteen years and eight months a lieutenant, the youngest eleven years and seven months. Under the regulations only two of these officers can possibly become a flag-officer.

Lord Armstrong's article upon "England's Naval Programme," in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, has been so extensively republished that comment is almost unnecessary. On the whole, he is fully committed to the policy of increasing the gun-power of vessels of war at the expense of armor,—a very natural thing in a gunmaker, but borne out by obvious facts.

Nothing but armor of overwhelming weight can resist the modern ordnance; and to make a ship impervious also renders her loggy and slow. It is impossible to increase both armor and guns without overwhelming the vessel.

"Shot for shot," Lord Armstrong says, "the thicker the armor the greater and more destructive is the smash within when penetration is effected by heavy guns."

Why continue to build these enormously heavy ironclads, then? Because other nations are doing so?

The First Lord of the Admiralty, when his attention was called, in Parliament, to the statement in the *Engineer*, in regard to the performance of the "Calliope" at Apia, said, "The Admiralty practice is to make the propellers of her Majesty's ships of gun-metal, not of steel, and it is not considered that any advantage in speed would be realized by the substitution of manganese bronze. It is the case that the 'Calliope' was only able to make about half a knot when proceeding to sea in the late hurricane at Samoa. The screw-propeller of the 'Calliope' is of manganese bronze, and there are five other ships of the navy fitted with propellers of this material."

The chief-engineer of the "Calliope" has been made a fleet engineer.

EDWARD SHIPPEN,
Medical Director U.S.N.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

Gustavus Adolphus.

(*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*)

In Germany thousands of Protestant male infants, and in this country not a few, are christened Gustavus Adolphus. In most instances the name is given with little knowledge by the parents of the man whose name is thus honored. Gustavus Adolphus was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in the royal palace, December 9, 1594. His father was Charles IX. of Sweden. On the mother's side he was partly Danish and partly German. In his boyhood he made good progress in his studies, and became well educated and well read. At sixteen he engaged in military service, and soon came to understand the anatomy of an army and the mode of supplying and handling it. He was industrious, sober, dignified in demeanor, discriminating in the selection of advisers, and prudent in following advice. On the battle-field he displayed a valor sometimes amounting to rashness. His exposures of his person he justified as a matter of duty. Once, when remonstrated with, he said, "The soldier follows the example of his chief. Cæsar always showed himself in the first rank, and Alexander watered with his blood fields of battle."

When Charles died and Gustavus mounted the Swedish throne, December 6, 1611, he was just turned of seventeen. No young monarch ever had before him a more trying task. But Gustavus had a royal outfit such as few young rulers have had. First, he had strong sense; second, he had an industry that never once tired until duty was done; and, third, he had a resolute purpose to do duty if it cost his life. If we except Frederick the Great, what other monarch of the seventeenth or eighteenth century had this outfit? And it was needed by Gustavus, for few legitimate monarchs have been so sorely tried. Scarcely had he mounted the throne when, youth as he was, he had to take the field in a war against Denmark. He at once displayed two qualities of a military leader,—attention to supplies, that his men might keep in good heart, and swiftness in action. In a little more than a year he concluded an advantageous peace with Denmark. Immediately Gustavus engaged in a war with Russia, leading his army in person. He was fighting for the control of the Baltic. The strife lasted four years, when Swedish arms prevailed, and in February, 1617, Gustavus procured a favorable peace. Gustavus had got into repute throughout Europe as a warrior. Sigismund, king of Poland, had for some time claimed a right to the Swedish throne. He had made terms with Spain and with Denmark, and had attempted to excite a revolt in Sweden against Gustavus. No sooner was peace between Sweden and Russia concluded than Gustavus and Sigismund came to war. With occasional truces of varying length, this war continued till September 16, 1629, when peace, or nominally an armistice, was concluded greatly to the advantage of Sweden.

One of the truces had lasted more than a year, and included the year 1624. Gustavus was laborious, and spent the time at home in studying the resources of Sweden. He was a toilsome and wise ruler. He attended to the copper mines, to education, to religion, to the industries. He aided generously the University at Upsal. The Lutheran religion

prevailed in Sweden; but Gustavus was no bigot, and he took care that all faiths should be respected. He made important changes in the frame-work of the government, having in view the giving it stability. In all this work, but especially in the last, he had the advice and aid of Axel Oxenstierna. Except Richelieu, Oxenstierna was by odds the first statesman then living. He was intelligent, sagacious, just, and faithful. Nor is it too high praise to say that much—considerably more than half—of the splendor of fame that attaches to Gustavus's name belongs to Oxenstierna. But it proves high merit as a ruler in Gustavus that he had the perspicacity to perceive Oxenstierna's worth and the wisdom of his policies, and had also the courage and constancy to adopt and support those policies. Each was enlightened, liberal, and just, and each needed the other. Under the wise conduct and bold action of the two, Sweden had rapidly risen from being a cold, bleak, poverty-stricken nation, fit to be insulted by everybody, and counting for nothing in the family of nations, to being one of the leading powers. When Austria's domination required to be checked, Sweden was sought. Gustavus Adolphus had become in talent the first warrior and the first ruler of Europe.

Kings are human. When Gustavus had been but a year on the throne he fell dead in love with the prettiest girl in Sweden, Ebba Brahe. Ebba was willing, but Gustavus's mamma opposed the match. That was enough. In match-making diplomacy women excel men. The engagement was broken off, partly through the fault of Gustavus. A military officer got sight of Ebba. The femfnine heart yielded to shoulder-straps and bright buttons, and Ebba, beautiful and sprightly, became the wife of Jacob de la Gardie. Mamma had decided that her son Gustavus should marry Marie Eleonore, of Berlin, daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg, and reputed to be beautiful. Birkholt, Swedish Envoy at Berlin, gave a glowing report of the attractions of the German princess. Gustavus happened at the time not to be in the marrying mood, and he curtly suggested to Birkholt that he would do well to mind his business. But soon, after the manner of men, Gustavus forgot his Ebba, and then he wanted somebody else. It was given out that the king was going out on the Baltic for some days to try a new ship. He slipped down to Berlin in disguise. He saw "the rare and radiant maiden," Marie. Never had he seen a form so beautiful. There were political objections to the marriage; but Marie's mamma favored it. In match-making women rule, and the couple were married. It turned out that Gustavus married a beautiful little fool. In the marrying business we common folks have the advantage of kings.

It was in the Thirty Years' War that Gustavus Adolphus gained his chief glory. That was a religious war. The watch-word of Gustavus's army was "God with us;" that of his adversaries, "Jesus and Mary." Modern civilization was then in its intellectual infancy. Men had not learned the simple truth that in matters of faith every man has a right to be wrong. In every part of Europe whichever party was in power persecuted. Each charged the other with atrocities. Unfortunately, the charges made by each were true. During that long and terrible struggle of the Thirty Years' War villages and cities were laid in ashes, cultivated fields were devastated, men, women, and children, while engaged in their domestic pursuits, became the victims of brutality, and tens of thousands of brave soldiers were stretched on the fields. What was the question at issue? The right to think, or, in other phrase, the right to persecute, for in effect the phrases mean the same. Wherever either religion held power, it persecuted its adversaries.

In entering on the Thirty Years' War Gustavus had not much aid, but he had much opposition. Denmark and the Dutch favored him. England, under Charles I., was embroiled in domestic dissensions, and could take no hand in Continental strife. Spain was adverse, but not very effective. Ferdinand II., of Austria, was bitterly hostile, but was a poor ruler. Johann Georg, Elector of Saxony, sought to make up for his lack of honesty and manliness by straining hard to be smart, and, in fact, excelled

every other ruler in weakness and folly. As a Protestant he was hated by the Catholics; as a trickster he was hated and despised by the Protestants. Of Louis XIII. nothing need be said, for Louis was nobody. Richelieu was France. Richelieu was a Catholic,—even a Catholic cardinal,—but in political affairs he was first of all a prime minister, and as prime minister he hated Austria and Spain. France favored Gustavus.

In the spring of 1618 the Thirty Years' War began in Bohemia by a revolt. All Europe at once became excited. Christian IV., of Denmark, took the lead. He was worsted. In a battle fought near the village of Lutter, in 1626, against Tilly, Christian was beaten overwhelmingly. During these long years of strife Gustavus had behaved with caution. He knew the magnitude of the contest. He knew that Ferdinand's generals, Tilly and Wallenstein, were capable. At last the other Protestant States gave assurances that were satisfactory. On May 30, 1630, Gustavus, at the head of his army, embarked at Stockholm, and in five weeks landed on the south shore of the Baltic. Then began his part in the Thirty Years' War.

Without raising the question, how much of intellect is involved in the management of an army, it may at least be said that Gustavus was just. Wallenstein was a brigand, and will be execrated, and ought to be execrated, while history is read. His subordinates caught his spirit, and wherever he went, incendiarism, robbery, personal outrage, and devastation marked his path. However low the profession of arms may be held, it must also be held that Wallenstein degraded it. Even in regions friendly to him he was regarded with horror. Gustavus was just. He was just even to his enemies. Like Wellington, he was most severe to his own troops. Like Wellington, too, he found that severity to his own troops enabled him to command, not thieves, but soldiers; not a mob, but an army; and to find his triumphs not in murdering the families of peasants, stealing their horses and cattle, burning their houses and applying the torch to towns and cities, but in leading a brave, disciplined army to battle and to victory.

From the beginning Gustavus was successful. He earned success. He was well educated, able to converse in Latin and to read Greek with fluency. He had a good intellect, and knew how to appreciate the superior intellect of Oxenstierna, his constant adviser and intimate friend. He was prudent. Gustavus reflected before he acted. He did not aspire to be brilliant; he preferred to be sensible. Especially, he was industrious. It is better to say that he was toilsome. Like Frederick the Great, he worked harder than any other man in his army. He shunned no danger. If the enemy's works are to be inspected, only Gustavus can do it, and, being near-sighted, he must go closer than a subordinate would need to go. If in battle a regiment hesitated to advance against a terrific fire, he gallops to its head with the shout, "My brave lads, follow me!" Whatever duty demands that will Gustavus do; wherever duty calls there will Gustavus go. He earned success.

When he reached the south coast of the Baltic he found Tilly. To effect a landing in the presence of an alert enemy was no easy job. Gustavus landed. To secure his communications with Sweden was equally difficult. Gustavus succeeded. In the region of his landing port he captured city after city. But Tilly was awake. He occupied Leipsic, a city which he knew Gustavus must have. The Swedes, when all was ready, pushed for it. Tilly marched out to give battle, and seized a strong position near the village of Breitenfeld. Gustavus had forty-two thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were Saxons, under Georg, Saxon Elector. About noon of September 7, 1631, Gustavus attacked. The fight was bloody. The Saxons behaved with cowardice. Georg himself put spurs to his horse and ran like a hare for miles to the village of Eulenberg, where he spent the rest of the day in drinking beer. The Swedes fought like tigers. They gained a complete victory. Tilly was not only beaten, but miserably routed, losing all his artillery and more than eleven thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

To the imperialists the blow was stunning. Gustavus started at once for the southwest. His march was a march of uninterrupted triumph. He spent the winter at Frankfort and Mayence. In the spring he pushed east and occupied Augsburg, Landshut, Nuremburg, Donauwerth, and finally Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Meanwhile, Wallenstein has not been idle. He is at the head of a large army at Leipsic. Gustavus marches to meet him. Wallenstein is in line of battle on the north side of the road from Lutzen to Leipsic, his right resting on the village of Lutzen. On November 5, 1632, at night, Gustavus confronted Wallenstein. The next morning a heavy fog covered the earth. At eleven o'clock it rose. Gustavus was numerically weaker than Wallenstein, and so, just before the battle, his army sang the song, "Our God is for Us a Strong Fortress." On both sides the fighting was desperate. Soon the Swedish centre began to be overborne by superior numbers. The king galloped up to them and shouted, "Follow me, my brave boys!" Being then in advance of his troops, he was a target for the enemy. A ball struck him in his left arm and broke it. Soon some of his men noticed it, and said, "The king bleeds." "It is nothing," said Gustavus, with an assuring smile; "forward!" But the blood poured out copiously, and the king became so weak that he was being led to the rear, when at the same moment he received several shots in his body. He reeled and fell. His foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged by his frightened horse some distance. Soon after a body of the enemy rushed up to where he was lying; he was recognized, and a blow on the head caused his death. Duke Bernhard was next in command. At first it was thought prudent to conceal the disaster of the king's death. But his horse, with an empty and bloody saddle, had been seen by too many. Bernhard, making a virtue of necessity, fired the Swedish heart, calling on them to avenge the death of their king. Never did troops fight better. Their fury soon began to tell. Wallenstein's line began to waver. At that lucky moment Pappenheim, in command of about ten thousand imperial troops, appears. Wallenstein's forces again take heart. The Swedes are pressed back; both sides fighting like demons. The issue is doubtful. Neither will yield. Then comes another accident. Pappenheim falls, mortally wounded. The imperialists are discouraged. Their cavalry flee, taking the road to Leipsic. Just at nightfall Bernhard orders an advance along his whole line; Wallenstein falls back in haste and confusion, and the battle is ended. The Swedish army has triumphed, but Gustavus Adolphus, the best general and the best monarch of his day, lies dead.

The body of Gustavus was embalmed, and was finally buried at Stockholm. He was tall and strongly built, of blonde complexion and with golden-yellow hair. His bearing was dignified without severity, his manner affable and amiable, and he had a large amount of that personal magnetism which attaches men. But his chief attractions were strong sense and sincerity. He died at thirty-eight. If he had lived a few years longer what changes he would have effected in the political geography of Europe it is idle to conjecture. It is not unlikely that he would have become King of Germany, for the more men came to know him the more confidence they reposed in him. It is certain that up to the time of Frederick the Great, Europe, including England, had no monarch comparable in substantial worth with Gustavus Adolphus.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, JR.

A Real Sea-Serpent.

"WHAT'S the matter with ye?" shouted a tall, raw-boned fisherman, seizing a still taller and thinner companion in furs who had staggered in a foggy condition into a Seguin grocery and, in open defiance of the law, called for Medford and molasses. "What d'ye mean," continued the speaker, giving the bewildered individual another shake that caused a rain of navy plug, sinkers, trawl-hooks, and mackerel-plows, "by rushin' intew a law-abidin', quiet section like as ef ye was all stove up?"

"I am stove, Bill," replied the other, in a high key, bringing himself together

with a jerk, and, swallowing a compound that was taken from a stone jar labeled "Arnold's Writing Fluid," he said, "Ef I hain't seen that 'ere blessed sea-sarpint. Wall, no matter; jest a drap more o' that writin' fluid, Amos, and I'll give ye the account as I hev it. I hope this 'ere fluid's been through the custom-house. I ain't meanin' no offense tew yaou, but ef that stuff hain't got a flavor of Gillis's tradin' schooner's bilge,—her that's in the Havana trade, —then I'm losin' my smell. I'll tell ye how I kem to make the remark. I took a voyage in her afore she was hogged. We took in Havana and brought a load of oranges tew New York and several barrels of Spanish cider under the floorin' tew Boothbay, and afore this 'ere cider was put in the market the old man thought he'd water his stock, and draw'd on a water compartment he'd hed rigged, and somehow the bilge leaked in, the old man never found it aout, and for six months arter that queer-tastin' stuff was a-goin' the raounds. Some sold it as forty-year brandy, some as Spanish rum, and the different names that old bilge gev that stuff was a caution; but ef yaou say this ain't the same, all right.

"Sea-sarpint? Wall, I was a-goin' tew say when Amos broke in on me, ye know Newagen Ledge? Wall, I struck over there tew see old Faber,—curious old chap a-livin' there and oncet an old mate o' mine. When I seen him I ran along daown shore tew sell some lobsters that was caught daown in Massachusetts waters. I hauled my boat up afore a house, and was a-walkin' up when a feller kem a-runnin' oaut, hair a-flyin', and pintin' oaut tew sea, yells, 'What's that?' I turned and looked, and then we both started down the rock lickity-split, a-watchin' the cussedest-lookin' cuss y' ever see. What was it? Wall, that's jest what I'm arter myself. I never see the like afore. First off I thought it was a school of puffers [porpoises] a-comin', but the humps like kept in sight all the time, and we see it belonged tew one and the same critter, and I took it tew be a long snake-like critter. Haow long? Wall, I should say I caounted twenty humps, and they was about three foot apart; that would make it abaout sixty foot. It was a-movin' along the rocks abaout as fast as we could run, and me and this 'ere stranger was a-goin' it head over the rocks and so excited he didn't know what his name was when I asked him. 'That's the sea-sarpint!' he yelled when the critter turned aout tew sea, and you could see the form and wake just as plain as I see yaou. 'I'll give yaou five thousand dollars ef yaou'll catch it,' says he. 'I wouldn't tackle it for ten,' says I, and nary I wouldn't. Then he let on tew cuss and swear dretful; said we were lookin' at a fortune and couldn't lay our hands on it. 'Why,' says he, 'ef we could catch the sea-sarpint and show it, we could make a million dollars.' He must hev been a little wrong in his head."

"What did it look like?" asked the aforesaid Amos.

"Wall," was the reply, "it looked tew me like a big snake, black as a whale, and kind o' wriggled along. No, I didn't see no head, but I was so took back and upsot that I didn't know where I was, and the head might hev been stickin' up, for all I know. Wall, the first thing I knowed the critter was aout o' sight and I lit aout for hum, and when I was abaout two miles off Seguin, here, I heard a big slosh astarn, and, begorry, there was that selfsame critter a-bowlin' along right astarn. "Scart? I felt my hair a-risin' and was that took I couldn't move. On it kem, I a-layin' still, and passed clost tew the boat. I see its body a-shinin' and the humps, but no head, no trawl, no shark, no porpoises, no whale nor black fish; it was suthin' what 'ain't been seen raound these parts afore, I'll swan. I was that scart that I couldn't steer the boat, and up she kem in the wind, and I a-layin' there, a-snortin', and I reckon the flap of the sail must hev scart the cuss, for it went daown, and I pulled for the shore for all I was worth, and here I am. Jest a little more o' that writin' fluid, Amos—so."

"Wall," said one of the attentive listeners, "I've heard my old man tell abaout a cur'us critter that us'ter cruise araound here abaout fifty years ago,

scarin' folks to death; but I allus thought they was a-foolin' or hed seen a dream or sech."

"There wa'n't no dreamin' abaout this," said the demoralized sight-seer. "It ain't likely I'd git scart over a dream twice in the same day,—broad daylight, too. Why, if I'd hed the fixin's I could 'a' put an iron intew the critter jest as easy as rollin' off a log. I reckon yaou hev seen sech things, Captain Perkins?" said the speaker, addressing himself to an old mariner who had been a close listener and conscientious drinker during the recital.

"Wall, naow ye put a leadin' question," replied the captain; "I'm 'bliged to say I hev; but it wasn't eggzactly the kind o' sarpint yaou mean. You've all hearn tell of my brother Tom, what accumulated such a fortune in the tavern business? Jest so. Wall, when he started in he had a little tavern on the beach,—held abaout twenty, I calkilate, —and every summer he got addin' on and addin' on till he got quite a place, big enough to hold all he could git in. Then he went tew work devisin' haow tew make folks come with a rush. He hed boat-racin' and tub-matches and sech tew bring crowds. One day I kem in. I was a-fishin' for the haouse, and he sed to me, tippin' me a wink, 'Bill, you've seen that sea-sarpint what's been raound here, haven't ye?' 'I believe I hev,' says I. 'Wall,' says he, 'if fifty dollars is any inducement for that old cuss to hang off shore here for a few days next week *I* know who'll provide the cash;' and dew yaou know," said the captain, stirring up the fluid with the stem of his pipe, "that the sea-sarpint did appear jest at that time, and the crowds that kem daown to see it abaout eat and drinked up the hull place. The hull place was black with folks, swearin' mad 'cause they couldn't git no boat tew go aout and harpoon the critter; for there it was abaout a mile off shore, abaout a hundred foot long, a-rollin' abaout,—see it as plain as nothin' in the glass.

"Haow was it done? Wall, I know it won't git aout here, bein' all neighbors, so I don't mind lettin' on and givin' the rec-i-pe. Tew make a sea-sarpint yaou want about a hundred barrel-hoops and abaout two hundred yards o' tarred muslin. Hev yer muslin sewed intew a funnel abaout sixty foot long and two foot across, and brace it aout with the hoops. Pint off the ends, rig a mane on the head of kelp, put abaout twenty sinkers in it at reg'lar interwals,—that makes the humps; then hire up all the boats abaout so't none o' these 'ere investigaters kin git at it, and anchor it off shore in a long line, and ye'll draw the hull country raound; that's jest what old Captain Bob did.

"But," added the captain, "I ain't sayin' but what there's some sech livin' critter in the sea. I've hearn folks tell on 'em, and I knowed 'em to be professors of religion. But what catches me is, if there *is* sech a critter, why don't they ever git washed in?"

"Haow is it ye never see a puffer washed in?" asked Amos.

"Whoever faound a dead bird or critter in the woods?" asked some one else. "'Cause they gits eat up afore they're found; that's the reason."

A Blessing with a Limitation.

It chanced some thirteen or fourteen years ago that a number of time-expired men were about to be transferred from the "Monocacy," on the Asiatic Station, for passage home on one of the Pacific mail steamers, and the men, with their bags and hammocks, were gathered in line on the quarter-deck. The commanding officer was very popular with the crew,—a happy and contented ship's company,—and when he came on deck to witness the departure of the men, Commander F—— gave them a kindly send-off with a few parting words of advice. One of them, a man named Gannon, as he was stepping over the gangway, turned towards his old commander, saying, "Good-by, Captain F——, and good luck to you, and God bless you and the flag that flies over you!" So, in varied ways, he extended his benedictions to several officers who happened to be there. Then, turning to the executive, Lieutenant-Commander C——, who had often been compelled to restrict Gannon's privileges on account of his love of the

"cratur," and making a most obsequious bow, he exclaimed in his richest brogue, "An' may God bless *you*, too, Mr. C——, *to a sartin extint!*" The peculiar emphasis, and the always ready wit of the man being so well understood, left no doubt as to the meaning of that parting shaft sent at the worthy executive. "Well, C——," exclaimed Captain F——, "I've heard of a many blessings, but I never heard of one with a limitation before."

THOMAS GIBBONS, *U.S.N.*

Proud of his Appearance.

I REMEMBER, years ago, a most egregiously blundering and simple-minded Irishman, a fireman aboard the "Kearsarge," on the Asiatic Station, who was often in trouble, where "the boot shines," for liberty breaking. He extended his good time on shore so long on one occasion, at Shanghai, that a reward was sent out for his arrest, and quickly a police-officer brought the delinquent on board, arrayed in a startling light checkered tweed suit and a fancy straw hat. As he was arraigned on the quarter-deck, the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander D——, carefully surveying him, exclaimed, "Well, you are a pretty fellow!" A smile instantly lit up Connor's face as he replied, "Yis, sur, the missus at the Garibaldi saloon towld me that same, sur," believing that the executive was admiring his gorgeous display; and no one could e er drive anything into his head to the contrary. T. G.

Demanding his Rights.

THERE is a class of men in the navy known as "sea lawyers,"—men blessed, or cursed, with no end of tongue and their own interpretation of the "Naval Regulations." On the slightest pretext they desire to "state their case" to the executive authority. It occurs, however, that they sometimes get a Roland for their Oliver. One such man, careless at drill and all other duties, appeared on the quarter-deck one morning to seek his rights. "Jack's" story was patiently listened to by the first lieutenant, over whose face a grimly-humorous smile occasionally played. Finally, he asked the man if he had improved in his drill. "Yes, sir," was the reply. Then "Attention! Salute! Right about face! Quick march!" were the orders rapidly given by the smiling officer; and no further word of command was uttered to bring the astonished man back to the quarter-deck to learn the result of his eloquence upon the executive. T. G.

Two Kings.

OH, Gertie! dear Gert., I'm so happy, I've two beaux in spite of the prudes;
One is Buck, the bold King of the Cowboys, one is Berry, the King of the Dudes.
Buck goes in for shirts made of flannel and trousers of leather and skin;
While Berry sports Rock's festive garments, that costeth a bushel of tin.
Berry he loafs at the Hoffman and drinks a "small bottle" with ice;
Buck goes down to Dan's, in the Bowery, and for whisky he shaketh the dice.
Berry smokes Reina Victorias, Plantations, and also Key West;
Buck cuts up his black plug tobacco and swears that clay pipes are the best.
Berry takes in all the operas and germans, receptions, and teas;
Buck greatly enjoys slugging matches and Madison Garden *swar-rees*.
Berry reads Byron and Swinburne, and with Browning is rather *au fait;*
Buck says that Jack Crawford and Carleton are the only live poets of the day.
Buck wears a broad belt filled with bullets and a Colt's 45 at his side,
Huge spurs grace his heels, and, dear Gertie, just gamble your pug he can ride.
Though Berry at times, just as duty, shows up at the meet clothed in pink,
As a horseman his warmest admirers would not back him heavy, I think.
Though these kings on this side of the water don't move in the very same set,
Yet in London, Buck T——r, dear Gertie, comes out way on top, you can bet.
When he lay in the sick ward in London, a-list'ning to groans, screams, and yelps,
A pasteboard was brought to his bedside,—'twas an Envoy's! 'twas Minister Phelps'!

Poor Berry last week was knocked over
with asthma or colic or chills;
The missives that came to his bedside
were simply long-due tailor bills.
So tell me, dear Gertie, do tell me, which
one of these monarchs to choose:
Dear Buck, in his long-legged cow-hides,
or Berry in low tooth-pick shoes?
Yes, Gertie, I pray thee, dear, tell me,
in spite of the spinsters and prudes,
Shall it be Buck, the King of the Cow-
boys, or Berry, the King of the
Dudes? CLYTIE.

Nautical Eloquence.

A SPEAKER who attempts to use nautical metaphors should be very thoroughly familiar with the sea and with the working of a ship, or he will surely come to grief if he has an audience of sea-faring men.

Many well-meaning clergymen try this thing when called on to address nautical audiences, and nearly always make some *faux pas*.

Even Father Taylor, the very prince of sailor preachers, who came nearer to the heart of "Jack" than any other ever did, was once silenced by a compliment to his eloquence. He had depicted the impenitent sinner under the figure of a dreadfully storm-tossed ship, with her sails split, and driven by a fearful winter gale towards the rock-bound coast of Cape Ann.

"How! oh, how!" he exclaimed, with clasped hands and in tones of despair, "shall this poor sin-tossed sinner be saved?"

Instantly an old salt in the gallery, who had listened with open mouth and straining eyes to the preacher, jumped to his feet, and, in a stentorian voice which would have sounded above the yellings of a hurricane, shouted, "Let him put his helm hard down, and bear away for Squam!"

ANOTHER good parson, who was supplying a pulpit in a sea-side town, thought it necessary, by way of impressing the truth more distinctly upon the congregation,—many of whom were seamen,—to draw the figure of a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head-wind. Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, he knew little of seamanship; and, after putting the ship into several singular positions, he cried, in an emphatic tone, "What are we to do next?"

"The Lord only knows," shouted a disgusted old tar at the back of the church, "unless you let her drift starn-foremost!"

Derelict.

(*From the Portland Transcript.*)

SHE wanders up and down the main
Without a master, nowhere bound:
The currents turn her round and
round,
Her track is like a tangled skein;
And never helmsman by his chart
So strange a way as hers may steer
To enter port or to depart
For any harbor, far or near.

The waters clamor at her sides,
The winds cry through her cordage
torn;
The last sail hangs, to tatters worn.
Upon the waves the vessel rides
This way or that, as winds may shift;
In ghastly dance when airs blow balm,
Or held in deep lethargic calm,
Or fury hunted, wild, adrift.

When south winds blow, does she recall
Spices and golden fruits in store?
Or north winds, nets off Labrador,
The iceberg's iridescent wall?
Or east, the isles of Indian seas?
Or west, new ports and sails unfurled?
Her voyages all round the world
To mock her with old memories?

For her no light-house sheds a ray
Of crimson warning from its tower;
No watchers wait in hope the hour
To greet her coming up the bay;
No trumpet speaks her, hearty, hoarse;
Or if a captain hail at first,
He sees her for a thing accursed,
And turns his own ship from her course.

Alone, in desperate liberty,
She forges on; and how she fares
No man alive inquires or cares,
Though she were sunk beneath the sea.
Her helm obeys no firm control,
She drifts, a prey for storms to take,
For sands to clutch, for rocks to break,
A ship condemned, like a lost soul.

Naval Epitaphs.

It cannot be a common circumstance for a sailor to serve under two distinguished naval commanders, of different nationalities, in two famous victories,—one of war, the other of peace,—after an intervening period of half a century. Yet an old time-worn epitaph records such a fact. The picturesque foreign cemetery of Yokohama, Japan, where many a mother's darling—sailors and soldiers and fortune-hunters of many nations—sleeps calmly and well, is a place of historic interest, and a glance at the records there reveals some features of the stormy and dangerous times when the country was opened to foreigners by the tact and patience of Commodore M. C. Perry, U.S.N. The veteran sailor, who served under Nelson and Perry, is buried in Yokohama Cemetery, with the following inscription on the stone above his grave:

In Memory of George F. Horton,
deceased Aug. 2nd, 1865, aged 86 years.
He was a VETERAN in the AMERICAN
and BRITISH NAVIES.
PEACE TO HIS ASHES.
He fought under Lord Nelson at Trafalgar
and the Nile.
He was with Commodore Perry in his 1st
and 2nd Expeditions to Japan.

On the summit of the hill, near to the entrance-gate of the same cemetery, is raised a granite monument, and the record thereon again brings to mind a fearful disaster which befell our naval service nearly twenty years ago:

IN MEMORY
of the
OFFICERS AND MEN
who went down with the
U. S. S. ONEIDA,
when that vessel was sunk,
while homeward bound,
by the steam ship
BOMBAY,
in Yeddo Bay, Japan,
January 24, 1870.

The sinking of the "Oneida" is a mournful story of the sea. "On the afternoon of January 24, 1870, the sloop-of-war 'Oneida' left the port of Yokohama to return to the United States after a three years' cruise. When fifteen miles from port, in the Bay of Yeddo, after the darkness of night had shut in, the 'Oneida' was run into by the British mail steamer 'Bombay,' bound for Yokohama, and cut down to the water's edge." The "Oneida" went down by the stern in less than ten minutes, and twenty-one officers and ninety-five men went with her to the bottom. T. G.

It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half-century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which, in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep Beecham's Pills, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

Drink that is Healthful.—Use by the public for one hundred years, with ever-widening popularity, ought to be sufficient proof of the excellence of an article of food. Such is the testimonial submitted to the good sense of housekeepers by the proprietors of Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa. Of the legion who cannot drink tea or coffee steadily without deleterious effects, probably nearly all have tried this article, and thousands have from choice substituted it permanently at the table for the less nutritious drinks. It is a healthful, refreshing, and delicious beverage. Its vastly-increased consumption has enabled its proprietors to place it upon the market at a lower price than ever before, while guaranteeing that its established reputation for absolute purity shall remain unimpaired.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Illinois Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 9, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Maj. **Frank Clendenin**; Capt. **Daniel W. Mills**; 2d Lieut. **James W. Porter**; Capt. **Millard J. Sheridan.**

TO THE SECOND CLASS.—Mr. **Daniel B. Dyer.**

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 12, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS. — **Charles Myron Holton**, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; **Obadiah Bennett Hayden**, Capt. U.S.V.; **Henry L. Achilles**, Capt. U.S.V.

TO THE SECOND CLASS. — **Eugene Merwin Carr.**

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 5, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—2d Lt. **William T. Sinclair**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Edward Halleck Hoag**, U.S.V.

TO THE THIRD CLASS.—**John James Ingalls.**

Colorado Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 7, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Capt. **Matthew Adams**; Major **Otis Remick.**

TRANSFERS.

Illinois Commandery.

Lt.-Col. **Thomas F. Barr**, to District of Columbia Commandery; Chaplain **Arthur Little**, to Massachusetts Commandery; Act. 1st Asst. Eng'r **Warren Ewen**, to California Commandery.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

THE following is a report from the Journal of the Sixth Quadrennial Congress, held at Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10 and 11, 1889.

April 10.

Extract. . . .

The Congress called to order by Commander-in-Chief Rutherford B. Hayes, presiding.

Roll called by Recorder-in-Chief John P. Nicholson.

The following Companions, Representatives, were present:

Commander-in-Chief Rutherford B. Hayes, *presiding.*

Recorder-in-Chief John P. Nicholson.

Pennsylvania.—David McM. Gregg, Wm. H. Lambert, Edw. E. Potter, U.S.N.

New York.—John Cochrane, Charles A. Carleton, George De F. Barton.

Maine.—Lewis Merrill.

Massachusetts.—Simon G. Griffin, Arnold A. Rand, Henry B. Peirce.

California.—Wm. R. Smedberg.

Wisconsin.—George I. Robinson, Chandler P. Chapman, A. Ross Houston.

Illinois.—Charles W. Davis, James L. High, Wm. E. Strong.

District of Columbia.—Charles F. Manderson, Wm. P. Huxford, Albert Ordway.

Ohio.—J. D. Cox, Robert Hunter.

Michigan.—Wm. H. Withington, Geo. W. Chandler, Wm. Ludlow.

Minnesota.—Judson W. Bishop, L. A. Grant, Geo. Q. White.

Missouri.—Chas. E. Pearce, Wm. R. Hodges, Nelson Cole.

Nebraska.—N. S. Harwood, J. W. Paddock.

Kansas.—J. D. Barker, J. H. Gillpatrick.

Iowa.—Wm. T. Shaw, Wm. G. Cummings, Hoyt Sherman.

Colorado.—E. Aaron Gove, Myron W. Reed, E. W. Hincks.

Indiana.—Benj. B. Peck, Jas. S. Ostrander, Peter D. Keyser.

Companion Arnold A. Rand, Massachusetts:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Congress be tendered to the Commandery of Ohio for the excellent arrangements made for the meeting of the Congress."

Companion John Cochrane, New York:

"*Resolved*, That the courtesies extended in the invitation from the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce be accepted with the thanks of the Congress."

Companion Charles F. Manderson, District of Columbia:

"*Resolved*, That the Military Order of the Loyal

Legion of the United States, in Congress assembled, sends hearty greeting to William Tecumseh Sherman, and expresses the hope that the good health which he now enjoys may continue, and that his days may be long in the land for which he has done so much."

Companion Charles F. Manderson, District of Columbia:

"*Resolved*, That the Commander-in-Chief, Recorder-in-Chief, and four Companions, Representatives in this Congress, who may be called by the Commander-in-Chief to aid in the work, shall constitute a Committee on Language and Style of the Constitution and By-Laws, whose duty it shall be with all convenient speed to correct any manifest errors in language or displacement of words; but this authority shall not be construed as granting authority to make any change in the substance or sense of either Constitution or By-Laws."

Commander-in-Chief Hayes, and Recorder-in-Chief Nicholson, as named, and Companions John Cochrane, New York; Wm. H. Lambert, Pennsylvania; Albert Ordway, District of Columbia; and Chandler P. Chapman, Wisconsin, constitute the Committee.

Companion John Cochrane, New York:

"*Resolved*, That the Constitution and By-Laws which have been adopted shall be promulgated and take effect July 4, 1889."

Companion L. A. Grant, Minnesota:

"*Resolved*, That the invitation of the Commandery of the State of Minnesota be accepted, and the Seventh Congress of the Order held in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota."

Companion Lewis Merrill, Maine:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Congress are tendered to the Commandery of the State of Ohio for the very generous hospitality and hearty welcome extended to the Representatives of the Order."

Companion Albert Ordway, District of Columbia:

"*Resolved*, That the expenses of the Sixth Congress be assessed *pro rata* upon the Commanderies of the Order."

Companion John Cochrane, New York:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Congress be extended to the Commander-in-Chief and Recorder-in-Chief for the ability and zeal they have shown in respect to the arrangement and preparation of the new Constitution."

By command of

Brevet Major-General RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, U.S.V.,
Commander-in-Chief.

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.V.,
Official. *Recorder-in-Chief.*

ATTENTION is called to the following invitation from the Commandery of Wisconsin:

THE COMING G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

Preparations for the reception and entertainment of visiting Companions of the Order, during the encampment in the last week in August next, are well advanced. A suitable building at a central point has been secured as head-quarters for the week, and an invitation is sent by the Committee to each and every member of the Order to visit the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin and receive its welcome and hospitality. Companions who may purpose spending the week, or only a day or so, are urgently requested to write to the Committee in advance, that quarters may be secured for them. *This cannot be done too soon.* Captains Edward Ferguson, Irving M. Bean, and A. Ross Houston, of Milwaukee, are the members of the Committee.

THE Commandery-in-Chief, in Circular No. 4, current series, announces the membership of the Order, April 30, 1889, as follows:

Commandery of	Membership.			
	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	Total.
Pennsylvania	680	28	8	716
New York	722	34	5	761
Maine	77	3	...	80
Massachusetts	654	23	17	694
California	529	22	14	565
Wisconsin	174	6	4	184
Illinois	325	16	6	347
District of Columbia	440	18	1	459
Ohio	562	24	7	593
Michigan	196	4	4	204
Minnesota	219	15	4	238
Oregon	69	7	...	76
Missouri	212	5	5	222
Nebraska	115	7	2	124
Kansas	210	12	4	226
Iowa	98	5	3	106
Colorado	82	1	...	83
Indiana	97	5	...	102
Totals	5461	235	85	5781

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THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to be ***a Wonderful Medicine.***

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly ***restore females*** to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH;

IMPAIRED DIGESTION;

DISORDERED LIVER;

they **ACT LIKE MAGIC**:—***a few doses*** will work wonders upon the Vital **Organs**; **Strengthening** the muscular **System**; restoring long-lost **Complexion**; bringing back the **keen edge of appetite**, and arousing with the **ROSEBUD OF HEALTH** the ***whole physical energy*** of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.** Full directions with each box.

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WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try **BEECHAM'S PILLS.**

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.

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THE UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

NEW SERIES.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Army Reform. By WILLIAM H. POWELL, Major U.S.A.	225
II.	Our Naval Policy. By RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, Lieutenant U.S.N.	234
III.	The Future of Canada. By JAMES W. BELL	240
IV.	Old Uniforms of the United States Service. By H. D. SMITH, First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service	260
V.	Curiosities of Nautical Nomenclature. By F. S. BASSETT, Lieutenant U.S.N. (retired)	272
VI.	The Militia as an Element of National Defense. By a LIEUTENANT-COLONEL	280
VII.	From Bars to Stars. By EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES	288
VIII.	A Story of the Rebellion. By W. R. HAMILTON, Lieutenant U.S.A.	296
IX.	Among Our Contemporaries. By EDWARD SHIPPEN, Medical Director U.S.N.	307
X.	Service Salad	320
XI.	Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States	332

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UNITED SERVICE.

SEPTEMBER 1889.

ARMY REFORM.

WHY should we longer close our eyes to the fact, when those least familiar with the details of the service are perfectly well aware that our whole system of recruiting is a failure? The present method may have been the proper one a hundred or even fifty years ago; but to argue that it does not need a change is to assert that we have no need to put an end to desertions from the army.

Our authorities at Washington, in looking for the causes of desertion, have simply been cutting off the tops of the weeds and have left the tap-root untouched. We believe that the direct cause is to be found in the method of recruitment. If we had the proper men enlisted in that which we deem the proper way, there would be little or no desertion. There is too much freedom in civil life as compared with the restraint necessary to preserve discipline in a military life. As a rule, the men we get in the army, owing to our present recruiting system, are not the young men who are brought up under home influence and trained to obedience, as is the case in our smaller towns and in the country; but they are generally from among the roughest element of our largest cities, having become rough from the fact that they would not yield to the influences of their original surroundings, and have run away from their homes to avoid the discipline there enforced, or are confirmed drunkards of an uncertain age.

Now, there are men who will desert anything,—home, friends, wives, children, or anything else,—and it is as useless to try to hold them to service in this free and independent country as it is to stop the roll of the sea. Do we not have desertions among our bank cashiers and others who hold important trusts?

Some enlisted men, who have lived too fast in civil life, enter the

army and attempt to do the same in their new sphere; and having their pay to spend as they please without having to give a thought as to where their bread and butter is to come from (knowing that they are not liable for any debts they contract), run up large bills with the traders and the pot-houses that beset the outskirts of all military reservations. The end of this is, that they are dunned every time they put their feet into these places, and are finally cut off from all credit. Mortified in the presence of their companions, and feeling their own insignificance among honorable men, they desert to get away from the odium attaching to them. Then they will go off and enlist as recruits in other regiments, where the same things will be repeated.

Some desert for exactly the same reason that they entered the army, —because they had married unfortunately and were dissatisfied with their homes and surroundings. A case of this kind came under our observation not more than a month ago. One morning a man was reported as having deserted from the post the previous night. That day, when the mail-wagon came in from the railroad, it brought a woman and a child, who proved to be the wife and child of the man that had deserted. They had traveled all the way from Pennsylvania to a point west of the Missouri River. Every one thought it was inhuman in the man to run off at this time, particularly as the woman was without money and had no permission to remain at the post. She, however, was kindly cared for by some of the laundresses until she could send home to get the means of returning. In the mean time she sought an interview with the commanding officer. Her appearance was enough to condemn her; she was bedecked with tawdry jewelry,—necklace, locket, breastpin, finger- and ear-rings,—and had a face on her as expressionless as stone. With an impudent manner, she flourished a letter in the commanding officer's face, and told him she wanted him to make an application to the Secretary of War for the discharge of her husband. This request of her's was simply smiled at; but she was informed that her husband was a deserter, and that no application for his discharge would be considered by the authorities until he either surrendered or was captured,—at least not until he was again in the military service. She said that she knew he was a deserter,—that he had deserted once before,—and now insisted on having his discharge, according to the letter from the Secretary of War. Upon an examination of the letter she produced, it was found to be an endorsement from the Adjutant-General's office at Washington, on an application of her own for the discharge of her husband, informing her that the application must come from the man himself. This fact could not be drummed into the woman's head; she was determined that the commanding officer should make the application in the absence of her husband, or he (the commanding officer) would have to support her; and went so

far as to threaten him. She was kindly advised what to do, as no one present had any power in the matter; but she knew better; she knew what the regulation was; and wasn't there her letter?

The interview had taken place in the presence of other officers, and when the woman was subsequently gotten rid of, a voice was heard to remark, "Well, if I had a wife like that, and she came where I was, I would desert myself." An examination into the case, as is necessary by orders, revealed the fact that the man had run away from home and enlisted to get rid of his wife; had deserted once before to get rid of her when she found out where he was; and deserted the second time when she tracked him to Dakota. There are not a few cases of this kind.

Then there are those who desert because sometimes a post becomes depleted from proper causes, and there is a little more work than usual to do. These fellows having originally enlisted because they did not wish to work to make an honest living, therefore make the plea that the army is worked too hard, and they have to desert because their poor bodies can't stand the fatigue. The fact, however, is, that if the soldier worked every minute of the day, from seven to twelve o'clock A.M., and from one to five o'clock P.M., each day in the week except Sunday, he would receive more compensation for it than any laboring man wherever employed. The greenest recruit, from the day he enlists, is furnished his board, lodging, and clothing, and at the end of every month thirteen dollars to spend, throw away, or save; and this is done as regularly as the seasons roll around, whether he is sick or well. In addition to this, if he be sick, he has a physician to attend him and medicines furnished, all free of cost to him, and none of his pay deducted for lost time while he is sick. Now, if any laboring man, no matter how sober and steady he is, will tell me that, after he has his necessary expenses paid for the year round, he has clear thirteen dollars each month, he knows that he will be telling what is not true.

Intemperance has a great deal to do with the evil of desertion, and many a man has forsaken his colors while under the influence of liquor who would never have thought of doing so when sober. Such men—and some of them are very excellent, leaving out the curse of liquor to them—seek the army because they cannot obtain employment outside and continue their drunkenness. These are always enlisted in the largest cities. About one-half of their time is spent in the guardhouse, and their cases furnish the business for our numerous courts-martial.

We have given a number of reasons why men desert from the service. Let us see if we can find a remedy. The first that comes to our mind is to obtain a different class of men. What, then, is the best method of doing this? We say at once, abandon the system of recruiting in the large cities, where all the worst element of mankind

concentrates. Recruiting from this class of men is in itself sufficient to lower the morals of the soldier, and a little leaven of this kind makes a bad loaf of the whole company.

We believe that there should be certain districts in the United States apportioned to each regiment in the service, wherein recruits could be enlisted; and when a regiment needed fifty or more men the colonel should have power to send a recruiting party through his district (having previously sent notices, to be placarded or distributed by the postmasters of various small towns, that a recruiting party would visit the places at a specified time). This would not only give an opportunity to the recruiting officers to inquire into the characters of the men presenting themselves for enlistment, but such men as were recruited would have a local attachment to each other, the district would have a local pride in the regiment in which its men were serving, while the men themselves—after joining the regiment—would be in constant communication through each other with their homes and friends. Should one of these men desert, it would certainly become known through the correspondence of the others, and he would never dare to go back and confront the odium that would be heaped upon him—to say nothing of the probability of his being arrested—by the friends of those remaining in the regiment. As it is now, a man enlists in a large city; no one knows anything about him or his people; he has nothing to exercise a moral restraint upon his actions, and therefore, when he feels disposed, gets his monthly pay, or accumulates enough to carry him to his home, where he is sheltered by the very people who would disown him if they had friends who were fulfilling their contracts with the government.

Moreover, we do not want men who are so old that they are set in their ways. We need young, tractable men. Does the lawyer, or the doctor, or the preacher wait until he is thirty or forty years of age before he takes up a profession? Does the carpenter, the blacksmith, or the shoemaker learn his trade after he has passed a dozen years of manhood? Then why should we accept such men as *recruits* to learn the profession of a soldier? It takes just as long to make a thorough soldier of a man as it takes a youth to go through college, and it is more often than otherwise the case that a man is pretty well along in his second enlistment before he learns to be a good non-commissioned officer. Then make it legal for a young man to enlist when he is eighteen years of age. That is the age of youthful ambition, when the mind is in a free and untrammeled state, when it has taken upon itself but few of the burdens of life. Why, if a young man of eighteen wants to enlist, force him to sign that which is not true in order to make himself appear older than he really is?

A few days ago an officer related an incident that occurred some years since that will illustrate what I mean. This officer had been on

the recruiting service, and had enlisted a likely young man, who took the oath of allegiance, to which he affixed his signature, and in which he swore that he was twenty-one years of age. His father, upon being informed that his son had enlisted, went to the recruiting officer and declared that his son was under age, and therefore not eligible for enlistment. The recruiting officer showed him the boy's signature, and requested him to read what his son had signed. The old man read the paper through very carefully, and then said, "Yes, yes; Jim signed that. Let him go; let him go. I don't want to have anything more to do with a boy of mine who would sign his name to a lie." But the old gentleman did have something more to do with him, as will appear.

This particular circumstance induced the officer to follow up the lad's career in his regiment. The result was that the young man commenced to deposit part of his first pay with the government (for which four per cent. interest is paid), continued to do so during his five years, which he served faithfully, and at twenty-three years of age, by his father's count, went back to his people, bought a nice farm with the money he had saved, and was living there a highly-respected citizen when the officer visited the place subsequently. The action of this young man induced others in the neighborhood to enlist with a view of accomplishing the same result.

Starting out, then, with a better class of men by a change of recruitment, we would suggest that it would improve the *morale* of the army to have the first enlistment for three years, and at the end of that time permit a man to re-enlist for one, two, or three years, as he might wish. While it is almost certain that it will take full three years to make a good soldier, it is better to have this good soldier for one year more on re-enlistment, than to frighten him off for another three years and be compelled to take a raw recruit in his place.

Many a good man is deterred from re-enlisting—after giving five years to the government—because, if he "takes on" again (to use the soldier's expression), it must be for five years more, and that is too long for the ends that some have in view. If they knew that they could be discharged at the end of another year, the government would get many years of good service out of trained soldiers that it otherwise loses. We have had soldiers remark, when they came to say good-by, upon being discharged, "I would just as lieve stay another year before going home to settle, but five years more is too long a time before a man can quit if he wishes to."

As it is, good men might also be held if the government would, on re-enlistment at the point of discharge, give a man a furlough and transportation from his home back to the regiment. A man re-enlisting for one year should have one month's furlough; for two years, a two months' furlough; and for three years, a three months' furlough,

with transportation (not only commuted on his final statements) to his home and return. The cost of this would be trivial compared to the cost of enlisting and forwarding recruits to their regiments to replace those lost to the service in the way mentioned.

We do not believe in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth. It seems to us but a place of refuge for scallywags, to the detriment of the soldier at large, and its continuance exercises a pernicious influence on his army life. We believe that if the men that are kept in confinement there were distributed throughout the army posts, to do the dirty work that good soldiers have to do in the absence of prisoners, the government would realize more benefit from such a policy than it does from any resources of the prison. We have not the means at hand of knowing how many men deserted prior to the establishing of this institution, but we do know that 18,228 men have deserted during the six years succeeding, which is certainly proof that men do not fear to go there. It is no black beast for those who are sheltered by its walls. Why is this? The answer is, because the men at the military prison have everything supplied to them in a much better way than those doing duty in the ranks.

This may be considered a bold assertion to make, and we may possibly have been misinformed; but men who have served their time at the institution and, on account of good behavior, been permitted to enlist again, have said openly, after some little extra hard time in the ranks, "I'll be d—d if I wouldn't rather be in the military prison. If I behaved myself there as well as I do here I would be permitted to go about to my labor in the day without guard, and *every night* I would have a comfortable bed, in a steam-heated building, to sleep in, instead of having to stand guard every third or fourth day, with the thermometer anywhere from ten to forty degrees below zero, and then, when relieved, have no place to go to sleep, except in a room where there are thirty or forty other men smoking, joking, or constantly moving about making a noise; and at night half freeze to death in a barn of a barrack with two blankets to cover me after the wood fires had all died out. In the prison I'd have the best of dinners and suppers instead of poor grub cooked by a nincompoop. I'd have my warm bath in a heated room, and until tattoo luxuriate in a comfortable reading-room, with all the books and papers imaginable."

Now, it is well known that the cooking for a company is the most disagreeable part of a soldier's duty, and many of them will do anything to get out of it. The task is a thankless one at the best. All who have had the experience of a poor cook in their private families can imagine themselves taking an ignorant and uneducated man and placing him in their kitchens as a cook. What they would get to eat is what soldiers get sometimes; and no matter how badly the food is cooked in the company (and it has to be cooked by inexperienced men

sometimes, because all must take their turn at it), a man must swallow it without a murmur, or he is considered a growler.

Officers do their very best to overcome the difficulty; but they can't stand over the men all day long teaching them how to prepare the food, how to keep up a certain kind of fire, how long to boil this and how long that must be baked. They might be willing to try it, but they would have to neglect their other official duties, and we believe the government could hire cheaper cooks than commissioned officers. As an instance of some bearing on this subject: we were at a one-company post, on one occasion, where fresh vegetables were very scarce. We had, with our own hands, cultivated a little garden adjoining our quarters, and raised some splendid cucumbers. Thinking the men would enjoy a mess of them, we plucked a basket full and sent them to the first sergeant, with directions to have them prepared for dinner. The sergeant had, at that time, been in service thirteen years, and was a baker by trade when he enlisted. The next morning we asked the sergeant if the men enjoyed the cucumbers. He replied that they didn't seem to like them, and some of them would not eat them. Thinking this strange and that something was wrong, we inquired as to the method of preparing them. "Well, sir," he said, "we put 'em in a pot and biled 'em, and then smashed 'em up like squash, with skins and all on." The result was that we went over to the cook-house the next day, in all the majesty of an old captain and a post commander, and pared and sliced and seasoned several cucumbers, to show the cooks how to do it. When the sergeant was asked the next day how they were liked, his reply was, "The men eat 'em all up, sir, and wanted more."

It is mere nonsense to talk about ill-treatment in the army at the present time as being one of the causes of desertion. Any officer or non-commissioned officer knows that he dare not resort to abuse, as each man has the accorded right of appeal to a superior commander, and therefore the charge of abuse must be made against the general as well as the lieutenant. Moreover, we know, from our personal experience and from conversations we have had with brother officers during many years of service, that it is more painful to the intelligent and right-thinking officer to be compelled to punish the man for infractions of military law than it is for the man to receive the punishment. A captain has as much pride in a well-behaved company as a father has in a family of well-behaved children, and he is never so happy in his military capacity as when he can say that he hasn't had a man in the guard-house for months and not a desertion from his company for years.

That there are some officers who do not know how to take care of men we are free to admit; and that there are soldiers who do not know how to appreciate good treatment must be acknowledged. But, taking all in all, we believe we have the best-officered army in the world,—

the officers being more free from vice, more intellectual in character, more advanced in the sciences of the day, more soldierly in their deportment and bearing, more republican in their simplicity of manner, and altogether better fitted to take their places in the world at large as true gentlemen than those of any other army. There has been much talk, and more writing done, about the German army and its superiority to our own; but the ideas presented therein are those of a few men who have seen it in its "dress-parade" warfare, or annual manœuvres. The opinion of General Sheridan, who witnessed the operations of the German army in the Franco-Prussian war, is sufficient to convince me that he had a higher opinion of his own little army, after witnessing the battle of Sedan, than he had ever held before. But what is the use of comparing the two armies, where one is an enforced service of all the men of the country, and the other service is voluntary, where thirty-five or forty thousand deserters can go at large among the people and be sheltered by them?

During the War of the Rebellion, when we had nearly a million of men under arms and away from their homes, it was determined that they should have a voice in the political affairs of the nation. Therefore, in accordance with an act of Congress, commissioners were sent from the various States to obtain the ballots of the soldiers. This was eminently proper, for who had a better right to express their views at this particular time than the men who were giving their lives to preserve the noble republic?

If the principle is a correct one under such circumstances, why should not some provision be made for taking the ballots of the men of the army and navy in all general or State elections? The officers of our military and naval service are honest enough to be intrusted with millions of money and the care of the public domain, and surely they could be intrusted with forwarding the ballots of the men to the commissioners of election in their respective States without additional cost to the government.

The men of the army and navy are virtually deprived of the rights of citizenship, because by law they cannot vote away from their homes. These they cannot reach on account of the great expanse of territory over which they are scattered. If they desired to go home at their own expense it could not be tolerated, because at the time of the Presidential election there would be neither army or navy on duty. We were born almost in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol of the United States; have lived for fifty years under the stars and stripes, and have given twenty-eight years of service to the army, but have never had the privilege of casting a ballot. There are many others who have had the same, if not greater, experience. A soldier or a sailor with a vote to cast holds some political power; but without one he amounts to nothing in the political world.

Mr. Cleveland, when President of the United States, realizing the fact that army officers were in this way cut off from obtaining appointments to the military or naval academies, reserved his appointments at large for the sons of officers of both branches of the service. If he, as President, could see the injustice of our laws, as applicable to the army and navy, so much as to compel him to concede this in the face of the great political pressure always brought to bear upon the Executive in the matter of these appointments, how glaring must be the fact that we have nearly forty thousand men cut off from the privileges of citizenship while they are legitimately defending the government!

Why should not the army and navy each have a delegate, the same as the Territories, on the floor of the national House of Representatives, to represent the services and intelligently explain all measures brought before that body for their benefit? They certainly would be in accord with the general of the army or the admiral of the navy; and a great deal of time would be saved by committees in seeking through the department officers for such information as they desired to get in order to act intelligently upon measures proposed.

Much has been done by our present Quartermaster-General to improve the surroundings of the soldier; let the other departments go on with the good work, and we may yet have a model army as well as a model government. In a few words:

1. Change the system of recruiting so as to give us home-raised young men.
2. Hire professional citizen cooks for companies when in garrison.
3. Organize the quartermaster's department into a corps.
4. Increase the pay of non-commissioned officers.
5. Reduce the period of enlistment.
6. Pay the men weekly through their company commanders.
7. And last, but not least, give the men the right to send their ballots to their respective homes at all State and general elections.

When this is done, we venture our professional opinion that in the next fifteen years there will not be forty thousand deserters to pardon.

WILLIAM H. POWELL,
Major U.S.A.

OUR NAVAL POLICY.

THERE is nothing to show that we have an established naval policy at the present date, or that we have any settled plan by which the construction of our vessels of war are regulated. Various types are appropriated for by Congress as the spirit moves them or some inventor persuades them. We have now reached the point where it is evident that we have sufficient ability to construct a naval force equal to our necessities, and it must be apparent to every one who gives the subject consideration, that we should cease to build vessels at random and adopt some uniform course of construction,—in fact, establish a naval policy. The naval policy must coincide with the foreign policy of the country, and all our history points to the fact that this is a peace policy. In other words, it has been the uniform policy of our country to keep clear, if possible, of all foreign complications, and our great desire is to be at peace with all nations. Our naval policy, to be consistent with this attitude of our country, must be a defensive one. In accordance with the wisdom of our ancestors, we still strive to keep clear of all European complications, and we seek to prevent them from being forced upon us by discouraging, if not driving back, all attempts of European countries to encroach upon the American continent.

Our general policy being one of peace, our naval policy must be a defensive one: we must endeavor to build a navy that will be able to protect our country from all invasions and to protect our citizens abroad and our carrying trade. Besides this, we should be able to make a show of force when necessary to emphasize our disapproval of European aggressions. To create a stronger force than required to attain this object would be not only extravagant but would tend also to upset our line of action, and might lead us into a path of aggression and induce us to meddle with European politics; while to have a weaker force than this would only serve to weaken the strength of our moral position by an attempted display of physical force. Our naval policy must be a defensive one, and our naval force sufficiently strong to coincide with that idea, but no stronger.

We have never had heretofore a distinctive naval policy, and the result has been that, while at times we have had comparatively fine vessels,—even the finest at times,—our strength has never been equal to our needs, and it has been acquired at a rather extravagant cost.

Our present efforts to create a modern navy have been so popular, and our strides in the right direction have been so rapid, that the condition of the navy is in great danger of being misunderstood by the people at large. It has been the habit of many newspaper writers to speak of our few protected and partially protected cruisers as if they were powerful battle-ships, and our naval force as if it were near the limit of our requirements. This alone furnishes a very good reason for adopting a policy, as not only is the present condition of the navy misunderstood, but the efforts of the Department and of the officers are liable to be misinterpreted. A note of warning has been sounded already in one of our prominent magazines, and we are told to beware of creating great fleets, to beware of creating a naval force that may tempt us to indulge in a policy of aggression. At the best, many years must elapse before such a warning will be needed; that it has been raised is a sign that the indiscriminate praise of what has been done has created an exaggerated idea of the results attained. With a defensive policy adopted, the country can see the end towards which we must aim, and the people can tell when it will be necessary to put forth a restraining hand to prevent professional zeal overstepping the bounds of political prudence; they will know that it is unnecessary to call a halt until the force has approached the strength required for defense. Another reason for adopting and adhering to a settled policy is, that it is most necessary for the end to be always in view when a new vessel is to be designed, so that it may have a place in our plans. Otherwise we may have a greater number of vessels of one type and less of another than is consistent with our plans, or we may introduce types that are in themselves unnecessarily expensive, or are too expensive because of their limited uses.

The efforts we have made towards building a modern navy have been judicious, in the right direction, and of sufficiently extended scope, considering our original want of proper establishments and of technical knowledge necessary for constructing vessels of war. But we have made a beginning: we have the steel, the skilled labor, and the plants, and we have the men who can design vessels well adapted to meet desired ends. It is now time we adopted some logical plan—an end towards which we can look—and well-considered steps, by which, if taken from year to year, we may hope to reach the desired goal,—a naval force commensurate with our necessities, one fitted to a policy of defense. Let the policy be fixed, and construction steadily carried on within its boundaries. The types may be altered from time to time to suit the march of improvement; only when a vessel is designed its type should fit the policy and the numbers should be consistent with the requirements. This is certainly more important than economy in our ship-yards; for while we may save thousands there, we may waste millions by building vessels that, although they are

magnificent machines, are not adapted to our needs and do not harmonize with our plans.

Our naval policy must be one of defense, and yet this policy will commit us to a far larger force than seems to be contemplated at the present time. In the existing state of civilization no weak nation can count upon continued peace; the greater its wealth the greater the danger of war, with all its consequences. The weaker nation may hope to be protected for a time from the aggressions of a stronger one by other nations who desire to preserve the balance of power; but in the end war will come, and both aggressor and protector will demand their portion of her riches. A strong defense is the best guarantee of peace, and we must create a force that will protect our coasts, our commerce, and our citizens abroad. A small percentage of our wealth must be used to insure us against danger, and it can be so used as to help our industries and thus increase our wealth and return the money to the people from whose hands it must originally come.

Having decided to adopt a defensive policy, we can then draw a general outline of a plan for creating the required naval force. It will be very different both in *matériel* and *personnel* from that required by an offensive one. In numbers and types of vessels, and in numbers and character of officers and men, there is a radical difference between the requirements of the two policies. England has just set forth her plan for increasing her navy. She does not plainly profess to intend to adopt an offensive policy, but it is clear that at least it is one of offensive defense. Such a policy is outlined in every professional article and in every utterance of those in authority. It has been the history of the past, and the conditions are not changed at the present time. Great Britain must be mistress of the seas; her colonies are numerous and distributed over the globe, and, most important of all, she is dependent upon outside sources for her food-supply. She must keep her communications open or she will starve; she must control the sea or she will cease to be Great Britain. For this she requires an enormous naval force, and her vessels must be of such types that she can show her strength in any part of the world and overcome her enemies on any sea. The most generally received idea of her policy, and the one advanced most frequently by professional men, is that she should maintain such a navy as will enable her to hold the sea against any two of the maritime powers, and to protect her commerce and her ports by driving the vessels of her enemies into their ports and blockading them there, retaining enough vessels on her coast to protect her ports against raids made by small forces that may escape being driven into port or may elude the blockade. She should have numerous protected cruisers to police the seas and protect her immense mercantile marine from commerce destroyers. In our case, with a policy of defense, the problem is more simple and far less costly. We will not construct great fleets

of armored vessels capable of waging war at a distance from our home ports. We need vessels suitable for defending our coast, with less coal endurance, and capable of entering most of our ports,—that is, drawing less water than the average battle-ship. The types of vessels, the numbers required, and, in fact, a complete plan for protecting our coast and preventing the enemy from destroying or blockading our ports, is clearly set forth by Captain Sampson in the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute, No. 49. Our foreign carrying trade is small at present, and we can well afford to increase the number of our protected cruisers as our carrying trade increases. We need at the present moment coast-defense vessels, grouped together at various points along the coast in sufficient numbers to prevent any probable enemy from making a successful attack, and these must have sufficient mobility to be capable of being assembled at any point on the coast that may be threatened by some powerful hostile force. Besides this, we need a small but well-appointed fleet of battle-ships that will aid in preventing the enemy from remaining in force off any of our sea-ports. Before an enemy would dare to commence operations against any of our ports, he would be obliged to drive away or mask our battle-fleet; he will find this a difficult task on our coast, no matter how strong a force he may have; and it would be an almost impossible task for any probable force to undertake, when the facility with which our coast-defense vessels can be gathered to the aid of our battle-fleet is taken into consideration. It may be deemed also a part of a defensive policy to create commerce destroyers in order to deter an enemy from committing aggression through fear of our attack upon his commerce. If we adopt this idea as part of our plan, we must create a fleet of fast cruisers in addition to those needed for auxiliaries to the fleet, and we must provide coaling stations or other means of supplying them with fuel, so they may keep the seas at a distance from the home ports. But a reliance on any such scheme is liable to lull us into a state of false security. Unless we have a number of well-protected coaling stations, the damage that such cruisers can effect will be very limited, and an aggressive enemy will be prepared to protect his commerce and to close our coaling stations.

The naval reserve becomes a very important part of our plan under a defensive policy. It will be unnecessary and inadvisable to keep many of our coast-defense vessels in commission, and the main body of the regular navy must be employed in cruisers suitable to the performance of their usual peace duties; only sufficient work being done in the other types to keep the officers and men fairly familiar with them. This being the case, we must rely upon a reserve for the necessary force in time of war. A naval reserve is of great importance to all powers maintaining a large naval force, for none of them can pretend to keep their navies up to a war standard; but to us it will be of the utmost importance to have on hand a body of men and officers ready

to man our coast-defense vessels, somewhat familiar with their duties and partially trained in the use of the implements of war. The officers of the navy will be needed to command and to perform the more important duties, and the trained men must man the battle-fleet and fill the important billets on the other vessels; but the body of our defense must come from the reserve. In Captain Sampson's scheme for a naval coast defense, the entire coast line is divided into sections and a number of vessels of certain types allotted to each section. The reserve should be trained in the types peculiar to its own section, and when called into service its principal duty would be the defense of that portion of the coast to which the men belonged. Trained with the idea of protecting their own homes, these men would form a drag that would prevent a policy of aggression gathering way and upsetting our policy of defense, even if the smallness of our battle-fleet and the insufficiency of our coast-defense types for foreign cruising were not enough to forbid even the most aggressive from entertaining such an idea.

The condition of our regular naval force must also be taken into consideration as a part of our scheme, and both officers and men must be treated liberally. In comparison with a larger force it must necessarily cost more per man. Being small, it must be kept in the highest state of efficiency, so that it may be fitted for immediate expansion when required by the exigencies of war. The men must be thoroughly fitted for the more important stations of the fighting vessels, there must be no non-combatants, and while every man must be trained in the use of arms, some must occupy inferior positions in time of peace, but be qualified to occupy the higher ones when suddenly called upon in time of war. For this we need men trained in the service from early boyhood,—in fact, trained by our apprentice system; and we must so model that system as to produce the men needed, and must then offer sufficient inducements to keep them in the service. We now have an excellent system for training the apprentices, only there is no provision for educating those necessary to form a part of the engineers' force. But at present there is a want of system in their training after they are drafted into the general service; sometimes their training is carefully attended to, while at other times they are left too much to themselves. Still, this fault is being gradually corrected as the apprentice system grows in favor with the navy at large. But the number of those remaining in the service after their terms of apprenticeship have expired is far too small, and we must offer greater inducements or take other means to retain their services, so that every man employed in our vessels of war may be trained for that purpose from boyhood. Lieutenant Staunton offers some excellent suggestions, which, if adopted, should serve to attain this end.[1]

[1] "Naval Reserves, and the Recruiting and Training of Men." United States Naval Institute Proceedings, No. 48.

The officers required for the regular service must be, in the same way, more expensive in proportion to their number than in a service where they more nearly supply the numbers required in time of war. In such a time the expansion must be great, and those filling comparatively subordinate positions must be called upon suddenly to fill positions of responsibility and command. In order to keep this body of officers up to the mark, they must be subjected not only to a severe course of training, but they must be allowed, also, to acquire the habit of assuming responsibility before they grow too old in the routine of the service. The promotion must be rapid. We cannot afford to have gray-headed lieutenants and old commanders. The waste must be great in order to keep this small body efficient. The numbers in the higher grades should be so regulated as to give rapid promotion through the lower grades, and not established, as now, according to the supposed number required for duty in time of peace; for it is absolutely necessary that the average officer should attain a responsible position while young, or he will always fear responsibility and dread to run the hazards and meet the emergencies constantly arising in time of war. But if well trained when young, and accustomed to assume responsibility before he is old, he will never lose the habit of command and will be always ready to assume the responsibilities of a higher position. Then he may grow old in the service, and his years will add to his experience without diminishing his military spirit and his value to the country.

All machines of war are costly, but it is poor economy that saves money to the detriment of efficiency. A defensive policy is the most economical, and can be most economically carried out by having only the necessary number of vessels, of men, and of officers, and by taking heed that these are of the best. Without a naval force we must surely suffer from aggressions. A weak force would only serve to invite the inevitable; but with a force well equipped for defense we may rest secure in our strength and preserve the American continent for American ideas of liberty and progress.

RICHARD WAINWRIGHT,
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THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

(FROM THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE.)

AMID the multiplicity of subjects that, under the present system of government, thrust themselves before the British Parliament and people, the outlying portions of the empire do not usually receive attention until some calamity or social disturbance demands it. As long as the colonies are unmolested in the management of their own affairs, and avoid getting into trouble, things go on smoothly, and so, for the most part, unobserved. Great Britain always has plenty to occupy it at home, in frontier wars, or in watching the game of European diplomacy; and each of the colonies, like the mother country, pursues its own course, paying little heed to the interests of the main body of which it forms a part, and troubling itself little about questions of the future, or what is contemptuously called speculative politics. Meanwhile, in the empire of the Mother of Nations and of modern constitutional government, political influences rapidly growing in importance are left unrepresented; there is no such thing as common consultation or deliberation; no one dreams of common action; and any common plan or purpose is conspicuous by its absence. Whatever the advantages of this *laisser faire, laisser passer* policy may be, it is likely to lead to surprises when the time comes for taking stock and balancing accounts. The object of the present paper is to supply some of the materials for such a survey, as far as concerns that portion of the empire known as the Dominion of Canada; and is an attempt to appreciate the character, force, and direction of the sociological currents that, whether hidden from public view or flowing on the surface, are surely determining its history. A careful enumeration of these currents, a proper estimate of their nature, importance, and relations, together with unprejudiced observation of their increase and development or the reverse, ought to give us a pretty fair idea of the general trend of events. The writer is, of course, aware that, in questions of this kind that refer to the future and deal largely with the drifts of likes and dislikes in the present, and social tendencies working slowly and often unconsciously,—where prejudice is strong, and the wish too often father to the thought,—where there are no statistics, and little exact informa-

tion to guide the student,—mistakes are unavoidable and men naturally differ in their judgments. And even should the survey be accurate and just, a new and unforeseen factor introduced to-morrow may change the whole face of events, and falsify the nicest calculations. Nevertheless, it seemed that, despite the difficulties and liability to error, a brief account of the position of Canada in relation to the world around, and the forces that are steadily moulding its future, might not be without a certain interest at the present time. And at the outset it is perhaps best to say that, though the writer of these pages is a Canadian by birth and education, he claims to speak for no one but himself, he represents no party, has no hobby to ride, and no policy to advocate, but is trying to state facts simply and give the results of his own observation and experience.

Canada, then, left to herself, has jogged along almost unnoticed since the beginning of this reign, when she had her period of home rule and her little rebellion. In 1841 Upper and Lower Canada were united, but pulled badly together; for misunderstandings and bickerings soon broke out between Saxon and Celt, between the English and French settlers. This and other considerations induced the provinces to take a lesson in federal government from their southern neighbors and come together in the Dominion of Canada, which, by successive additions, has grown until it now reaches from ocean to ocean and from Alaska to the Great Lakes. To provide for this union of the whole of British North America under one Legislature, with provincial Legislatures for local affairs, a plan was prepared and passed the Imperial Parliament in 1867, and is known as the "British North America Act" of that year. Since then Canada has happily had little history as the term is usually understood. Engaged in opening up her boundless west, with the unfortunate incident of an Indian war, she has had plenty to occupy her in the problems of adapting an old civilization to new conditions, while this civilization itself and these very conditions were constantly changing. But man cannot live by bread alone, nor can a great country, with great traditions and still greater possibilities, renounce all thought for the morrow in the struggle for the necessaries of the day and in the solution of present difficulties. Questions have come up,—at present, to be sure, of a speculative nature, but liable at any time to become pressing realities, and which in any case men of thought and leisure cannot and should not shirk. A look across the border suggests many such to the young Canadian. He sees the *status* and relations of each State in the Union clearly defined. As to its rights and duties there is little room for dispute, and should misunderstandings or differences arise, a permanent and regularly-constituted court is at hand to settle them, known to all and trusted by all; for, while all parties are duly represented in it, it is as far as possible placed beyond the control or influence of any

one of them. Each State expressly reserves to itself all the powers and privileges not voluntarily and formally surrendered to the federal government, and so knows, as clearly as may be, its own standing, its relation to the sister States, to the central authority, and to foreign powers.

In what relation, one is forced by analogy to ask, does the Dominion stand to the mother country, to the sister colonies, and to foreign nations? In case of a dispute with England in which passions were aroused,—and this state of affairs, however improbable it may fortunately be, the statesman is not entitled to regard as impossible,—to what tribunal could she appeal that would be looked upon by both sides as neutral and impartial? Are the colonies unworthy or unfit to have any share in the formation and regulation of this supreme court? Is, again, the only political relation contemplated between colonies of similar history and conditions and identical aims and aspirations to be *via* England, and that by the slender thread of mutual dependence? Then, if English diplomacy should ever fail, and war break out with some great power, what would our position be? Is Canada to be held responsible for the outcome of negotiations or deeds to which she was no party, over which she had no control, of which perhaps she had no timely knowledge, and in which she had no real interest?[1] For the past this may have done well enough,—"all's well that ends well,"—but how long is her position to be that of an unconsulted minor, whose freedom, though large, is limited by parental wishes, whose feelings of responsibility and self-reliance are overshadowed and repressed by an undefined authority, and whose main duty is that of childhood,—prompt and unconditional obedience?

To this it may be answered that Canada practically enjoys complete freedom in the management of her internal affairs, and, until she reaches her majority, may well allow the mother country the care and anxiety of attending to foreign politics, and the thankless task of harmonizing, when it appears necessary, the inconsistencies resulting from the present colonial semi-independence. The question, however, still remains, When does a colony attain its majority? If age has anything to do with it, Canada is older—if population or extent of territory, it has more of both—than the United States a hundred years ago. Nor is it any answer to say that this is a purely theoretical consideration without any practical bearings. It is too late in the day to need insisting on that a feeling of responsibility educates and ennobles communities, as well as individuals, rendering them strong and self-reliant under difficulties; while a state of dependence correspondingly

[1] Mr. Goschen has lately referred, at Aberdeen, to the unsatisfactoriness and danger of this, from an English point of view: "Our difficulties with the colonies, notwithstanding the loyal behavior of our colonies amid the most complex situations, have arisen in consequence of autonomous colonies being allowed to take their own line while this country has been responsible for the line that has been taken."

narrows the range of interest, and weakens every manly virtue. The young man who has no desire to assume the toga, with its cares and responsibilities as well as honors, promises ill for the future. Again, when the colonies do come of age, as in the course of nature they must, what provision does the constitution make for them? Are they expected to remain in this position of inferiority, or go off by themselves, as the eldest of them has done already, perhaps after some family quarrel, and preserve for generations, as a rallying-point for national sentiment, an attitude of defiance towards a parent whose haughtiness or indifference fails to provide for a union that might foster common aims and interests, while leaving local matters where they properly belong? And finally, even admitting that the present system reasonably accomplishes all that it ought, will it long be able to do so, under the varying tendencies manifesting themselves throughout this heterogeneous and loosely-jointed empire? Will it be able to counteract the centrifugal and resist the disintegrating forces at work, to harmonize the discrepancies and contradictions of colonial governments growing more and more jealous of interference, and of legislatures and law courts so different and so widely separated?[2]

A little reflection will show that these are no idle questions. In politics, as in commerce and the ordinary affairs of life, eagerness and indefiniteness lead to misunderstanding. This was the real source of England's first colonial dispute, and, though the imperial sky is at present clear, save the veriest specks on the Canadian and Australian horizon, man can take no bonds of fate. Since the American War of Independence, what real progress has been made in governing colonies, beyond allowing them to manage their own affairs, nominally subject to a British veto? If an expensive war broke out to-morrow on account of Canada or Australia, have we any more settled plan for harmoniously conducting it, or equitably apportioning its cost among the members of the empire, than a century ago? If the colonies are brought no closer together, meeting, deliberating, and acting neither with one another nor with the parent state, will they, with ever-diverging interests and views, have sufficient common sympathy to weather the storms that at times sweep over every sea? But, lastly, even supposing a long continuance of the present state of peace, are not the colonies, as matters stand, gradually and imperceptibly establishing their independence by right of prescription?

Naturally enough, such questions and speculations remained unthought of by the people at large as long as Canada consisted of a

[2] To illustrate by examples statements made here would encroach too much on limited space and the reader's patience; but a curious case may be mentioned of a well-known English divine who had married his deceased wife's sister, and went to live in Canada. Here this woman was his legitimate wife, while in England she was not,—surely a not inconsiderable difference in the same empire.

handful of colonists, over three thousand miles from home, scattered over half a continent, bound to the mother country by domestic ties and early training, and seeing in her powerful arm the only safety in their isolation, alongside of a French community tenaciously clinging to its traditions, and uncomfortably near a voracious young republic that was showing its elastic conscience and good digestion by appropriating the Great West to the ocean and the Great South into the heart of Mexico. And, later, the terrible Civil War, ending in strained relations and an enormous debt, for a long time effectually checked any desire to speculate on the future of Canada. But with the union of the provinces and the opening up of the Great Northwest, all danger of French ascendency passed away like a dream; and, to the surprise of many, the Grand Army of the Republic, like its Puritan predecessor of the seventeenth century, its work done, quietly melted away and returned to the peaceful duties of life. A great and wealthy nation, with a territory the size of Europe and in the pride of victory, retained an army of only twenty-five thousand men and a navy that is the constant butt of comic writers; thus plainly showing to the world that it had no notion of territorial aggrandizement and little longing for military glory. Since the war it has more than once shown its unwillingness to embark on foreign adventures, or adopt among its members questionable subjects. Professor Goldwin Smith remarked some time ago, "that the United States was the only country in the world that looks at a mouthful before swallowing it." Americans well know that militarism and democratic republicanism are irreconcilable foes; and that, besides being a source of weakness, unwilling subjects are a constant menace to free institutions, accustoming men to exceptional repressive measures and lowering the respect for personal liberty.

Thus dangers and difficulties were being removed at a time when internal causes were casting up new and wider questions for the consideration of thoughtful Canadians. The presence in Canada at this time of a scholarly man, whose leisure and independent position allowed him to treat of questions that were not yet within the sphere of practical politics, attracted attention to a subject that, though of vital importance, was still one of a purely speculative nature. Aided by events roughly outlined in this paper, Mr. Goldwin Smith has made it evident to many that whatever the future of the Dominion may be, it is now passing through a transitional stage. Will it issue in an independent national existence, or in closer union with one or other of the two great kindred nations with which she holds constant intercourse and to which she is bound by the closest ties? Here, at all events, begins the discussion of the question of Canada's future. Whatever the causes may be, there is certainly a social movement of considerable interest going on in the Dominion at the present time. The confederation of the provinces, itself an event of no small impor-

tance, was no sooner accomplished than new social forces seem to have come into play or old ones taken a new direction. As to why and how they are working and what they are doing, men may differ; but that they really are at work, few who have studied the subject can doubt. The question of Canada's future, scarcely talked of there ten or fifteen years ago, has since been moving more and more to the front. In 1882, when the writer returned to Canada after a few years' absence in Europe, he was astonished to see the increased attention that was given to it; and in 1886, after a second absence of a couple of years in the United States, he again noticed a distinct change in the attitude of the people towards this question that might have escaped those watching its daily growth. And now speeches are constantly made in favor of closer union with the mother country; and, beside home talent, Canadian audiences listen attentively to American Senators and Congressmen advocating commercial, even political, union with the United States. At a time when it is openly discussed in the United States Senate, and by members of the Imperial Federation League, it is too late to say that there is no Canadian question except that raised by a few officious busybodies. It has, in fact, passed out of its first stage, and the way in which politicians are beginning to speak of it is a sufficient proof of this.

To those Canadians who were born in Britain, or who have relatives there, or something to keep up a close connection with the "old country," the position of the "colony" may seem quite natural. They already know enough of each new governor-general that is sent "out" to take a lively interest in all that refers to him. He, in a measure, supplies an object for the mysterious feelings they have always entertained for "the Crown," and through him they feel themselves brought into touch, however slight, with the rest of the world. This larger interest, that is utterly absent in Dominion elections,—for Canadians have no voice in foreign politics, even the governor they get being determined by the party in power in England,—the colonist also finds in the aged newspaper sent him from home, or in the telegraphic summary of his Canadian daily. Indeed this reminiscence of his early life unfits him in a measure for his new duties, his vote in the land of his adoption being often determined by former prejudices and associations, and immediate native issues are thus confounded with considerations of British politics that have nothing whatever to do with them. It is just this imported side of Canadian life that English visitors of all classes come most in contact with. They learn little from public men; for politicians in new and democratic countries have little desire to meddle with questions that are not yet "ripe;" and few Canadians who go to England wear their heart upon their sleeve, or proclaim aloud views that are slowly and for the most part unconsciously forming themselves. Hence the ignorance in England of the sentiments and leanings of those who

are soon to hold the destinies of the Dominion in their hands; for the native Canadian naturally looks at the world from a somewhat different point of view, and the difference becomes more pronounced each generation, as sentiments and habits of thought fed by dying traditions change with the changing years. He learns as he grows up that the main features of immigration—after the economic ones—have been Puritanism, dissent, and other forms of opposition to the established order in Church and State, and that perennial quarrel over Ireland. As these political and religious struggles form no inconsiderable portion of English history, even while learning his mother tongue, and reading the story of his race, he is repelled as well as attracted. Thus community of language and history fail to bind colonies to the metropolis as closely as one would at first imagine. The household gods naturally follow their worshipers; Milton and Bunyan, with a long series of illustrious "Englishmen," belong rather to that side of the Atlantic where their admirers, co-religionists, and fellow-sufferers went.

But even when the Canadian finds himself in entire accord with the dominant currents of English life, distance, time, and new associations tend to weaken his sympathies. Distance and even time itself are not as conducive to this as the presence at his door of, and his constant intercourse with, a kindred people some twenty times as numerous as his own,[3] possessing a national life that, so to speak, has become acclimatized in the western hemisphere, and qualities that commend themselves in many ways to a people living in similar circumstances. In school, his text-books are as often re-edited on United States as on English models; and in college, most of the books used are necessarily imported. His teachers get much of their inspiration, most of their pedagogic literature, and sometimes part of their training across the line. His recreation and amusements come almost entirely from the same quarter; and on Sunday his pulpit, though still largely occupied by men who have crossed the deep, may be filled by a graduate of Andover, Harvard, or Princeton. His newspapers show the same influence, for, though printed in Canada, their exchanges are mainly American; the telegraphic dispatches are the same for the whole continent; and, under the guidance of clippings, editorials, and reviews, he comes to look on even English questions largely through United States spectacles.[4] In this way sentiments of "loyalty to the Crown" or "to the person of Her Gracious Majesty"—phrases often used by parents or grandparents—are gradually obliterated *faute d'emploi*, or become supplanted by others of more republican flavor, that talk of loyalty to principle, or duties to the state, rather than to any person,

[3] Omitting French Canadians.

[4] Canadian news, in return, reaches England mainly through United States channels, even the *Times* supplying its readers with Dominion news *via* Philadelphia, under the heading "Foreign and Colonial."

however exalted or however representative. The recent attempt to counteract these tendencies by establishing something of a court at Ottawa, in the fierce blaze of a democratic continent, and cut off from feudal traditions and the fostering care of aristocratic society, could not but end in disappointment. When the haruspices laugh in each other's face, spectators cannot be expected to retain their gravity. Strong monarchical and aristocratic sentiments and prejudices may still be nourished in England, but under the artificial conditions necessary in a new country the process is difficult and the product apt to be delicate.

While the Canadian by adoption thus naturally looks to the land from which he came for the larger life and fuller contact with the great busy world outside, the native Canadian has either to do without this shadowy yet precious possession, inherit it from his parents, or seek it for himself as he rounds out his social life. To do without it means to stint his moral nourishment, and wrong himself most cruelly: knowledge, sympathy, friendship, and the like are personal acquirements not transmitted with the blood; and so he is thrown back upon himself and forced to make his own alliances. If one could tell the choice likely to be made by the coming generations and understand the reasons for it, he could, in the absence of disturbing causes, predict the future of Canada. But as the unexpected often happens, to speak unconditionally would be to prophesy. Avoiding such slippery paths, we must be content merely to supply some materials from which each one may draw his own conclusions. And here it may be asked, Does not the Dominion present all the elements of an independent, self-contained national life? Not yet. Occupying the position of Russia in the new world, its Siberia, though not as large as used to be thought, is yet proportionately enormous. It has a scattered agricultural population of little over four millions, about one-third of which are French Canadians and half-breeds. Dependent in almost everything, it looks to England or the United States for literature, science, art, and social life. As was the case in the United States till recently, its authors and *savants* know that to obtain consideration at home they must first conquer recognition abroad. French Canadians of ambition turn their eyes to Paris, where M. Fréchette, the Gallic bard of America, was lately honored by the French Academy; literary and scientific men who have come from Britain, and have already made their *début* there, keep up the connection; while the native Canadian who takes to letters generally seeks his public among the book-buyers in the States. Though relatively large, all things considered, the number of readers in Canada is absolutely small, and is still more restricted by a barbarous policy that makes good books dearer than in any other country in the civilized world; for, as a rule, only trashy novels can be reprinted, and a heavy fine, in the supposed interest of publishing, is levied on all who read books not printed in

the colony. Both those who write and those who read are obliged to look beyond the frontier. A "national" review was started several times, but only to die a lingering death. The native literature is still, of course, very limited, and outside of Quebec obviously cannot be expected to show any genuine national coloring. Many of the specialized professions and positions of weight and influence are filled by non-Canadians; though this, it need scarcely be said, is the fault of neither men nor institutions of learning, but is mainly owing to the smallness and uncertainty of the demand, that makes a supply of a given degree and quality at a given time next to impossible, and perhaps, in some cases, to a certain colonial diffidence and mistrust. There is, on the other hand, a constant exodus to the wider field of activity and larger market to the south of men in certain callings, from skilled mechanics up to inventors like Edison and Graham Bell. Indeed, apart from the powerful attraction of material advantages, there is a not ignoble desire to participate in a larger, fuller life, to share in national inspirations and currents of thought, and to take a part, however humble, in moulding the destinies of that "main branch of the English people,"[5] and so, indirectly, of Canada itself. With its institutions mainly borrowed, its population scattered and heterogeneous, for the most part in humble circumstances and still largely foreign, till lately under the motherly care and guidance of Great Britain, without having passed through the throes of a great struggle or revolution to usher in a new life, without any external danger to weld its discordant elements together, the Dominion has still to acquire a common national life and feeling. Add to this that the young Canadian soon finds that paternal traditions and sympathies are fading away; that he is losing or has lost his hold on the land of his forefathers, and, no longer a genuine Briton, he is but nominally a partner in the later life and glory of that name; that, on the other hand, though living in America, he is not a real American in full sympathy with the stirring history of his continent, thrilled by its victories, sobered by its defeats, and cheered and inspired by the great voices of its past. When, in person or in imagination, he steps across into the republic, however much he may be at home in other respects, he is politically a foreigner. If he goes to the mother country, though a British subject of perhaps wealth and education, he knows that he and his countrymen have no influence on her councils, are not really sharers in British trials and British glories, and he actually feels, on the whole, less at home than in Ohio or New York. To the mass of Englishmen he is but a "colonist," and when he goes abroad he finds his country represented as an insignificant and unconsulted appendage belonging to Great Britain. If Britain is successful in diplomacy or arms, he is nominally a sharer in a glory which in his heart he dare not honestly

[5] Green.

lay claim to; should aggression or wrong-doing tarnish the British name, as a subject of this free state he is supposed to blush for what he was not responsible. Few intelligent Canadians, accordingly, can conceal from themselves the fact that at present they stand in a large measure isolated and cut off from the generous streams of national life flowing around them. When local and old-world flavor do not spoil the political and social currents from England, distance sadly chills them. The telegraphic summary, with particulars after a few weeks, rouses little enthusiasm; and while thus a stranger to the daily throbbings of the national heart in London, he is equally so to that in New York or Washington, where he is still spoken of as a "Britisher." Though he may not always confess it to himself, he cannot help feeling at times like the man who had lost his shadow, the man without a country.

The student of history will recognize, even from this imperfect description, that here is a social state corresponding exactly to what is known in physics as a state of unstable equilibrium, and that consequently there is a Canadian question, and one of no mere local interest, but that is destined to exert an important influence on the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is becoming plainer every day that, no matter what the other colonies may do, Canada cannot long remain in her present anomalous condition. The matter is at last definitely up for discussion, and the following striking words, uttered almost simultaneously on three continents, simply repeat abroad what has been said at home. In Sydney, Sir Henry Parkes, while advocating closer union, is reported as saying, "The imperial constitution must be recast to be permanent." At Leeds, Lord Roseberry used these words: "The people of this country will, in a not too distant time, have to make up their minds what footing they wish the colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire the colonies to leave them altogether. It is, as I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinable relations to your colonies, and preserve these colonies as parts of the empire." At the same time Senator Sherman was telling an American audience, "that in ten years Canada would be represented in the British Parliament or in Washington, but most likely in Washington."

It must not be imagined, however, that Canadians are loudly knocking for admission to the American Union. As a matter of fact, many have not yet given the matter much thought, and among those who show any interest in it at all there are three distinct currents of opinion, favoring, respectively, national independence, closer union with Great Britain, or annexation to the United States. It remains, then, briefly to refer to these in order; and fewer words will be needed, as these tendencies and their causes have been necessarily somewhat anticipated above.

"Colonies," says Turgot, "are like fruits which cling to the tree

only till they ripen;" and Canada and Australia are possibly destined to be additional examples of this principle.[6] In the case of the former, to be sure, it may be urged that the population is small and scattered, and, what is worse, heterogeneous, Quebec differing in faith, language, and traditions from the sister provinces. But on the map of America as well as of Europe there are instances of small and even scattered nations, and Switzerland is not the only country that proves that hostile faiths and diverse tongues are not inconsistent with strong national feeling. The United States declared their independence when they numbered but three millions, widely separated from one another, when communication was difficult, and in stormier times than ours; and little Bulgaria, without the advantages of a similar training, is doing the same thing now. Besides, Quebec, surrounded on all sides by aggressive Anglo-Saxons, must eventually yield to the influences dominant throughout the continent. In the mean while, no people is increasing more rapidly in wealth and population, or has a richer heritage awaiting it. And then, most fortunately, this is no question pressing for an immediate answer. Time is so far on the side of the Canadians, who, with the conservative instincts of their race, leaving well enough alone, may prefer to wait till circumstances invite or force them to make up their minds. It would be premature to demand this yet, and whatever the decision arrived at, much bitter feeling would be engendered among the people. With time public opinion will become more pronounced, and in matters of this kind agitation and discussion should be left undisturbed to do their work. Besides, English statesmen may yet devise some acceptable *modus vivendi*, and England may, after reflection, be willing to "recast the constitution," if necessary, so as to preserve the colonies. Canada, meanwhile, cannot be blamed for waiting to see what arrangements may be made, for awaiting further developments and considering the possibilities before her. As to the United States, Mr. Blaine, the real leader of the Republican party, has said to the Canadians, at St. Thomas (Ontario), "Whether we shall ever be united depends on you. When you come, we shall give you a cordial welcome."

In the mean time, considerations like these make men pause. Admitting that the political system of the United States is so far com-

[6] "As long as colonies are poor and weak, as long as they are unable to meet their expenses, they are tolerably well satisfied with the connection existing between them and the parent state, and any proposal for its dissolution would be considered as not only ill-timed but absurd; but when they feel sufficiently strong to govern and to protect themselves, they at once strive to become independent, and, as a rule, do not display too much generosity in their future dealings with their mother country. They refuse to receive its productions, as Australia and Canada, which are partly emancipated, are now doing, and do not scruple to declare war, as the United States has on more than one occasion been on the point of doing with England."—G. de Molinari, in *Journal des Économistes*, December, 1886; reprinted in *Journal of Royal Statistical Society*, March, 1887.

pletely successful, is it well that the continent should be subjected to exactly the same experiment in government, and that, when peaceful means for reconciling differences fail, we should be exposed to the danger of a continent in arms? A homely adage warns us not to put all our eggs in one basket, and the advice is applicable to more departments of life than domestic economy. The continent is surely large enough for at least two respectable states north of Mexico. Again, however fascinating the idea of a large continent, rich in every gift of a bountiful nature, and with an intelligent, enterprising, and practically homogeneous population, united under one government, the political advantages are uncertain, and the risks are considerable. The dangers of this excessive centralization are like those that threaten society from socialism and communism, which, by destroying every form of competition at the cost of personal freedom, would weaken the spirit of self-reliance and love of liberty. Whatever it may have cost, Germany, Italy, and England are reaping the incalculable benefits of possessing many centres of influence and national life; and most students of history will admit that, rating the advantages at their highest, France has paid, and is still paying, a fearful price for the longed-for uniformity, brought about by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the massing of French life in all-powerful Paris,—Hugo's *œil du monde.* Even John S. Mill deplored the tendency in modern society to a dead level of mediocre uniformity. Anything that helps to save us from such a calamity is devoutly to be wished and religiously to be cherished; in Europe there is international rivalry and race prejudices; in North America there is absolutely nothing but a self-asserting, independent character, born of English blood and strengthened by pioneer struggles. Moreover, the present generation has not yet forgotten the time when a man might be legally held a slave under the stars and stripes, but the moment he touched Canadian soil became free. Whatever we may think of Mackenzie and Papineau, and later of Louis Riel and his associates, every generous heart would regret the entire disappearance of cities of refuge for men who, innocent of common crimes, venture life and property for (even mistaken) political ends. Nor can it be said, in reply, that these are things of the past, unlikely to occur in the future; for it is a recognized danger of democracies that they show little respect for the opinions of minorities, and demagogues with overwhelming majorities at their backs are notoriously despotic,—under the forms of the law.

Modern industry is gradually determining how far it is safe to concentrate business under one management, and the frequent failures of large firms, that have threatened to destroy the retail traders of whole communities, proves that a limit is soon reached beyond which concentration does not pay; and, though it may do so under exceptional business genius, there comes a terrible crash with a less-gifted

successor. If this principle be applied to government, even of a federal character, and the momentous consequences of failure be taken into account, men may be pardoned for thinking twice before incurring the risks. Sixty millions may well be governed from one centre in a country where tracts of land as large as England are still open for the hunter, miner, or "squatter," where land—that bone of contention in old communities—is to be had for the asking, where nature is lavish of her gifts, and poverty almost a disgrace; but how will it be when two or three hundred millions are crowded in, and all these generous conditions reversed,—and this with a people whose temperament and training are far from leading to Oriental docility?

And, finally, were annexation once accomplished, it is a step that could never be retraced. It is no experiment to be tried to-day, and, if it does not suit or succeed, be abandoned to-morrow: the South stands as a terrible warning that, even in the freest republic, any attempt at secession would be the signal for a deluge of blood.

Yet, however desirable Canadian independence may seem, it is perhaps, in the long run, the least likely of any possible future. Though the Dominion is undoubtedly drifting away from the mother country, there is, and perhaps can be, no distinct national literature, life, or feelings, whatever enthusiastic separatists may do to foster such. A look at the map, without going further, explains at once the why and wherefore of this. The physical conformation of the continent naturally throws New Brunswick and Nova Scotia into the sphere of the New England States, Manitoba and the Northwest—separated as they are from the older provinces by oceans of barren rock—into that of the Middle States, and makes one of the western sea-board from California to Alaska. The exchange between the products of the North and of the South, which common sense everywhere cries aloud for, is here doubly enforced by nature's barriers between products of the same zone,—the Rocky Mountain chain and the dreary desert north of Lake Superior. It would indeed need warring creeds, diversity of speech and race, and the memory of centuries of bitter feud to keep men wide apart whose interests are so closely bound together.[7] But instead of this we find that the social aims and interests that unite these men are fully as strong as the economical, and that there is actually less difference between, say, Ontario and New York, or Michigan, than between many States of the Union, or between different parts of the United Kingdom. Whole districts in the Northwestern States are settled by Canadians, and in return Americans have pushed north into the new Canadian territory. Thanks to the proverbial restlessness of Americans in general, there is a free current backward and forward; and there are few of the older families of Canada without representatives

[7] Many thoughtful Americans are of opinion that the next war will not be between North and South, but between East and West.

in the States. The Dominion may stand politically alone during a shorter or longer period of transition, but as a permanent thing it is improbable. All the tendencies of the century make for political unity, and no reason can be shown why Canada should form an exception; closer union with England or with the United States are the alternatives.

But closer union with Britain means a reversal of the policy and tendency of the last half-century. While Britain has been relaxing her hold, Canada has been encroaching, until it has now reached a state of semi-independence. During this time it has been "differentiating" from England imperceptibly, and perhaps unwittingly, but by no means arbitrarily, as the history of colonies abundantly shows.[8] At the same time it has, just as surely, been gradually "assimilated" more and more to the United States; either because similar conditions produce similar results, or, more likely, through contact and the force of imitation. Nevertheless, some propose to stem the current; and, by an imperial customs' union of some kind, prepare the way for a closer political one.[9] Passing over the waste of wealth and sacrifice of principle that such a union would involve, those who think it would issue in closer political union forget the influence of the navigation laws before the American war, and overlook the effects in Canada at the present time of the attempt to erect barriers on nature's trade-routes, and force commerce along political channels. The North German Customs' Union is not a case in point, for, though it preceded the political union, it cannot be said to have caused it; every element of national life was making for it already, and external danger finally completed the process. And no matter how successful such an imperial customs' union might be, we should still have to face the whole problem of the political one, and—not to mention other difficulties—no scheme for this can ever be permanently successful that is not based on proportional representation. "The Imperial Parliament which now exists," to quote Lord Hartington, "will cease to be the Imperial Parliament, and will become a federal assembly with new functions, and in all probability requiring a new constitution." As England lacks the French facility in making constitutions, and has an instinctive dread of throwing its own once more into the melting-pot, here is an initial difficulty which can perhaps be best appreciated by those who know most of the constitution and its history. But again, supposing

[8] See in particular Professor Roscher's "Kolonien, Kolonialpolitik, und Auswanderung," 3d ed., Leipsic, 1885.

[9] Mr. Froude says, "If there is any real hope for an internal commercial union, I shall regard the work as done, and it may not be too late to save Canada. . . . It is as sure as the multiplication table, that if we do not offer Canada such a union the Americans will, and the Canadian Dominion will be practically lost by us." If Canada is lost, it will be because there is more than this at the bottom of it; only a few years ago it deliberately renounced all the advantages of free trade with Britain.

all this satisfactorily settled, and Canada allowed to enter the confederation on a footing of equality with England, the central and initiative force would now be paralyzed in a way that would put the empire at a fearful disadvantage among neighbors armed and ready to strike, without preliminary palaver, the moment the time for it had come. And, after all, it would still be questionable whether mother and daughter, growing apart in life and interests, could grow together in sympathy and aims. The time for Canadian expansion has come, and, though it is nonsense to talk of England's decay having set in, her further material growth must in the nature of things be limited. The one is an old land covered deep with the scoriæ of the past, to use the expression attributed to the late Emperor Frederick; the other, while cherishing much of what is valuable in England's history and experience, has given up institutions and abandoned ceremonies that may have a meaning there but none here; and, in adapting everything to new conditions, has formed a habit of looking at customs, laws, and institutions in the light of reason rather than in that of tradition. In England men have had to be careful lest, in pulling up the weeds, they should disturb the corn also; in America, with the incalculable advantages of British training, and rich with the teachings of the ages, they have had the noble privilege of beginning society anew, as far as it is given to mortals to do so.

Besides this, there are still other differences that must be felt to be understood. Appreciating at the full all England and America have in common, one who has lived among the people, and breathed the social atmosphere of both, must have noticed subtle yet deep differences. It is a common remark that the English emigrant does not feel at home in America for years, and, if he had the means, would, in many cases, return at once; on the other hand, the native American or Canadian—for it matters little which—who visits England needs to stay long to feel himself at home. An attempt to give instances of things that grate somewhat on the feelings, or at least seem "strange" to those who come from the new world for the first time, besides being disagreeable, would unnecessarily lengthen an article already too long. The whole class of words and customs relating to a State Church and "Non-conformists" might, however, be mentioned as examples; as well as the habit, among certain classes, of putting *rex* where *lex* would seem more natural, and this not always symbolically; and the deference so largely paid to mere rank or title, even when divorced from everything that men the world over naturally respect. The unsophisticated Canadian is apt to regard the dress of a simple gentleman as intrinsically more becoming, and better suited to modern ideas, than the gaudy military or diplomatic uniform, the breast covered with tinsel and spangles, that feudalism has left to European and barbarism to Oriental courts.

No act of Parliament can abolish the Atlantic Ocean, and if it

could, as has been said, Canada could take her place at England's side only after rending the constitution and remodeling it on a federal basis. The British constitution was not framed to meet remote contingencies, but grew and adapted itself to actual British needs; the thirteen colonies, on the contrary, made their constitution so as to admit, in successive States, the rest of the continent, while they themselves have almost disappeared in the colossal republic that has grown up about them. A simple act of Congress and a new State is enrolled on a footing of perfect equality with the others. Canadians have now become tolerably familiar with the lessons of federal government from twenty years of actual experience, and should they wish to enter the American Union both political parties seem ready to vie with each other as to which can offer the best terms. Though it would naturally take time for Canadian feelings and sentiments to get reconciled to the stars and stripes, the change would in reality be insignificant if looked at solely in the light of reason,—not more than that of the national holiday from the 1st of July (Dominion Day) to the 4th. Canada has no established church, with all that it implies; for here, as in the States, all denominations, like all individuals, are equal before the law. She has no aristocracy or privileged class—unless it be the manufacturers—to cleave society into layers, and foster arrogance above and servility below. She has the same system of popular education, and in legal matters the two countries are at least as close as Edinburgh is to London. Indeed, outside of Quebec, it would be hard to point to any material difference between them that does not bear the mark of recent importation. Letters at present circulate indifferently over the continent north of Mexico,—a letter posted in Florida being taken to British Columbia for a penny, while a Canadian writing to his friends "at home," under the same flag, has to pay foreign postage. English sovereigns are, strange to say, seldom or never seen in circulation in British North America. When gold is used at all it bears the impress of a foreign mint, and the convenient American dollars and cents have driven pounds, shillings, and pence completely from the field. The writer has passed Canadian bank-notes in the Northern States and "greenbacks" in Canada without difficulty; while in Ireland, Bank of England notes were refused unless endorsed, and he found to his astonishment that Scotch notes lose their virtue on crossing the border. One of the leading denominations in the Canadian Northwest is now united ecclesiastically with brethren in the States, in preference to those in Ontario; while the working-men in both countries make common cause against what both regard as the common foe. American papers, magazines, books, periodicals, secular and religious, for children and for adults, fill Canadian homes; and clergymen, journalists, teachers, and doctors pass back and forth with facility. It is no unusual thing for Canadian students to complete their studies at American universi-

ties; while the few that go to the mother country, where education is much more expensive, are liable to have their books confiscated as unauthorized reprints. Through passenger and "freight" trains run to and fro across the border, with nothing but the presence of custom-houses to show that they are passing into another country, and this daily intercourse popularizes the same peculiarities, slang expressions, and technical words throughout the continent. Whatever the position of the Dominion may be in detail, it is more and more recognized of late that its general history is necessarily bound up with that of the great republic alongside of which it stretches like fringe on a garment. Though its conservative traditions, strengthened by recent immigration, may cause it to lag behind its republican sister and to hasten more slowly, it is likely, in the long run, to be drawn in with the larger current of the continent. The tendency to imitate American ways and institutions is already so strong that a shrewd observer lately remarked, "Let him who would accomplish a reform in Canada begin in the United States."

Indeed, the very policy that many looked upon as likely to consolidate the scattered provinces, and put a barrier between them and their American cousins, has turned out to be no insignificant factor to be added to the tendencies that make for annexation. Though wasteful and detrimental to commercial prosperity, protectionism is intended to stimulate an artificial trade at home by cutting off the people that adopts it from intercourse with their neighbors, and is consequently often contemporaneous with an outburst of new-born patriotism or some movement towards closer political union. So Canada, after confederation, adopted the so-called national policy, which was really the war tariff of the United States slightly modified, and consistently enforced it against the mother country itself, though hopes were entertained by some that it would be disallowed as seriously interfering with the imperial idea. The promoters of this protective measure eloquently pointed out to the dwellers by the sea the advantages of having Nova Scotia coal burned in Ontario, while Ontario speeches expatiated on the impetus that would be given to trade if the fishermen of the coast were compelled to use Ontario salt. After the act was passed there was at first considerable activity, while business was adapting itself to the new conditions; but as time passed on many were disappointed with the progress realized, and commenced to lose faith in government-made prosperity; and with the increased expense of living there was increasing discontent, as the golden promises of the pre-election period failed to "materialize." The United States, with over fifty millions of all sorts and conditions of men, possessing almost every kind of climate and product, and having absolute free trade over the largest extent of varied and fertile territory in the world, connected by magnificent water-ways and railroads, may play

with protection, or even put up a prohibitory tariff and prosper in spite of it; but for a small agricultural people, scattered along a narrow belt three thousand miles in length on the same parallels of latitude, to do the same was madness. The maritime provinces, cut off from their natural markets in New England, grumble and threaten secession; the Ontario farmers complain bitterly of hard times, and clamor for "unrestricted reciprocity;" the northwest settlers, maddened by the tariff and the railway monopoly that make all they buy dear and all they sell cheap, hold mutinous gatherings where annexation is freely talked of, and have at last resolved to connect with the railroad system of the United States even in defiance of Ottawa; British Columbia is ill-satisfied with the bargain, although the Dominion has saddled itself with an enormous debt to build the Canadian Pacific road to unite it with the other provinces; and everywhere along the line, except in French Quebec,[10] are signs of growing discontent. In the blind groping for a remedy, union with the States in some form or other presents itself; and men who have no taste for speculative politics or abstract economic reasoning see matters in a different light when put in a concrete form; and others, who have studied the subject on all sides, have no objection to get out of an apparently hopeless economic difficulty by political means. Protectionists, as usual, suggest increased protection as a panacea, and thus keep adding fuel to the flames. The most that free traders can hope for, if they should succeed by close reasoning and in the face of lobby influence and vested interest in defeating the present combination, is to pull down their side of the double Chinese walls between them and their neighbors; while by enlisting the sympathies of the large class who recognize at once the advantages of "commercial union," but, like the fair traders in England, know little of the philosophy of commerce, and cannot abide a "jug-handled free trade," they can—in words attributed to Mr. Bright —"double the value of property in Canada," and sweep away forever, as the late Secretary of the United States Treasury expresses it, "the obstacles to that enlarging freer intercourse among the heirs by a kindred blood of one great heritage of social order, language, laws, and civil liberty, which is leading here and promoting everywhere the progress of the human race."

At present the northern portion of the American continent alone

[10] It is curious that this province is more averse from union with the United States than any other, but the reasons are not far to seek: (1) The only survival of any established church in North America is to be found here, and the Roman Catholic clergy and those interested know that this depends on the treaty of 1763 which is in force only as long as the connection with England lasts; (2) Quebec can at present, with a solid vote, hold the balance of power, and make better terms than it could as a part of the republic; and (3) with the present system of indirect taxation and subsidies, this province receives generously from the federal treasury to which the *habitant*, by importing very little, contributes next to nothing.

is liable to be drawn into the vortex of European diplomacy and war. In no conceivable case a gainer, and almost certain to be a loser, in any great war; with little real interest in Britain's quarrels, and less influence in her councils; without any army and without a navy, Canada, unnoticed and useless to England in time of peace, could be but a weakness in time of war and a possible source of trouble afterwards. But the union of Canada and the United States, and the pacification of Ireland, would blot out all the jealousy and dislike of England still prevalent, and would knit together as never before the Old World and the New; and, though we are looking at it mainly from a Canadian point of view, it is hard to believe that such a union of her children across the Atlantic could really injure their common mother at home; it would certainly be in conformity with a strongly-marked tendency of the century in politics, religion, science, and philanthropy, and would be the first step in the direction of a closer union between the English-speaking peoples throughout the world. Examples are not wanting to prove that, with proper guarantees for independence in local matters, races differing widely in language, faith, and character may unite and work harmoniously under the same general government; and the present European alliances are scarcely needed to remind us that, after this has been brought about, still larger unions may be formed for certain political ends. It is unlikely that we shall ever see any serious attempt made to consolidate the scattered branches of the English people under one government; nor would this indeed be desirable. It has been well said of the Germans of Austria, and of the German empire, that "they differ so widely in their character and conceptions of life that, though they will act as brothers while independent, their fraternal affection would be severely tried by any attempt to run in double harness." The same is true of the race to which we belong; and it is even probable that the unemancipated portions of it may, in accordance with Turgot's law, assert their complete independence before agreeing to act as brothers with the rest. "It is likely enough," wrote the late Professor Green, "that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English people in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English peoples on either side the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one. And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over it will change the face of the world. As two hundred millions of Englishmen fill the valley of the Mississippi, as fifty millions of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the Old World of Europe, whose nations will have shrunk into insignificance before it."[11] It is surely not too much to hope that this "vast power" may some day find a voice. Local autonomy secured and local independence once frankly

[11] "History of the English People," bk. ix. ch. ii.

acknowledged, the time for the second process of reunion on a different basis will have arrived. When a Latin union is talked of, and Slavs are drawn together by a common feeling, and a colossal power has been formed in the heart of Europe by a united Germany and her allies, it is surely not too soon to ask why the race that has led the van of modern political progress should not come to a general agreement on matters affecting their common welfare, establish a common court of arbitration, and even a Pan-Anglican council to regulate or, at least, discuss the numerous questions in which some uniformity or understanding is desirable.

While the license and instability of the French,—in Burke's passionate phrase "the ablest architects of ruin who have hitherto existed in the world,"—the petty tyranny of cultured Germany, and the general militarism and arbitrariness manifest on the Continent, must keep Britain aloof from her neighbors, and render hearty co-operation extremely difficult, here is promise of a grand alliance that might easily —not to mention minor matters—banish war from half the globe and make it next to impossible on any large scale in the rest. However chimerical such a proposal might have been half a century ago, it ought not to be so now. The scattered portions of our race inherit so much from a common past that the points of difference between them are in comparison very insignificant. They are all animated by a common love of liberty, and have substantially the same aims and views of individual and political life. If English statesmen can only settle the dreadful Irish question, the common political plague of both hemispheres, and the American people will treat with proper contempt the few fire-brand politicians who are so ready to stir up strife, there is every prospect that a practical question of the near future will be this great Pan-Anglican alliance. And even now the time has come for its discussion and popularization. In spite of the fisheries dispute and the Irish question,—and they are, in a measure, linked together, the Irish vote in the United States making a chronic dispute with England a godsend to demagogues,—"the distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassable barrier between them grow every day less."

But before this grand alliance can be brought about the various branches of the English-speaking people living near each other must be united and learn to pull together harmoniously, to respect local preferences, peculiarities, and even prejudices, while working together for common ends. In this way, if at all, will be accomplished that federation of mankind of which poets sing and philanthropists dream.

JAMES W. BELL.

OLD UNIFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES SERVICE.

PART II.

GENERAL WASHINGTON always paid the strictest attention to dress in all its minutest details, and when attired in uniform was careful to conform to all the niceties covering the insignia of his rank. His buttons, previous to the Revolution, were all manufactured to order in England, and many of them on special and elaborate dress-suits bore the initials, in raised letters, "G.W."

The following is taken from the *San Francisco Bulletin:*

"General Washington, when receiving as the chief magistrate, according to Schouler, was dressed in black velvet with a cream-colored vest. He wore black stockings, had silver buckles on his shoes and at his knees, a dress-sword at his side, and a cocked hat under his arm."

At the battle of Brandywine, Washington experienced a narrow escape from death. Major Ferguson, commander of a small corps of riflemen attached to the British army, relates the incident, which took place while the major's corps was concealed in a skirt of wood in front of Knyphausen's division:

"We had not lain long when a rebel officer, remarkable for a hussar's dress, passed towards our army within one hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a good bay horse, with a remarkable high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them, and to fire at them; but the idea disgusted me. I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us; upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling he stopped, but after looking at me proceeded. I again drew his attention, but he slowly continued his way. The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told me that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every respect as above described."

Thatcher, in his *Military Journal*, gives the following descriptions of Continental uniforms. On July 20, 1775, he first saw Washington at Cambridge:

"His Excellency was dressed in a blue coat with buff-colored facings, a rich epaulet on each shoulder, buff underclothes, and an elegant small sword, a black cockade in his hat." In August troops arrived from Pennsylvania and Maryland. "They are remarkably stout, handy men, many of them exceeding six feet in height. They are dressed in white frocks, or rifle shirts, and round hats." In October, 1775, Thatcher describes Washington's uniform as follows: "His uniform dress is a blue coat, with two brilliant epaulets, buff-colored underclothes, and a three-cornered hat, with a black cockade. He is constantly equipped with an elegant small sword, boots and spurs, in readiness to mount his noble charger."

On July 20, 1780, Washington recommended to the officers of the army that they wear cockades of black and white intermixed, as a symbol of friendship for the French allies who wear white cockades. July 13, 1781, Thatcher writes of the French army: "Their military dress and side arms are elegant, the troops are under the strictest discipline, and are amply provided with arms and accoutrements, which are kept in the neatest order; they are in complete uniform, coats of white broadcloth trimmed with green, and white underdress, and on their heads they wear a singular kind of hat or chapeau. It is unlike our cocked hats in having but two corners instead of three, which gives them a very novel appearance."

A French clergyman connected with Rochambeau's forces wrote as follows regarding the entry into Philadelphia:

"The arrival of the French army at Philadelphia was more like a triumph than simply passing through the place; the troops made a halt about a quarter of a mile from the city, and in an instant were dressed as elegantly as ever the soldiers of a garrison were on a day of review; they then marched through the town with the military music playing before them. We were a good deal amused with a mistake of some of the common people, who took for a general one of those alert fellows whom our commanding officers commonly have in their retinue to run up and down to carry their written orders. His short light-bodied coat, his rich waistcoat, with a silver fringe, his rose-colored shoes, his cape adorned with a coat of arms, and his cane with an enormous head,—all appeared to them so many tokens of extraordinary dignity. The President of Congress, the Hon. Thomas McKean, in a suit of black velvet, honored this review with his presence."

The facings and long lapels of army and navy uniform coats are said to have originated from the custom of buttoning back the lapels and fastening back the skirts of the long-waisted frock to allow of a free use of the musket and side-arms, thus revealing the lining of a

different color from the rest of the garment. In 1797 the last naval uniform prescribing colored facings was authorized, and the circular of 1802 removed the distinctive colored combinations from the dress of American naval officers.

The Chamber of Commerce, at Charleston, South Carolina, contains portraits of two of her illustrious sons,—viz., General Moultrie and Commodore Gillon. The first is represented in the full uniform of his rank: dark blue double-breasted coat, standing collar, wide lapels, buff facings, buff vest, white neck-scarf, and epaulets. The commodore has a double-breasted coat of blue, rolling collar, wide lapels of deep red, red facings, white vest, neck-scarf, and gold epaulets.

The following descriptions of Continental uniforms have been gleaned from numerous and authentic sources:

Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, organized November 17, 1774. The members equipped themselves at their own expense. Dark brown shortcoat, faced and lined with white; high-topped boots; round black hat bound with silver cord, and a buck's tail. Housings of brown, edged with white, with the letters "L. H." worked on them. Their arms were a carbine, a pair of pistols in holsters, and a horseman's sword, with white belts for the sword and carbine.

Washington's Life-Guard, 1776. This was a distinct corps of mounted men, attached to the person of Washington, but never spared in battle. Care was taken to have all the States from which the Continental army was supplied with troops represented in this corps. It consisted of a major's command,—viz., one hundred and eighty men, and its chief bore the title of captain commandant. The uniform consisted of a blue coat with white facings, white waistcoats and breeches, blue half-gaiters, and a cocked hat with a white plume. They carried muskets and occasionally side-arms.

The First company, Governor's Foot-Guard, of Connecticut claims to be the oldest uniformed company of continuous existence and annual parade in the country. It was organized in 1771, and on one occasion acted as an escort of honor to General Washington. It continues to wear the uniform first adopted,—viz., a scarlet coat, faced with black, and leggings of black velvet. It was copied from what was then the uniform of the Coldstream Guards, the Prince Regent's Guards of England.

1777. Congress's Own Regiment, Colonel Moses Hazen. Brown regimental coat, turned up at the sleeves with white, and trimmed with small metal buttons; white cloth jacket and breeches; white yarn hose, string shoes, and fantail hat; a light infantry cap with the letters "C. O. R." in cipher in front, with motto "*Procris et focie.*"

April 15, 1777. Resolved by Congress, that the appellations "Congress's Own," "Washington's Life-Guards," etc., are improper,

and ought not to be kept up, but that all troops should be on the same footing.

1777. Major Lewis's Farmers' Regiment. Brown coat faced with green.

1777. Colonel Oliver Spencer's Regiment of Guards. Blue coats and facings.

General Knox's Artillery. Black short coats, turned up with red; white wool jacket and breeches; hat trimmed with yellow.

1777. Colonel Hartley's Regiment of Foot-Guards. Blue regimental coat, white cape; white jacket; buckskin breeches; stockings; shoes.

1778. Colonel Lee's Regiment. Blue faced with white; white waistcoats; black breeches.

1778. Captain Cozzen's Regiment of Artillery. Black coats, faced with red; blue overalls.

1779. Captain Scott's Company (General Putnam's division). Blue regimental coat, turned up with red, buttons marked "U. S.;" white flannel jackets and drawers; coarse white linen stockings; shoes.

1779. Regiment of Light Dragoons. Green cloak, red capes; green coat, turned up with red; red waistcoat; buckskin breeches, and a leather cap, turned up with bearskin.

Captain Carbury's Troop of Light Dragoons. Blue coat, turned up with red, sleeves and collar red; red jackets; buckskin breeches; boots; carbine and belt.

New Jersey.—1777. Captain James Gillon, Second New Jersey Regiment. Blue coats, turned up with red.

Captain John Ross, Third New Jersey Regiment. Blue regimental coat, faced with red; spotted jacket; blue breeches.

Maryland.—1777. Sixth Maryland Regiment. Gray regimental coat; waistcoat of gray cloth, faced with green; gray cloth breeches.

Fifth Maryland Regiment. Brown coat, faced with red; spotted swanskin vest; brass oval buttons; brown broadcloth breeches; white stockings, and Continental shoes.

Seventh Maryland Regiment. Blue coat, white collars and cuffs; white jacket; drilling breeches.

Virginia.—1777. Ninth Virginia Regiment. Light brown coats, with light red facings.

Thirteenth Virginia Regiment. Blue regimental coat, cuffed and faced with yellow; blue breeches, and white stockings.

1778. Third Virginia Regiment. Light blue drab coat, pale blue facings; green vest; linen overalls.

1779. Sixth Virginia Regiment. Black uniform coats, faced with red; white waistcoats; linen shirts and overalls.

South Carolina.—1778. First Regiment, Colonel Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, four hundred and fifty men. Black coats, faced with red.

Third Regiment, Colonel Huyher. Same uniform; also frocks.

Fifth Regiment, Colonel Sumter. Uniform of the officers, red, faced with black.

Sixth Regiment Militia Grenadiers. "All in proper dress, with caps."

Pennsylvania.—1776. Colonel John Shea's Third Battalion, Associators of Philadelphia. Brown regimental coats, white facings, pewter buttons, with "No. 3" upon them; white laced hat, bound with white tape; buckskin breeches.

Pennsylvania Musketmen, Colonel Parry. Blue coats, faced with red; white jackets; buckskin breeches; white stockings and shoes.

Captain Josias Harmer's Company (First Pennsylvania Battalion). Brown coats, faced with buff; swanskin jackets.

Captain Vernon's Chester County Company (Fourth Battalion), Colonel Anthony Wayne. Dark blue coats, faced with white.

Captain Persifer Fraser's Company (Fourth Battalion). Brown coat, blue silk facings.

Colonel Green's Second Battalion of Rifles (Captain Copperthwait's Lancaster Company). Green frock and trousers.

Captain Jacob Humphrey's Company (First Battalion Pennsylvania, Flying Camp). Dark hunting-shirts.

First Battalion Cumberland County. Hunting-shirts and leggins.

Captain Thomas Holme, First Philadelphia County Battalion, Flying Camp, Colonel John Moore. Brown coat, faced with red; leather breeches; yarn stockings.

Colonel Penrose's Battalion. Short brown coat "of a reddish cast," turned up with red.

Captain Murray's Company of Rifles. Light-colored hunting-shirt, with fringes.

Colonel Irwin's Battalion. Blue coats, turned up with red.

Captain Isaac Farnsworth's Company (Flying Camp). Blue hunting-shirt.

Captain Robert's Company of Rifles (Second Battalion, Colonel Hart). Yellowish hunting-shirt.

Captain Hazlett's Company (Colonel John Moore's Battalion, Flying Camp). Brown coat, faced with green; red woven breeches; white jacket; stockings; round hat.

Captain Andrew's Company (Colonel Samuel Mill's Rifle Regiment). Black hunting-shirts.

Captain Jacob Humphrey's Company (First Battalion, Flying Camp). Dark-colored hunting-shirt.

1777. Captain James Wilson's Company (First Pennsylvania Battalion). Light-colored coat, with red facings.

Colonel Walter Stewart's Regiment. Blue coats, turned up with red, white metal buttons, with "S. P. R." on them.

1777. First Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel De Hass. Blue coats, faced with white, "I. P. B." on buttons; cocked hats.

Second Pennsylvania Battalion. Brown coats, faced with green.

Second Regiment, Colonel Irvine's. Blue coat, scarlet facings; blue waistcoat; regimental hat.

Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Naject. Brown coats, turned up with red; buckskin breeches.

Fifth Pennsylvania Regiment. Blue coat, faced with white; buckskin breeches; blue yarn stockings.

Thirteenth Pennsylvania Regiment. Blue coats, faced with white.

Captain David Whipple's Company (German regiment). White hunting-frock and breeches; striped leggins.

1778, *May*. First Pennsylvania Regiment. Black coats, turned up with white.

Captain James Wilson's Company, same battalion. Brown coats, turned up with buff.

August. Colonel Hartley's Pennsylvania Regiment. Blue uniform coats, faced with yellow; grenadier's light infantry caps.

August. Colonel Richard Butler's Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment. Brown uniform coat, faced with red, red cuffs and red cape; new cocked hats, white looping.

October. Colonel Thomas Procter's Artillery. Blue coat, with buff and white facings.

1779. Colonel Benjamin Flower's First Company Artillery. Black coat, faced with red; brown jackets, white buttons, letters "U. S. A." on them; buckskin breeches; white stockings and felt hat.

February. General Wayne's Division. Blue regimental coats, lined with white; ruffled shirts; red flannel leggings; and "a sort of cap dressed up with fur."

May. Third Pennsylvania Regiment. Blue coat, turned up with red; white cloth jacket and breeches; round hat; and Continental shirt.

Eleventh Pennsylvania Regiment. Long blue uniform coats, faced with buff; small round hats.

Invalid Regiment, Philadelphia, Colonel Lewis Nicola. Brown coats, faced with green.

1779. "As black and red have been pitched upon for that of the American Continental artillery, it is unreasonable for him [Colonel Procter] to make objections to it."—Washington to President Reed, April 5, 1779, vii. "Pa. Archives," 293.

1780. Colonel Hubley's Eleventh Pennsylvania Regiment. Blue regimental coat, faced with red, and buff edgings; round hats and black feathers.

Second Pennsylvania Regiment. Blue coats, faced with scarlet; round hat; black ferreting.

1782. First Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Daniel Brodhead. Blue regimental coat, faced with red.

In a letter from the Continental War Office, dated August 16, 1779 ("Archives," vol. cci., p. 229, Massachusetts State Department), requesting supplies of clothing, the following instructions were given: "It will not be amiss to inform the State, that if they procure woolen clothing to be made up the breeches may be omitted and woolen overalls, lined as low as the knee with linen, be substituted in their room, as these with socks answer a better purpose than breeches and stockings, and are concluded upon as the winter uniforms. The uniforms as agreed on for the whole army to have the ground blue, the facings of the following colors as nearly as possible, to which it would be best to accommodate our present possession of clothing. New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut—facings white, etc., etc. Vests and overalls of the whole, white."

A letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Badlam, at Dorchester, Massachusetts, dated 5th October, 1779 ("Archives," vol. cliii. p. 310), asking for clothing, says, "The uniform for our regiment is blue, turned up with white."

From the "Revolutionary Orders of General Washington," by Whiting, we take the following:

"Nov. 15th, 1780. As nothing adds more to the handsome appearance of a corps than uniformity of dress, the General recommends, thus early, to the Field officers newly organized, to fix upon a fashion for the Regimental clothing of the officers of their respective corps (if it is not already done), confining themselves to the grounds, facings, linings and buttons, already assigned to the States to which they belong. The General sees with concern, the difficulties which the officers labor under in procuring clothes; it is not, therefore, his wish that those who are already furnished should run themselves to the expense of new uniforms, if their old are not exactly conformable, but that they should in future strictly comply with the Regimental fashion, and, if possible, get their old clothes altered to fit. It has a very odd appearance, especially to foreigners, to see officers of the same corps differing from each other, in the fashion of their facings, sleeves, and pockets of their coats. An attention to these minutiæ has been thought necessary and proper in all services. It becomes peculiarly so in ours at this time, as we shall, it is more than probable, take the field next campaign in conjunction with our allies, composed of the first troops in Europe, who will receive impressions and form opinions from the first view," etc., etc.

The following is General Howe's orders for the Massachusetts line:

"January 5th, 1781.

"The Committee of officers appointed to fix upon the fashion of the Massachusetts uniform, have reported thereupon, and is as follows:

"The colour of the coats, waistcoat, linings, and buttons, to be agreeable to the General Orders of the 2d of October, 1779.

"The length of the coat to the upper part of the knee pan, and to be cut high in the neck. As 3 is to 5, so is the skirt to the waist of the coat. The lappel at the top of the breast to be 3 inches in width, and the bottom $2\frac{3}{16}$ inches; the lappel to be as low as the waist, and its wing to button within an inch of the shoulder seam with a small button on the cape. The epaulette to be worn directly on the top of the shoulder joint, on the same button with the wing of the lappel. A round and close cuff, 3 inches wide, with 4 close worked button holes. The cape to be made with a peak behind, and its width in proportion to the lappels, the pocket flaps to be seal lapped, 4 button holes, the two inner close worked, the two outer open worked, and to be set on a curved line from the bottom of the lappel to the button on the hip. The coat to be cut full behind, with a fold on each back skirt, and two close worked button holes on each.

"The open worked button holes on the breast of each lappel with 10 large buttons at equal distance; 4 large buttons on each cuff, 4 on each pocket flap, and 4 on each fold. Those on the cuffs and pocket flaps to be placed agreeable to the button holes; and those on the folds, one on the hip, one at the bottom, and two in the centre, at an equal distance with those on the lappel. The coat is to button or hook as low as the fourth button hole on the breast, and is to be flaunt at the bottom with a genteel and military air. Four hooks and eyes on the breast as low as the coat is allowed to button. The skirts to hook up with a blue heart at each corner, with such device as the Field Officers of each regiment shall direct. The bottoms of the coat to be cut square. The waistcoat to be single breasted, with 12 buttons and holes on the breast, with pocket flaps, 4 close worked button holes, and 4 buttons, which shall appear below the flaps. The breeches are to be made with a half fall; 4 buttons on each knee. The small buttons on the waistcoat to be of the same kind with the large ones on the coat. The number of the regiment is to be in the centre of the button, with such device as the Field Officers shall direct. Two epaulettes to be worn agreeable to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's orders of June 18th, 1780.

"A fashionable military cocked hat, with a silver button, loop, and a small button with the number of the regiment. To wear a black stock when on duty and on the parade.

"No edging, vellum, lace, or indeed any other ornaments which are not mentioned, to be added to the uniform. No officer is to be permitted, at any time, to wear any other uniform than that of his regiment."

From the description of uniforms, as given, it will be noticed that the blue and buff was the exception rather than the rule in the Continental army.

Thomas Jefferson, in a letter dated August 26, 1790, prescribed the following:

"The consuls and vice-consuls of the United States are free to wear the uniform of their navy, if they choose to do so. This is a deep blue coat with red facings, lining, and cuffs, the cuffs slashed and a standing collar; a red waistcoat (laced or not at the election of the wearer), and blue breeches; yellow buttons with a foul anchor, and black cockade and small sword."

From the *Washington Star* we take the following:

"When Hamilton was alive,—a great man was Hamilton, sir; yes, sir, a great man,—when Hamilton lived our representatives abroad wore as much gold lace as anybody. Every consul in the service and

all the ministers had a right to wear a full-dress naval uniform, with lots of gold lace, brass buttons, cocked hat, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and long vests, with pockets as big as elephants' ears. As late as 1845, sir, this suit was abolished, and begad, sir, the most beautiful uniform you ever saw was put in its place. There was a special order issued giving a full description of the uniform, and directing that all United States consuls should wear it. Just listen to this. I copied it myself from the books at the Department, and know it is correct:

"'A single-breasted coat of blue cloth, with standing cape or collar, and ten navy buttons in front; one button on each side of the cape, four on each cuff, four under each pocket flap, and one on each hip and in folds; two on each side in the centre and one on each side at the lower extremity of the skirt. The front (from the cape down to the lower extremity of the skirt), cuffs, cape, and pocket flaps to be embroidered in gold, representing a vine composed of olive leaves, and the button-holes to be worked with gold thread; the button-holes to correspond with the width of the embroidery, which is not to exceed two inches in any part. Vest and small clothes of white, and navy buttons, the former to have ten in front, and four under each pocket flap. With this dress a cocked hat, small sword, shoes, and buckles are to be worn. The hat to be furnished with gold loops, gold tassels, and black cockade, with gold eagle in centre. Mountings of sword, and shoe and knee buckles to be of gold,—otherwise gilt.'"

The above has since been abolished by Congress, and the law provides that men who have held rank in the army or navy could wear the uniform of their rank.

From an old history of the city of Philadelphia we take the following:

"From the peace of 1783 until the famous western expedition of 1794, the pride, pomp, and circumstances of the glorious war of independence, continued to be shadowed out in this city on muster days, and on the glorious fourth-of-July, by two regiments of militia, flanked on the parade ground, by the only two volunteer companies [1791] then in the city. . . . During the 'piping times of peace,' the only command obtainable was in the militia; and such command, it seems, was sought after, and held by gentlemen of the first respectability at the time, either for wealth, or services rendered by them during the war. Everything relative to uniforms or tactics still partook, largely, of the old school, colonial, or revolutionary models, framed by that crack in the art of war, in this country, Baron Steuben. Tradition says, the regiment, 'down town,' was commanded by Colonel Daniel Smith, Majors Joseph Sims and Philip Pancake. The one 'up town,' by Colonel William Will [sheriff at the time], Majors Andrew Geyer and Alexander Boyd. The two regiments forming the one, and the only brigade in the city, under the command of Brigadier-General Francis Gurney.

"The 'Buck-tail company' was commanded originally by Captain Sproat, who was viewed at the time by the ladies, and others who spoke of him, as a model, in his day, of smartness and military elegance on parade. The uniform consisted of a short, dark-blue cloth coatee, lappelled with red, and turned up with red at the skirts; white dimity vest and breeches [tights], white cotten stockings, black knee bands, short gaiters, sharp pointed, long guartered shoes and buckles. The captain, and every member of the company, wore a long cue, or club of powdered hair, pendant behind. The head was surmounted by a felt hat or cap, the front presenting a flat surface, being turned up smartly, in an oval shape, above the crown, and ornamented by way of plume or pompon, with a tail [buck-tail], separated from the dried undressed hide of the forest buck or deer. The other flank company was of the artillery, commanded by Captain Jeremiah Fisher. He, and some of his company, had served during the war, having fought in famous battles under the gallant Colonel Procter. The artillery uniform consisted of a long, dark-blue coat, lappelled, with gilt buttons down the front, and turned up with red at the skirts, and reaching almost to the heels; yellow vest and breeches; stiffened wide ruffles; white cotten stockings, and black leggings, buttoned down the side; sharp-toed shoes, and large buckles, almost covering the toes. In conformity with the universal fashion at the time, they all wore long hair, *powdered*, clubbed or cued, and dangling below the shoulder blade. They also wore the large 'artillery cocked hat,' square to the front, in marching, with a long black feather waving aloft at every step."

In June, 1797, James McHenry, Secretary of War, and also in charge of naval affairs (it being prior to the establishment of a separate department), issued the following regulations governing uniforms for naval officers. It ranks as the first official order of the kind emanating from the newly-established government.

"UNIFORM FOR THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM. FULL DRESS.—Blue cloth with long buff lappels, and a standing collar, and lining of buff; to be made and trimmed full, with a gold epaulet on each shoulder, the cuffs buff, with four buttons, and four buttons at the pockets. Lappels to have nine buttons, and one to the standing collar. Buttons, yellow metal, and to have the foul anchor and American eagle on the same.

"*Vest and breeches.*—Buff, with the flaps and four buttons to the pockets of the vest, so as to correspond and be in uniform with the coat. Buttons the same kind as the coat, only proportionately smaller.

"LIEUTENANT.

"*Coat.*—Long, blue, with half lappels, standing collar and lining of buff. The lappels to have six buttons, and one to the collar; below the lappel, right side, three buttons; left side, three close-worked button-holes. Three buttons to the pocket-flaps, and three to a slash sleeve, with a buff cuff. One gold epaulet on the right shoulder. Trimmings, plain twist.

"*Vest and breeches.*—Buff,—the former to be made with skirts and pocket-flaps, but to have buttons to the pockets. The buttons for vest and breeches, and coat, the same as for the captain's uniform.

"LIEUTENANT OF MARINES.

"*Coat.*—Long, blue, with long lappels of red; standing collar, and lining red. The lappels to have nine buttons, and one to the standing collar. Three buttons to the pocket-flaps, and three to a slash sleeve, with a red cuff. One gold epaulet on the right shoulder, for the senior lieutenant; where there are two lieutenants for the same ship, one on the left shoulder for the second officer. When there is only one lieutenant, he is also to wear the epaulet on the right shoulder.

"*Vest and breeches.*—The former red, with skirts and pocket-flaps, but to have no buttons to the pockets; the latter blue, buttons for the suit the same as the captain and lieutenant.

"SURGEON.

"*Coat.*—Long, dark green, with black velvet lappels, and standing collar, lappels to have nine buttons, and one to the standing collar. No linings, no other than being faced with the same cloth as the coat. Slash sleeves, the cuffs the same as the facings, with three buttons; pocket-flaps, plain.

"*Vest and breeches.*—The former, red, double-breasted; the latter, green, the same as the coat; buttons, the same as the officers.

"SURGEON'S MATE.

"The same as the surgeon, with only this difference to the coat, to wit,—half lappels, with six buttons, and one to the collar; below the lappel, right side, three buttons; left, three close-worked button-holes.

"SAILING MASTER.

"*Coat.*—Long, blue, with facings and standing collar of the same, edged with buff,—nine buttons to the lappels and one to the standing collar. Lining, blue, or faced with the same as the coat. Slash sleeve, with three buttons. Pockets, plain.

"*Vest and breeches.*—Plain buff vest, and blue breeches. Buttons for the suit, same as for the officers.

"PURSER.—Plain frock, blue coat, with the proper naval buttons. No lappels.

"*Vest and breeches.*—Buff, and plain.

"MIDSHIPMAN. *Coat.*—Plain frock coat of blue, lined and edged with buff, without lappels; a standing collar of buff, and plain buff cuffs, open underneath with three buttons.

"*Vest and breeches.*—Buff, former to be made round and plain. Buttons for the coat, the same as before described.

"MARINE.—Plain short coat of blue, with a red belt, edged with red, and turned up with the same, with common small naval buttons, with blue pantaloons, edged with red, and red welt.

"Captains, lieutenants, and marine officers to wear, when full dressed, cocked hats, with black cockades, and small swords (yellow mounted), and when undressed, such swords as may be hereafter fixed upon or ordered, which said swords are to be worn at all times by the midshipmen, who are to wear cocked hats, etc., when full-dressed only,—surgeon's mate, sailing master, and purser, cocked hats and black cockades.

"JAMES M. HENRY,
"*Secretary of War.*

"WAR OFFICE, August 24th, 1797.

"N.B.—Summer dress, vest and breeches (excepting for marine soldiers) to be white, or nankeen, as may correspond with the uniform, etc. Marines, white linen overalls."

The above regulation governed the uniforms worn by Barry, when he joined the frigate "United States"; Nicholson, in the "Constitution"; Truxton, in the "Constellation," and in his victory over "L'In-

surgente" and "La Vengeance" as well. It was in the blue and buff that James Barren, of Virginia, and Charles Stewart, of Pennsylvania, joined the frigate "United States" as third and fourth lieutenants respectively. Isaac Hull made his *début* as fourth lieutenant on the "Constitution" in the uniform above described. John Rodgers, of Maryland, joined the "Constellation" as second lieutenant in the same uniform, and acted as executive officer in the engagement with "L'Insurgente."

This uniform was short-lived, and from that fact, it is fair to presume, failed to give satisfaction to the officers.

On April 30, 1798, the Navy Department was established as a distinct and separate arm of the government, and the Secretary of War no longer had control of maritime affairs.

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First Lieutenant U.S. Revenue Cutter Service.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF NAUTICAL NOMENCLATURE.

THERE are many curious nautical words and phrases not embraced in ship nomenclature,[1] but we need not go afloat to consider them. We may content ourselves with a word-hunt in the musty lofts and busy shops of the ship-yard, where we shall doubtless find many an old "tar" engaged in the congenial task of rigging, sail-making, block-stropping, or such like employment.

The first prominent object that greets our eyes as we enter the wide gates is yonder huge upright pair of spars, under which a vessel is lying to receive her masts and spars. Curious ideas of resemblance have bestowed on them the name of "shears" among our sailors, and of "goat" (*chèvre, bock*, etc.) among some other nationalities.

Not far beyond is the spar-yard, where huge timbers are skillfully fashioned into strong masts and tapering yards. The whole assemblage of yards, masts, etc., on board ship is called the "spars,"—a word which, Webster says, we get from the Icelandic, while "mast" and "yard" come from the Anglo-Saxon. The latter is a *rod* by which the sails are extended, and a similar office is performed by the "gaffs" and "sprits," or *spears*, and by the "boams" or *beams*. Many of the heaviest of these spars are made of many parts. Those little pins that serve to unite these parts are called "coaks" by our spar-makers, and "fingers" (*dé, dado*) by French and Spanish sailors. The latter name the small wooden brackets that are bolted to the spars "chestnuts" (*castañas*), while we call them "cleats,"—a word meaning *clothing* (Anglo-Saxon, clead). From the ends of the lower yard-arms hang "jewel-blocks," pendent like the ear-rings of some fine lady. Some curious whim has led to the name of "pacific iron" for the iron with which the outer end of the yard is shod.

Here is a rudely-made mast that has been returned from some ship that has suffered disaster at sea, and has been compelled to patch up her broken spar. This is a "jury-mast," or *injury mast*. German sailors call it a "distress mast" (*nothmast*), and Frenchmen a "mast of chance" (*mât de fortune*).

A little farther along is the boat-builder's shed. We may learn more about the names of boats from him. Here are our old acquaintances the barge, the gig, the cutter, and the yawl. That small boat,

[1] See "Some Curious Sea Terms," *American Magazine*, 1888, p. 621.

propelled by four oars, is the "dinghy," which name is probably borrowed from the East India marine. Every man-of-war carries a rude "catamaran" to clean her copper in, and "balsas" of inflated india-rubber are furnished our own naval vessels. These names both come from South American waters. You may see lying alongside of each one of our men-of-war, at meal-times, a sort of floating grocery, where the men buy everything from a pipe to a ham or a bag of potatoes. This is the "bumboat." Various conjectures have been made as to the origin of this name. Wedgewood thinks it the "bottom-boat," so called from its peculiar shape. Others think it the "bumboat," and still others the "boomboat," from having been allowed to lie at the "booms" alongside.

There are two Italian boats with strange names, the "*speronara*," or "*spero*," and the "*scampa via*," or "*hasteaway*."

We may easily see how the rudder is hung in these boats. These little hinges on which it hangs are the "pintles," or little pins, and the "gudgeons," or gougings. Italian sailors whimsically name them "male" and "female" (*maschio, feminella*), and French sailors more broadly call them "*vitanière*" and "*conassière*."

The "tiller," by which the rudder is moved, is nearly the same in French and Italian (*le timon, il timone*), "the plow-beam." The arrangement of cross-bar and steering-rope, seen in small boats, is called a "yoke."

The block-maker next claims our attention. The word "pulley" is not used on board our ships. The French, however, say "*poulie*," and the "shear" (German *schiebe*,—a disk) is in Italian and Spanish a pulley (*poleggia, polea*). The "shell" surrounding it is a "chest" (*caisse, caja*) in French and Spanish, and a "blockhouse" (*blockhaus*) in German. Many of the hundreds of blocks in use on board ship are peculiarly named. A "fiddle-block" and a "viol-block" somewhat resemble those musical instruments. "Sister-blocks," having two shears in one shell, "shoe-blocks," somewhat resembling a wooden "sabot," "monkey-blocks," "shoulder-blocks," "snatch-blocks" (French "toothed-blocks,"—*poulie à dents*), and "heart-blocks" are other queer names. That "thimble," there, would fit a giant's finger. Those tough wooden slips used to line the rigging "in the wake of chafes" are called "Scotchmen." This brings to mind the frequent rubs given by the English and American sailor to other nationalities. "French" and "Flemish" "fakes" are peculiar coils in a rope, "French sennit" (*seven-knit*) a peculiarly neat one, "French leave" altogether unauthorized, and "Flemish accounts" are short. "Dutch courage" is not true bravery, "Dutch consolation" the reverse of comforting, "Dutch reckoning" is all wrong, a "Dutch pump" one that will drown the lazy worker, and "Dutchman's breeches" are faint gleams of blue in a cloudy sky. A "Spanish fox" is a left-handed yarn, a "Spanish reef"

an unsightly one, a "Spanish windlass" a temporary resort, and a "Spanish button" a peculiar tackle (*taykel* the sailor has it). "Irish pendants" hang from the yards and rigging of untidy ships, and "Irish horse" is old and tough beef. "Dago" is universal sailor language for a native of Southern Europe, the islands, and South American States, and a slovenly-kept ship is named a "Portuguese man-of-war." The Jew comes in for his share. An incorrigible loafer is an "Abraham man," and to "malinger" is to "sham Abraham." A "Jews-harp" is an iron shackle joining the cable to the anchor-ring.

Which naturally brings us to the anchor-park, where are displayed anchors great and small, old and new, bright and rusty. The word "anchor" is almost the oldest maritime word, and is the same in many languages. That strange one-armed anchor, the "mooring-anchor," is to a Frenchman a "one-eyed anchor" (*ancre borgne*), and you will readily recognize the fitness of the name "mushroom anchor" for yonder armless one. The anchor has its "arms" and "hands" (*ankerhände*), its "paws" (*pattes*), its "claws" (*zampe*), and its "flukes" or "wings" (*flügeln*). The "pee" or bill in which its arms terminate is called "parrot's beak" (*bico de papagaio*) in Portuguese, and the "nut" becomes in Spanish the "ear" (*oreja*). When the anchor holds it "bites," in nautical parlance, and when it does not it "comes home." It is often "atrip," and is "aweigh" when the beam at the capstan is the lightest, and "apeak" when the chain is up-and-down.

The cable in old-fashioned ships was "hove in" by means of the "messenger," or "turn-turn" (*tournevire*), and the "nippers" that fastened them together were somewhat oddly called "kittens" (*michelos*) in Portuguese.

The rigging-loft will also furnish us with some strange names. Skillful seamen are engaged in cutting and fitting the "standing rigging" (French, "sleeping rigging,"—*manœuvres dormantes*), as the stays, shrouds, backstays, etc., are called. Ropes are therefore in process of "worming," filling the strands with smaller stuff, "perving," with similar material, wrapping it tightly round and round the rope, and "parcelling," or covering it with old canvas as a surgeon wraps a broken limb. In olden times other processes of working in rope were employed. "Mousing" a stay meant working a lump on it; "grafting" a block-strop meant uniting two parts by a sort of plaiting or woven work. A "paddening" or "padding" was a thick padding of yarns and oakum, tapering from the middle to the ends. Yonder coil of new rope has its inner end left unlaid by the rope-maker. This frayed end is appropriately termed a "witness" (*témoin*) in French, and has in Teutonic tongues the curious appellation of "dog's end" (*hundende, hondendend*). The neatly-pointed end given to the "running rigging" is, in the latter tongues, a "dog's tail" (*hundepast, hundpynt*), while French and Italians call it "rat's tail" (*queue de rat, coda di ratto*), and Portu-

guese mariners name it "fox's tail" (*rabo di raposa*). Here we are again reminded of the beast nomenclature, examples of which in the case of the dog, cat, monkey, etc., are found on our visit to the ship. The horse is also well represented. "Horses" were the old name for the "foot-ropes" on the yards, supported by the "stirrups." The outer "foot-rope" is still called the "Flemish horse." French sailors call a "stern-post" a "crupper" (*croupière*). We have alluded to the "lines," the "bits," the "collar," the "martingale," and the "saddle," and there is the "shaft" in every steamer.

Many of the knots you see here in permanent or temporary use bear curious names. Sailors divide these into knots, beads, hitches, and splices. Our common "hard knot," if tied rightly, is a "square knot," but if it is unskillfully made, it is called a "granny's knot." A peculiar hitch, by which a rope is shortened temporarily, is a "sheep-shank" to our sailors, a "trumpet knot" (*trompeten stich*) in German vessels, and a "davey" (*marganta*) in Spanish nomenclature. The useful "shroud knot" is named a "cheat" (*engañadura*) in the latter tongue, while the equally handy "running bowline" is a "seal's mouth" (*boca de lobo*). There is another trade-mark in the name "Matthew Walker's knot." The only case I can remember of the use of the word "cow" on board ship is in the name "cow hitch."

The sail-maker may give us some additional information. Without speaking of the sails of the ship, we find here some boat-sails that are curiously named. Fancied resemblances have doubtless given to this one the name "shoulder-of-mutton sail" (German, *schafschenken*), which, however, is not apparent to the Spanish tar, who calls it a "mystery" (*mistiso*). This "sprit-sail" (spear-sail) becomes a "sounding sail" (*vela escandalosa*) or a "fan" (*abanico*) in good Castilian, and a boat's mainsail is called a "wind-cutter" (*taille-vent*) by French sailors. Each border and corner of the sail has its peculiar name. The top is the "head," the bottom the "foot," the sides the "leeches," and these are bounded by the "bolt ropes." The corners are named the "peak," the "nock," the "tack," and the "clews." Into the edges or corners of the sails are skillfully worked "cringles" (Icelandic *kringr*, a circle) or "grommets," and in the clews are fastened the peculiarly-named "spectacle irons." You will observe that the sailor does not sew with a thimble. He uses a "palm,"—a strip of leather shod with iron around the palm of the hand. He forces a hole in the canvas by means of a "fid" (fidder or fitter?), a pointed iron or wooden pin.

Let us stroll along the docks, picking up stray words on our way, and listening to the talk of the working gangs of men from the various ships near by. That group are carrying off square stones of various sizes, for use in scrubbing the white decks. Sailors irreverently call these "holy stones," "prayer-books," and "bibles" Sunday was probably invariably chosen for this unwelcome task, and the day suggested

the names. The rubber drier used is a "squilgee" (nautical, *squeegee*). Another group are busily engaged in hoisting out an anchor from a ship alongside. The officer directing their motions, silver whistle in hand, is the "boatswain," the swain of the boat he was formerly. This is now the "coxswain," or swain of the cockboat. The old song had it,—

"Bestowe the bote, botesswayne, anon!"

He is "our man" (*nostro uomo*) in Italian ships,—that is, the man of the crew. His whistle is no mean badge; admirals once wore them; and it is recorded that an English admiral threw his gold whistle overboard to prevent its capture by the French. The commands used by this officer, as the various evolutions are performed, sound strangely in the landsman's ear. "Walk away," he says, not expecting, however, to lose any of his crew. "Belay" (lay it by), "Veer away!" (Italian, *vira!*), "Avast hoisting!" (to stop the motion) are among these curious orders that reach our ears.

As we approach another group, who are idle just now, some one cries, "Sail ho!" This is a well-known warning, implying that an officer or stranger is approaching. "Scaldings!" would indicate some personal danger. A false warning is named a "scarbon warning" in English ships. Although usually respectful to his officers, "Jack" loves to poke a little sly fun in the way of nick-names. It is not unusual for the captain to be known simply as the "old man," and the title "skipper" (the ship's herr or ship's lord) is somewhat depreciatory. A fussy officer is a "fantod" in English ships, and "jib and staysail jack" exhausts the watch by unnecessary duty. The doctor in our men-of-war is "pills," "sawbones," or "medico," while the cook—healer of many ills—is "doctor," unless a bad meal gets for him the *sobriquet* of "slush-thief" (*schmierdieb*). The paymaster is "pay," while the senior engineer is always "chief," and the chaplain is often called the "joss man." "Chips" is the ordinary name for the carpenter, who is humorously named block-hewer (*blamphauer*) or blue block (*blauklot*) in German ships. The sailmaker is simply "sails." "Jimmy Legs" is the master-at-arms, and "Jemmy Ducks" the poulterer. An assistant to the paymaster is called "Jack-of-the-dust," and a cook's assistant, "Jack nasty-face." The sailor's wit is as often employed against his comrades. A long, lank fellow is "shanks" or "shorty" in our ships, while German tars name him "topmast backstay" (*schlinger um steng*). A braggart would be called an "outhaul" (*ausholer*), a toper "old bladder" (*blasius*), and a glutton "single gut" (*eingot*).

A great antipathy is often shown to certain persons. The well-known antagonism existing between the soldier and the sailor is manifested in various ways. A "sojer" is a lazy, good-for-nothing lout, and "to soldier" is to shirk labor. A "soldier's wind" is an especially favorable one, in which no sailorizing is necessary. The same idea is shown

in the phrase, "Tell that to the marines," to one who has an improbable story. German sailors only say "That will catch some one else" (*Das binde andern auf*). Lawyers and priests are not liked on board ship. Fishermen particularly dislike them, and will not even speak of priests or clergymen when at sea. An argumentative sailor is a "sea-lawyer," the brown shark is a "sea-attorney," and a lawyer is a "land shark."

Having finished our walk about the yard, we have still to speak of some instances of odd sailor phrases, queer-sounding orders, and quaint sayings, that will fitly terminate our word-excursion. We will imagine one of those ships under way at sea. If she shows a disposition to come up into the wind, she is "ardent" (*ardent*) or "brave of bowline" (*bravo di bolina*). To put the helm so as to make her do so, is to "luff," or to "go to cut" (*andar a la trinca*). If the ship, when "on the wind" or as near to it as she can sail, tends to hold her way, she "gripes" or "sharpens to windward" (*aguzar de loo*). While we "hug" the wind, the mariners of Southern Europe "press" it (*serrer, cerrar*, etc.), and when we "claw" the wind,—that is, gain to windward by keeping a little too near,—the Spanish sailor "pricks" it (*pellizcar*), the Frenchman "cheats" it (*chicaner*), and the German "knifes" it (*den wind abkneipen*). All this time the ship is approaching the direction of the wind,—the wind's "eye," or its "bed" (*lit du vent*). To do this, the helm is put *down*, or "under the wind" (*sous le vent*), while to make the ship "go off," it is put *up*. It would require too much space to explain the origin of these terms, but the terms "starboard" or "larboard" (now "port") refer to the early days of sailing craft. "Starboard" is "steering board" (*steuerbord*), for on this side the rudder or steering oar was usually carried, while "larboard" is "lower board." The usual arrangement of steering ropes and wheel strangely confuses the novice. When the pilot says "starboard," the helmsman "ports" his wheel, and *vice versa*.

The vessel that refuses to "luff," but is always ready to fly off the wind, is a "coward" (*poltrone*), say the Italians, and acts cowardly (*lâche*) according to Gallic sea-phrase.

Many of the terms heard at the helm sound oddly. "Very well dice," an old term, still frequently used, has no reference to gaming. "Dice" is for "thus." "No higher" does not mean that the ship may not mount the coming wave, but that she shall come no nearer the wind. "Meet her" is short for "meet her motions," anticipating any further "yaws" with the helm. "Nothing off" is the opposite of "no higher," and "full and by" is by the wind, but yet with the sails "rap full" of wind. The seaman takes his "tricks" at the helm, where he "cons" or *knows* the ship as the successful gambler knows the cards.

While the ship, favored by fortune, sails in smooth sea, or "cast-down sea" (*jacio de mar*) as the Spanish have it, she must beware equally of a "dead calm," or "entire flat calm" (*calme tout plat*), according to Gallic tars, and a "squall," which the latter call a grain

of wind (*grain de vent*), while Teutonic mariners name it a "falling wind" (*fallwind*). The "white-caps" raised on the surface by the sudden "puff" are known by the peculiar name of "sheep" (*moutons, pecorelle*) to French and Italian sailors, and a frothy sea is "muttony" (*moutonné*). Do our sailors derive therefrom their "choppy sea"? If the blow increases it is a "tormenter" (*tourmente*), and as the waves increase, the ship labors in "the trough of the sea," or is, say Italian sailors, "eaten up by the sea" (*mangiato del mare*). She may have to "lay to" the wind under reduced sail, and even "lie a-hull" with no sails set, or it may be more prudent to "scud" before the gale. In the former case, if she comes too near the wind, her sails will be all "shivering," or "killed" (*killende segel*), "flaming," or frightened (*vela assombrata*). She will be in great danger if the sails are "aback," "lying blind" (*blindliegend*), or "eaten up by the wind" (*mangiato del vento*). When "scudding," she must be carefully steered, else she will "broach to" the wind, or be "brought by the lee" by the huge waves, and speed must be maintained, or she may be "pooped" by a stern sea. If she has no sail, she scuds "under bare poles." As the shore disappears, she "settles the land," or "drowns the land" (*noyer la terre*), and when she only shows her sails above the horizon, she is "hull-down," or "drowned" (*noyé*). Should she "spring" a leak, it must be "fothered" (lined) or "blinded" (*aveuglée*).

As the gale abates, clear spots appear in the cloudy sky. Our sailors call these "weather-galls," or "wind-galls;" Frenchmen name such a spot "foot of the wind" (*pied du vent*), and other sailors "bull's-eye" (*ochsenauge, ojo de buez*).

As soon as the vessel gets to sea, the watches are "set." The old names "starbow lines" and "larbow lines" for the two watches are no longer heard. These were, oddly enough, known to the Danes as "king's watch" (*konningen's quartier*) and "queen's watch" (*dronningen's quartier*), and an old Dutch name was "the prince's watch" (*het prince quartier*), and "Count Mourit's watch" (*Graf Mourit's quartier*). Some of the watches into which the day is divided have peculiar names. The "morning watch" is "early riser" (*madrugada*) in Italian ships, and "Diana" in French vessels. Our odd name of "dog-watches" is paralleled by the German and Dutch "flat-foot" (*platfuss, platvoet*), while they apply the name "dog-watch" (*hundewache*) to our "mid-watch" (12 to 4 A.M.).

Should the wind not be a "leading" one, blowing directly into port, it will be "quartering" or a "side wind," or the ship may be "close-hauled" "on the wind." If the wind is "scant," in the wrong direction, or a "foul wind," the ship may reach her anchorage by making "half-boards,"—that is, luffing up into the wind occasionally until her headway is gone. She may be compelled to "beat" in by successive "tacks." Sailors call the distances performed on each tack

a "leg,"—the ship making now a "long leg" on the most favorable tack, now a "short leg." If the ship "goes about" directly from one tack to the other, head to wind, she "tacks," but if the manœuvre fails, she "misses stays," being "in stays," at the moment of difficulty, like some tightly-laced dame. Should the evolution be performed by putting the helm up and going around the long way, the ship "wears" (*vire, vira*) "on her heel." Particular ways of performing the evolution are known to sailors as "box-hauling" (with the yards braced "aloy," or contrary on different masts), and "chapelling ship," or "building a chapel." German sailors call it "taking an owl" (*eine eule fangen*).

As the ship enters the harbor she must carefully avoid the rocks and shoals. Those sharp rocks that appear just awash at low tide are called "big rats" (*ratones*) by Spanish sailors, and "dogs' heads" (*teste dei cani*) by Italians, while Germans name those entirely below the surface "blind rocks" (*blinde klippen*), and Portuguese call sharp, conical rocks "corn-stacks" (*mogoletes*).

When anchored by more than one "mud-hook," the ship is "moored." If she runs in and drops her anchors successively while under way, she makes a "flying moor." With two anchors ahead she is "bearded" (*mouillé en barbe*) or has "cat's beard" (*barba di gatto*). If three anchors are laid out ahead, she is "goose-footed" (*patte d'oie, patte di gauso*). If the land almost surrounds the ship, she is "land-locked," or "eaten up by the land" (*mangé par la terre*).

This expression reminds us to "pipe to meals." We will not stop to name the curious dishes found on board ship. We shall only wish that the crew, after many "banyan days" (no-meat days), "thin days" (*jours maigres*), or "sorrowful days" (*kummertage*), as various sailors name the black days in the food calendar, may have an abundance of "soft Tommy" (bread), "spuds" (potatoes), and no "Albany beef" (tough sturgeon). Since the "lot" of "grog" is obsolete, they cannot "top up the brim," "see the sun over the fore-yard," "splice the main-brace," or "haul aft the spanker-sheet" (*besahnschot an!*), but must be content with a draught from the "scuttle-butt" (scuttled butt). The best we can wish them is an accumulation of "addlings" (pay), plenty of "dibbs" (ready cash), and no "dead horse" (back debt) to work off. We shall leave them with their recreation of a "fisherman's walk" (three steps and overboard), or industriously working "Tom Cox's traverse" (up one hatch and down another) in lieu of harder tasks, or spinning "long yarns" with their strange vocabulary not entirely exhausted.

Many of these time-honored terms are already obsolete, and mechanical sailorizing brings a nomenclature more exact but frequently less expressive, and wanting in the humor and terseness of the old marine tongue.

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THE MILITIA AS AN ELEMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE.

(FROM COLBURN'S UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.)

THE country has at length recognized the necessity of providing more efficiently for her safety. It is now regarded as self-evident that the navy should be so augmented and remodeled as to be capable of affording due protection to our commerce and our isolated possessions, and that the coaling stations, on which our ships depend, should be so fortified as, at least, not to invite attack. In fact, it is becoming generally understood that but for the supplies of food that come to us across the seas, the inhabitants of the British Islands would, in a few months, be reduced to starvation, and that therefore our harbors and sea routes should be kept open and safe.

The regular army and the volunteers have also been receiving the benefit of practical and intelligent care. In the case of the former, we may hope that it will no longer be invariably necessary to disorganize one regiment or corps in order to fit another for foreign service; while the latter, who owe their efficiency to their own zeal and self-denial, may be expected to improve yet more in military capacity and cohesion, without sacrificing their position as an unpaid volunteer force. With regard to the militia, which has so long suffered in silence, let us hope that the days of its affliction are drawing to a close, and that the recently-invited conference of commanding officers will mark the opening of a new and brighter era.

When the question of national defense is thoughtfully passed under review, it is clear that the country cannot afford to neglect any one of the various elements of strength which Providence has placed at her disposal. The militia force is more thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the constitution than any other; it is more easily expanded, and makes a larger return in proportion to the money spent on it, and yet it has been mismanaged in a short-sighted and one-sided manner by successive governments. This may be partly accounted for by the following facts: The force is not constantly before and among the public as the volunteers are, nor is it popular in the same sense of the word. Its officers do not assemble and combine to press their views on the

authorities; and when a member of the House of Lords or House of Commons calls attention to a militia question, the subject is allowed to drop without any result, probably because the party in power feels strong enough to disregard it. Letters are frequently written to military and other papers, showing the shameful condition into which it has been allowed to fall, and the misleading nature of the figures by which its numerical strength is represented; but, although these complaints are reiterated month after month and year after year, they have not sufficient force and consistency, nor are the proposed remedies put forward with sufficient unanimity to overcome official *vis inertiæ* and the active opposition of those who are interested in maintaining the present state of affairs. Then again, the regular service is necessarily the first consideration. Its claims are urgent, and require immediate attention; and however much the well-being of the one service may depend on that of the other,—however much injury may be done to the country by breaking down one part of her defenses to build up another,—that which is active and visible influences the mind of the populace, and monopolizes its favor.

The best regular soldiers and the best volunteers, but certainly not the best militiamen, are to be seen in London, and the very natural consequence is that, being judged by appearances, the militia is little noticed by the great and widely-circulated daily journals, or by the vast population of this greatest of all centres of activity. The classes from which the militia is recruited are not so fresh and well-grown, and perhaps hardly so clean and well-conducted in the metropolitan area as in many parts of the three kingdoms; and although it must be admitted that the militia battalions in and about London drill well, yet they are not to be compared in the matter of physique with those in the country. There are many brigades of artillery and battalions of infantry militia which, for excellence of raw material, can hardly be surpassed by any troops in the world; and it is only reasonable to suppose that this force, if properly organized and judiciously treated, would be able to set forever at rest all anxiety about invasion. The officers and men composing it have probably been prevented by various obstacles, such as pecuniary and family considerations, from joining the regular army, and yet they make good soldiers. Of such men and officers we can always have a supply, and it is surely our duty to utilize them in the best possible manner. They do not find their natural place among the volunteers, but really constitute a great home army which takes up a position between the regular and volunteer services.

It is unnecessary to repeat the oft-told tale of how well the militia served the State in years gone by; to dilate on the unanimity with which corps have volunteered for foreign service, the patriotic spirit by which they continue to be animated, or the unceasing flow of reinforcements which they supply to the regular army. Let us take for granted

that the position occupied by the force is ancient and honorable, and that nothing but good management is needed to convert it into an army which the country could look upon with feelings of satisfaction and security. But what kind of management and what steps are necessary to the attainment of this desirable end? There are two methods, one or other of which might be adopted, namely, the improving of details alone, sometimes called *tinkering*, or, on the other hand, a wholesale alteration on constitutional lines. The former would probably give less immediate trouble, and might, perhaps, tide over the present national defense excitement, but the latter will be required in the event of increasing uneasiness, and especially if "conscription" come to be a word frequently heard among us. It can scarcely be regarded as a sufficient and final argument against conscription, to say that Englishmen would not tolerate it. We might possibly be obliged to endure a worse evil even than that; and most observers who have arrived at a certain age see things tamely submitted to, which, they have been emphatically told, would never take place in England. But still, conscription is one of those measures which it is fairly safe to predict will never be adopted in this country, for the simple reason that it is, and will be, unnecessary. We will, however, look more closely at this subject in a few moments; and meanwhile we may try to imagine how the tinkering process might be applied, if the force is to be put off with make-shift remedies.

Much will, of course, depend on the relative importance attached to its present uses, and on the functions which it is intended principally to perform. If it be regarded mainly as a recruiting agency or feeder for the regular army, the men should be kept in their county towns and made as comfortable as possible. They should not be condemned to spend a rainy month under canvas on a spongy common or a bleak headland; there should be a *minimum* of hard work and a *maximum* of indulgence, full dress, and show. In this way recruits could be attracted, and, although the men would not be particularly good soldiers, there would be more of them when wanted, either for transfer to the regulars or for embodiment. There are few, it is to be hoped, who wish to see a return to that *régime*, but it is the only logical conclusion at which those officers can arrive who consider that the militia exists for the benefit of the regular service. But supposing camp and work to be still the order of the day, complaints and suggestions are numerous, by attending to which the authorities might, it is thought, increase both the popularity and efficiency of the force. Some of these turn on pounds, shillings, and pence. For instance, it is complained, and rightly, that recruiting has decreased in consequence of the non-payment of bounty on enlistment, the non-payment of bringing money, and the contemplated non-payment of re-engagement bounty. If the strength is to be kept up, under the present system, we shall have to

loosen our purse-strings. These payments would go far to reconcile men to conditions which they might otherwise decline, but they are not the only measures which should be adopted in order to elevate the service. For instance, the clothing ought to receive more care and be better fitted. This is one of the many small matters that tend to smarten a corps. If its members are well set up, smart, and well-dressed, it is comparatively easy to find recruits and to foster self-respect and *esprit de corps*. Recruiting officers are handicapped if their men are generally seen going about in loose and badly-fitting clothing, like so many laborers. Helmets should be served out immediately. A bad impression has been produced by the fact that this has not been done. The men look on it as a slight; and one may occasionally hear such remarks as, "Oh, we are not good enough to wear helmets." "Anything will do for a militiaman," and so on. This cannot seriously be defended. It is a paltry economy and a very injurious one.

Another point is that all recruits should be drilled at their own head-quarters, and they should, if they enlist during the period of training, be allowed to join at once. Militia recruits, when sent to the regimental depot, are too often made use of as menials, scavengers, and cook's mates, and are sent back totally unfit to take their places in the ranks of their own battalion. This is a grievous injustice both to the individual recruit and to his corps, and it could not happen if he were drilled by his own adjutant and staff. It may be further remarked that, during the training period, companies should be drilled and instructed by their own officers much more than is at present the case. It is better for the officers, and the men greatly prefer it to being always under non-commissioned officers. Lieutenant-colonels should see that company officers possess a knowledge of their men individually, and that all superiors take a kind interest in those immediately under their command. But in order to exert the highest influence, all officers, from the lieutenant-colonel down, should be well versed in their duties, and trained in the proper methods of dealing with men, for there is hardly any limit to the confidence and good feeling entertained by soldiers for those who, in addition to being fair and considerate, are thoroughly conversant with their work in all its details. If the officers of militia were all, or mostly, of that sort, they would secure respect, the instruction would be better and more pleasantly carried on, and the service would be more attractive.

Steps have been taken to encourage proficiency by the establishment of examinations in various subjects, successes in which are indicated by letters appended to officers' names in the army list. It is gratifying to see that so many have acquitted themselves well in these voluntary examinations, but if a gentle pressure were resorted to, the results, which are at present confined to the more zealous officers, would become

general. In this respect an excellent suggestion has been made, which could be easily carried out, and would probably be warmly accepted by the officers themselves, namely, that it should be obligatory to pass in tactics and military law before promotion to the rank of captain. This would at once raise the recognized status of the service, and it is not unlikely that, instead of deterring candidates, it would increase their number. What we want is reality. Anything having a suspicion of sham is detrimental.

With regard to uniform, there are, without doubt, certain advantages arising from its assimilation to that of the regular service, but the grand *desideratum* is to make every member proud of his own corps, rather than to allow him to pose as belonging to another; and we may add that when officers wear gold lace they should make it a point of honor "to live up to it," by qualifying themselves in all respects for the rank which they hold. It is, however, only right to state a rather divergent opinion which is held, not without some reason, by many good officers of militia, on the subject of the above-mentioned examinations. They say that the militia is a paid force, a second line, and that although they are quite ready to go through courses of instruction they consider it out of character to do so at their own expense, and on the same footing as the volunteers; not that they withhold their respect, or even their admiration, from the volunteers, but that they desire their position to be consistently recognized as a matter of principle, and not to be needlessly leveled up to the senior or down to the junior service. Much dissatisfaction was occasioned some years ago by the unceremonious manner in which the old constitutional army was, by a stroke of the pen, classed as an *auxiliary* force, in the face of facts which should have earned for it a distinct recognition, not to speak of the circumstance that more than a fourth of its strength consists of a reserve liable to serve in any part of the world. It is by treatment of that kind, due to the advice of persons who cannot appreciate the susceptibilities of ancient bodies, that corps are made unpopular and have their prestige damaged.

Whatever course may be followed with regard to those more recently inaugurated examinations, it is surely time to make the p.s. obligatory on all officers and to omit the letters from the militia list.

One of the greatest grievances of the commissioned ranks is that the service "leads to nothing," and that all paid appointments connected with it are withheld from them. This is a matter which has long called for a remedy, and to which may principally be attributed the dearth of eligible candidates for commissions. It is true that the services of militia officers have been accepted to a considerable extent in the little wars in which the country has been engaged, but no satisfactory arrangement has been come to for the permanent employment of even a small percentage of them. They go on from one training to another,

hoping for embodiment or for something to turn up, until zeal and hope expire together; or if the command of a battalion be ultimately obtained, it proves to be little more than a barren honor, the powers once vested in a commanding officer having been, by degrees, nearly all withdrawn from him. In short, every matter of importance is virtually managed by the district colonel and the militia adjutant; the lieutenant-colonel's position being so transparent a make-believe that officers of independence and ability are becoming less anxious to accept it.

Having glanced at a few of the particulars which affect the supply and the well-being of officers and men, let us try to realize how the force stands as a whole. It has already been stated that upwards of a fourth of its strength consists of reserve men, and, as a matter of fact, the quota of reservists in the artillery is one-third, and in the infantry one-fourth of the whole. These men have to fulfill conditions not imposed on their comrades, and they may be regarded as the flower of their battalions. We have recently been informed that the present strength of the militia is only 106,000. But in the event of war, the reserve, say 30,000, would be absorbed in the regular army, leaving 76,000 inferior men, many of them undrilled recruits, and more of them medically unfit for embodiment. It has, therefore, been calculated that the force would muster not more than 61,000 men fit for service.

In reckoning up the force, a considerable deduction must still be made for men who fraudulently enlist in two or three battalions. Some regiments are more at fault than others in permitting fraudulent enlistments, and perhaps there are some in which it never occurs, but it certainly does prevail largely in the service, and it prevents our accepting the statistics presented to the public. The total must be further reduced by subtracting such volunteers and army reservemen as find their way into the militia. In some places it is not difficult to ascertain who and what the recruits really are; but in a large town, a man may figure, with comparative ease, in a dual or treble military capacity. So long as these irregularities are not met by some efficient check, the country labors under the delusion that her defenders are considerably more numerous than they really are. In order to obviate the evil, when it takes the form of enrollment in more than one militia battalion, it has been suggested that the trainings should be held simultaneously. This would, of course, effectually stop it; but, on the other hand, serious inconvenience and loss might arise owing to the circumstance that earlier or later seasons may best suit different districts; and moreover, it is undesirable to withdraw at the same time so many men from the ordinary industries of the country. It would, however, be possible so to classify the districts, and to let the trainings so overlap, that this kind of fraud would be minimized.

But looking fairly at the force as it stands, and taking into account

all the necessary deductions, it is evident that we cannot reckon on more than 60,000 men, which is only *one-third* of the war strength of the militia, as maintained when our population was about half of what it now is. Not the most confirmed optimist could behold this picture with complacency. To patriotic and thoughtful men it has brought humiliation, and to militia officers something like hopeless disgust.

The more sweeping and perhaps better method of dealing with the matter might be carried out somewhat as follows:

Wholesale transfers to the regulars should be discouraged, and the force should be built up by retaining as many as possible of its best men. The reserve, if sent on active service, should go in a body, regimentally, under officers of its own battalion; and this arrangement should be preserved intact, whenever possible, until its return from service. There is no good reason why the men should be separated from their officers, when it is the wish of both that they should serve together. As we have already remarked, militia officers volunteer for our little wars, and some of them are attached to the regular army for duty, even in time of peace. Why then are they not employed with their own reserves?

Commanding officers should have the power of appointing their own adjutants and non-commissioned staff; and the adjutants should be militia officers. Before an officer receives that appointment let him pass such examinations as may be deemed necessary, and let him acquire experience in any prescribed manner, but especially should he be well instructed in the working of the militia system. His appointment ought to be tenable until his promotion to field rank; and when his turn comes to command his brigade or battalion he will be well fitted for the post. If some permanent appointments were in this way open to militia officers the standard of qualification would be satisfactory, and the commissioned ranks would be filled up without counting candidates for the army. The latter should always be supernumerary, as they would doubtless be all drafted immediately into the line in case of war.

The duration of the training periods is insufficient, excepting for troops which have been recently embodied.

A distinguished general officer, some years ago, proposed a scheme for the successive embodiment of one-third of the force for two years. Thus, in six years, the whole would have done two years' permanent duty, and would be a well-trained army. This would give ample time and opportunity for familiarizing brigades and battalions with coast defense and operations in the field in all kinds of circumstances; nor would the cost be great when compared with the result, because the pay of the staff and other outlay are already provided for.

In order to avoid conscription, the ballot may have to be revived. This would be by no means an unmixed evil, for it is quite certain that military training is highly beneficial to the manhood of a nation, and

the more general it is the better are its moral and physical effects. The militia is, we may almost say, founded on two great constitutional doctrines,—namely, *first*, that every man is at liberty to remain in his own country; *second*, that every man is bound to defend his country. The ballot, or a modified form of conscription, may therefore be constitutionally used to augment the militia, which is our home army, and which cannot be sent abroad except with its own consent. If the force were, by means of the ballot, raised to 200,000, with local reserves of a similar aggregate strength, and if volunteers were exempt, the latter force could be more than doubled if necessary by the accessions which it would receive. I am not singular in the belief that the country must still look to the old force to insure her safety, rapidly, constitutionally, and with the smallest expense.

Many points of importance have been left untouched. There is, however, one on which militia officers of experience have a strong and decided opinion, and without which all other proposals will be of little consequence. It is this, that the force should be permanently represented at head-quarters by an officer or officers thoroughly identified with it, and whose honor and interest would be bound up with its welfare.

By a LIEUTENANT COLONEL.

FROM BARS TO STARS.

(Continued from page 141.)

VI.—(*Continued.*)

TURNING in his saddle the Indian gave a blood-curdling yell, and at the same time he fired a random shot, flying over the approaching vehicle. This had the desired effect. The Sioux paused and seemed to be holding a hurried consultation. This brief halt was of incalculable benefit to the little party. The ambulance reached them, and North directed the inmates to "pile out" as quickly as possible. The latter proved to be Major Adams (the paymaster), his clerk, and an infantry lieutenant, also a soldier driver; and they were all well armed.

North, addressing the paymaster, then said, "You fellows better get under the ambulance; you can do good work from there with your rifles, and it will bother them to pick you off." Then, turning to the driver, he said, "Blind your mules the best way that you can, and hang on to your leaders."

There was not more than six hundred yards interval between the Indians and the party of seven, and the former were still engaged in conversation when Glynmoore said, "Here goes for a chance shot," and bringing his carbine to his shoulder he fired.

The real effect of his shot could not be determined, but it was evident to all that one saddle was empty which just before had been occupied by a Sioux.

"If we can only hold them at bay a while, perhaps some of our party may come up," remarked Glynmoore.

"There is something coming over on that ridge now," said the soldier, who was busy with his mules.

All eyes were turned in the direction indicated, and, sure enough, five horsemen were seen coming at full speed. They proved to be Seabrooke, three soldiers, and the other Pawnee. That increased the defensive party to twelve, and they were received with great joy.

Seabrooke said they had jogged along slowly ahead of the rest of the party, and did not think they could be more than two miles behind.

North then said, "My opinion is this: those Indians have seen our wagons, and they are in a kind of a *con*dary. Some of 'em want to go for us, and some of 'em don't. My plan is for you under the ambu-

lance to give them several volleys. Then, if they come for us, there will be eight of us mounted to whoop 'em up."

This seemed to give general satisfaction, and the two officers and the clerk—who were on the ground—opened fire with their long-range rifles, and a general scattering of the Indians was the result. They continued to fire, and now an Indian, now a pony, Indian and all, would fall. This was grand sport for our little party while it lasted. But suddenly one Indian, braver than the rest, decked out in a superb war-bonnet, gave a fierce yell, and, motioning to some others to follow, started straight for the ambulance.

"Now, fellows," cried North, "pick out your man and go for him. Keep up your fire below there, too," he shouted to those on the ground.

About twenty blood-thirsty savages came dashing onward. But they were met with three telling shots from our heroes on the ground, and a fierce war-whoop from the Pawnees, who, with North and the rest, rushed forward.

"Bang!" "bang!" "bang!" Down goes a Sioux, another, and another. Down falls a soldier. Out drops one of the Pawnees. Seabrooke's carbine drops from his hand. With a groan the clerk rolls over motionless. Down go some more Sioux, when suddenly the Indians turned in a body and made off as rapidly as their fleet little ponies could carry them, leaving their dead and dying behind them. This is never done unless the necessity is absolutely imperative, and such proved to be the case in this instance; for upon turning around it was seen that the rest of the hunting party were almost on the ground, and had been seen by the Indians.

"Where the devil is that fellow going?" said North, as he looked towards the retreating Indians and saw Glynmoore following in their wake as fast as his horse could go.

"His brute must be running with him," suggested the paymaster.

"That does not look much like it," responded Seabrooke, as they all saw Glynmoore fire and empty a saddle.

"Why, the fellow's a fool!" cried the paymaster. "They will certainly get him."

"Not if I can prevent it," answered Seabrooke, who, with revolver in his left hand, galloped forward, with North and several others closely following.

"He is sure enough game," remarked North. "Look! that devil is going for him now. Come on!"

As North spoke one Indian who had fallen in rear of the others now turned his horse's head, and seeing that Glynmoore was some distance from his companions determined to give him battle. It was the same individual in the war-bonnet who had led the opening charge. Nothing daunted, Glynmoore kept straight on, and, as they neared each other, Glynmoore brought his horse to a stand-still, took deliberate aim,

and fired. But he missed, and an arrow pierced his leg, and entering his horse's side caused the brute to buck so frantically that the rider was unseated—or, rather, seated on *terra firma*—and his carbine was missing. Hastily drawing his revolver he covered the Indian, who now let fly another arrow, taking effect in Glynmoore's left arm. Running towards his foe Glynmoore fired as rapidly as possible, and the third shot had the desired result. The Indian lay upon the soft buffalo-grass in the agony of death. He was just breathing his last when North and Seabrooke arrived upon the scene.

"Are you mad, Glynmoore?" asked Seabrooke, as he looked with surprise and admiration at his old friend.

"Not quite," was the reply; "but I have made a howling lunatic of this red *chien*. I was bound to have that bonnet if it cost a *côte*, and now I have it."

"Well, it cost you a rib or something better, I fancy," said Seabrooke.

"Only a little *sang*," answered Glynmoore.

Such proved on inspection to be the case. One arrow had pierced his left arm between the shoulder and elbow, and the other had trifled with the calf of his leg. Both were rather painful and in those circumstances annoying, but that was all. Fortunately for him the arrows were not poisoned, as they usually were when human beings were to be their objective point.

Seabrooke had received a slight arrow-wound in his right hand. One of the Pawnees and two soldiers were dead, having been shot through the heart. The clerk was mortally wounded, and died an hour later. Three other soldiers were slightly wounded. Glynmoore's horse also fell a victim: the arrow that spared the rider killed the faithful animal. These were the casualties of the party of the defensive. Eight dead Indians and three dead ponies lay upon the plain in the vicinity of the ambulance, and these, with the two Glynmoore killed in his chase, made a total of ten good Indians.

When the little party were once more gathered around the ambulance, the paymaster, addressing Glynmoore, said, "Young man, in my time I have seen fools, and d—d fools, and I think you are entitled to the chromo as chief of the latter class,—that is, if I do not deserve it myself for leaving Fort Phillips without an escort. It is the first time I ever did such a thing; but I wanted to come as quickly as possible down to Adobe, and I thought I would spare the cavalry. It has cost me my clerk, the government several men, and some of you painful wounds. Henceforth I shall look out for number one, but if it had not been for falling in with your party I fancy there would be no number one to look out for. It is my firm belief that there is one white man at least disguised as an Indian with that party. I think it was my chest they were after."

Whether the paymaster was right in his conjecture may never be known, but that the dead bodies on the plain were full-blooded Indians was an indisputable fact.

The wagons came up; luncheon was eaten, and the paymaster bowled off towards Adobe and the hunting party headed for Fort Phillips. They reached Davenport in due time without any other event of interest occurring. Glynmoore rejoiced in the opportunity to toy with his "Olive" once again, and Seabrooke and Miss Parker were apparently as devoted and happy as lovers should be.

It must not be inferred that in calmer moments Major Adams really regarded Glynmoore as a fool. On the contrary, his chief topic of conversation at Adobe and later at department head-quarters, and later still at Washington, was the attack made upon him and the remarkable reckless courage of Lieutenant Glynmoore, whom he invariably referred to as the hero of the affair. Possibly the flattering comments of the appreciative paymaster had something to do with the entirely unexpected and astonishing good fortune which overtook Glynmoore shortly afterwards.

VII.

But how fared it with our Arizona acquaintances during these months of separation? The garrison of Camp Tophet has been strengthened by an additional troop of the Fifty-fifth,—Bannock's,—and Captain Piety, having taken unto himself a wife, can no longer properly be called a soldier. He still occupies his old quarters across the hall from Appleton, and the latter is where we first met him,—in his customary attitude, stretched upon his cot reading a late army journal. As Piety saunters in, Appleton says, "Do you remember my reading to you the appointment of a Lieutenant Glynmoore as a major and inspector?"

"Distinctly," was the reply. "What of him?"

"Why, the cuss is ordered to this department. It makes me hot to think of being inspected by a scrub whom I ranked as a second lieutenant."

"Well," answered Piety, "he may not be so bad after all. I remember how I dreaded the advent of Colonel Sockers when he was ordered to inspect here. I was really dreadfully sick in my bed, and I feared he might conclude I had been indulging too freely or something of that kind, and I was correspondingly miserable. But, bless your heart, he came down to see me, and, after asking me for something to drink, he amused me for two good hours with stories of the Second Dragoons, in which he played a conspicuous if not a commendable part."

"This inspection business is great rot any way," answered Appleton.

"As enacted, yes," replied Piety. "We are notified that the inspector is coming, and prepare for him a week in advance. I remember when I was stationed at South Forks. It was a one-company post and commanded by my captain,—Blue. He and I were the only officers there. I was adjutant, A.C.S. and A.Q.M. He was commanding officer and post drunkard. He was in bed one morning, endeavoring to recover from a late carousal, when he received a message from the town near by stating that Colonel Funk, the inspector, was there, and would inspect the post and troops in a few hours. He really was sick. He sent for me at once and asked me if I would ride to town and get him a basket of champagne. I went immediately. When I returned I found him in his *robe de nuit* busily engaged in the manufacture of a decoction he called a 'horse punch.' It consisted of cold tea, Jamaica rum, gin, whisky, champagne, lemon-juice, and sugar. Two soldiers were conveying the ingredients to him, and he was stirring away with all his might when I entered his quarters, with a man bearing the wine behind me.

"'Captain,' I said, 'Colonel Funk told me to say he would be ready to inspect by eleven o'clock.'

"'All right,' was the reply; 'we must be ready for him. Notify the orderly sergeant to have the troop get into field harness at once.'

"I obeyed his instructions, and thirty minutes later I returned to his quarters to find him again in bed. On a table in the centre of the room was a huge china soup tureen filled with the punch. A tin cup—to serve as a ladle—stood near by, also some beer-mugs. Not a bottle nor a jug of any description was in sight. The room had been tidied up by his 'striker,' and the general apppearance was eminently respectable.

"'Look here,' Piety, he said, 'I am not fit for inspection to-day, and I sha'n't have it. Funk has no right to come down on a fellow like fours on a flush, and I am going to bluff him if possible. Now you be outside when he comes, and tell him I am sick and wish to see him. Then run him in.'

"A few moments later the colonel was standing by his bedside expressing his sorrow and sympathy, and I was standing meekly at the foot of the bed.

"Presently Blue said, 'Give the colonel a mug of that tea Mrs. Knowles sent in.' Mrs. Knowles was the wife of the Methodist minister who officiated in the neighboring town.

"I obeyed instantly, and, fully comprehending Blue's wink that accompanied his request, I also filled one mug for him from the tureen.

"'Excellent! excellent!' exclaimed the colonel as he drained his mug. 'I must get the recipe from Mrs.—Mrs. Noodles. By the way, who might she be?'

"'Oh, she's the wife of the parson in the village,—Knowles. I will give you the receipt before you go,' was Blue's reply, as he shouted, 'Play *garçon* some more, Piety.'

"Again and again I filled the large beer-mugs, and then left to see how the troop was progressing. Every man of them was in scouting rig,—hardly two hats alike. Everything not needed for field service had been neatly packed away, and a squad of men were washing up the barrack's floor. Not having heard from Blue in the mean time, I called at his quarters late in the afternoon. A temporary cot had been erected in close proximity to the table, and the dignified colonel, minus his coat and collar, was stretched upon it fast asleep. Blue was just finishing another mug.

"'Inspection dismounted, in scouting rig, to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Knox,' he said, as I entered.

"'Very well, sir,' I answered.

"Well, there was no inspection the next day nor the next. 'Mrs. Knowles's tea'—which appeared to be 'sent in' quite frequently—possessed the peculiar faculty of building Blue up and pulling the colonel down. Early in the morning of the third day Blue arrayed himself in scouting attire and, without disturbing Funk, went to the orderly sergeant and told him to have every man in the garrison, with the exception of two non-commissioned officers and twelve men, report to him mounted without delay. 'Never mind about any rations, sergeant,' he added, much to that old soldier's discomfiture. He then returned to his quarters and, arousing the colonel, said,—

"'I am sorry, colonel, but I must light out after some Indians that are bothering the men who are putting up telegraph-poles along the railroad. Try and make yourself at home; I will be back in a day or two.'

"'Oh, I must be getting out myself,' was the reply of the inspector, as he reached for an 'eye-opener.' 'I am sorry, too, for I will have to forego inspection. I will make a favorable report, however, of your post and troop.'

"'I should like immensely to have you see the troop,' said the audacious Blue. 'Tell you what I'll do. I'll wait until you're dressed, then you get at the window and I'll put 'em by here on the jump.'

"And so he did. And he *jumped* that troop for about ten miles up the Platte before he halted. Then, when he thought the colonel had taken his departure, he slowly returned."

"Did Funk ever find the trick out?" asked Appleton.

"I can't say," answered Piety; "but he wrote to Blue from Washington for Mrs. Noodles's recipe."

Socially the presence of Captain Bannock at Camp Tophet did not materially affect the garrison. His wife, who was extremely nice and

popular, was at her father's home in New York,—where she always was when she could be. His first and second lieutenants were absent on recruiting service and sick leave, respectively. He was the same old Bannock, as disagreeable and unpopular as ever.

Tophet could not be called a cheerful garrison. The wife of the infantry major who commanded the post was a recluse and an imaginary invalid. Different post surgeons had been dosing her with bread pills ever since she became an army woman. She fancied she was taking morphia, and felt great relief after each crumb. Though the wife of a cavalry captain, Mrs. Trooles had a little regiment of infantry of her own to superintend, and she cared very little for anything or anybody outside of her immediate family.

Living in the same building with Piety, Appleton naturally saw a great deal of his wife, who then was the bride of the regiment, and much of his time was spent in her society. She was one of those uncongenial (perhaps I should write uncivilized) beings who persist in saying limb for leg; who consider the writings of "Ouida" *immoral*, and who spend the greater part of their time working mottoes, such as "God Bless our Home" and "To Thee I Cling," under a ghastly chromo of a half-clad female endeavoring to extricate herself from the waves by the instrumentality of a rude cross perched on a rock. However, she suited Piety exactly, and as Appleton refrained from writing, "But d—n the cook," under the first-mentioned motto, she kept steadily on with her favorite occupation until the trader's supply of silks and worsteds was exhausted. Appleton played a strong game of chess, and he and the major had many a sitting; this pastime, together with the duties his many offices required of him, left him but little idle time. An occasional Indian scare and the arrival of the mail semi-monthly was really about all that broke the monotony.

There was quite excellent shooting in the vicinity of Tophet, but as an infantry officer, somewhat troubled with obliquity of vision, had a short time before mistaken the head of a friendly Apache for that of an antelope, the sport was rarely resorted to. The infantryman pacified the widowed squaw by giving her a small gray jackass and a few bunches of beads, and made himself "solid" with the family of the deceased by a liberal distribution of tobacco; but he was ever afterwards known as "Mr. Ante Lo."

VIII.

The commanding officer of Camp Tophet had duly received notice that Major Glynmoore would inspect the post on the 16th inst., and it was late in the afternoon of the 15th when the ambulance bearing the new inspector came rolling into the post.

It was the bad custom then, as it may possibly be now, for the in-

specting officer to be the guest of the post commander during his stay at the latter's post. I say bad custom because, in those days, instances could be cited where the commanding officer himself was the fittest subject for inspection that the post could produce. And having accepted his hospitality, it would, to state it extremely mildly, be at least a breach of etiquette for an inspector to get his host into trouble.

This recalls a ludicrous and rather *à propos* episode which occurred some years ago at Fort McCugle. The commanding officer was a field officer of a cavalry regiment. He had been duly notified of the coming of an inspector from the head-quarters of the lieutenant-general at Chicago, but he heeded it not, and the inspector arrived only to find him in his normal condition,—utterly incapacitated. The inspector waited patiently three days for him to "brace up," but it was useless, and he left without any inspection whatsoever. Just prior to his departure the commanding officer asked him to come down to the trader's store with him, that West (the trader) was a whole-souled fellow and he wanted to introduce him to him. So arm-in-arm they entered the store, the inebriated lieutenant-colonel and the swell inspector. West saw them enter and politely approached. As he did so the lieutenant-colonel withdrew his arm from his friend's and, with a gesture which might mean anything in the senate chamber, said,—

"Mr.—Mr.—Misser Was-yer-name, I want to introduce Colonel, Colonel—oh, d—n it! introduce your'sel's."

Well, Glynmoore was installed in Major Buffington's quarters, and the latter had expressed his wish that all the officers would call upon him during the evening. This was promptly done, even to Bannock. With all his faults Bannock was not stupid; in fact, he was decidedly politic. He firmly believed it was right and proper to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," if thrift might follow. During a brief *tête-à-tête* which he managed to bring about with Glynmoore, he said, "It seems to me that I have met you before, major. Your face is peculiarly familiar."

"Every one tells me the same thing," was the laughing response. "My features must be dreadfully common. My whole service as an army officer has been in the Department of the Platte, until I reached Prescott two weeks ago."

"Then I must be mistaken," answered Bannock. "I suppose you remind me of some one I cannot now recall."

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

(To be concluded.)

A STORY OF THE REBELLION.[1]

"BUT you will be careful, will you not, Allan, for my sake?" And the beautiful eyes looked so imploringly through their tears up into those of Allan Posey, that he could only answer, "Yes, my sweetheart, I will be careful for your sake,—so careful that I will never go near him unless I am compelled by duty. But it is foolish for you to feel as strongly as you do about him. He can do me no harm. He has tried and failed, already, with that infamous lie about my turning coward at Gaines' Mill; but you see how it recoiled upon himself when I received my promotion. If it had not been for you I would have told what I knew of him, and have prevented his getting into the army at all, but——"

"But," she interrupted, "you did not, because I asked you not to, and now I am very sorry I kept you from it. I would not, if I had known how wicked he could be; but I do know now, and I am so afraid of him for you. He would not scorn to take any advantage of you when your back was turned, or in the dark, and, Allan, I *could* not live if anything should happen to you. You do not realize what it costs me to let you go from me at all."

"I can only realize, in judging from my own feelings at parting from you, dear," he said. "But you know the lines, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.' And honor and country are one to all men of the North just now. But keep a brave heart, and remember that the thought of you nerves me, and gives me strength above all else. And as for Mark Wilson, he is too great a coward to risk trying to do me a personal injury, and at all events we shall be thrown together very little. It is well for him he resigned when he did, or he would certainly have been cashiered. Now I suppose he thinks himself safe in his new office, but he will find the quartermaster's department is no such easy berth after all, and I should not be surprised at hearing of his leaving very suddenly, and soon."

"I wish he would, for I should feel much more comfortable about you," said Irene Vaughn, with loving persistence. And then there was little time left for anything save farewells, for already he was late

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in starting away, and the hour for the departure of his train was close at hand.

He took her in his arms, the last words were spoken, and the lovers separated, she with a heart too full of pain to think of the country he had gone to serve, and he with a strange tightness about his throat, yet with a calm face, and a step as light as though he were going to dance at a ball.

Lieutenant Allan Posey entered the service by enlisting in a volunteer regiment of his native State, Ohio, in the first "three months' call" for volunteers. At the expiration of that time he again enlisted, and was made orderly sergeant of his company, which position he exchanged in a month for that of second lieutenant. He had been through all the battles of McClellan's army, and at Fredericksburg had been promoted to a first lieutenancy for conspicuous gallantry in action. General Sykes, commanding the division of United States regulars, had occasion during that battle to send a message across an open field which was swept by the enemy's fire. It would be an undertaking of the greatest peril to venture across, yet it was by far the shortest route for the message to go, and time was all-important just then. Posey's regiment was close at hand, and the young man, hearing of the general's desire for a volunteer, stepped forward and offered to undertake the task. It was intrusted to him, and bravely did he perform his mission, though at the cost of a severe wound in his left shoulder. As soon as he was able to be removed from the hospital he had been given a leave, and sent home to recuperate, and it was during this recreation time that he had won Irene Vaughn's promise to be his wife. They had known each other since childhood, but had seen little of each other in later years. Mark Wilson had also been a suitor of Miss Vaughn's (who was an heiress as well as a beauty), and it had seemed intolerable to him to stand by and watch Allan Posey's love-making. He had been very confident, however, of his own success at first, and when he learned from Irene herself that there was no hope for him, that there never would have been any, even had Allan Posey not existed, his rage and mortification knew no bounds. He did not hesitate to boast that he would have his revenge on Posey, and even on Irene herself, because, as he said, she had been leading him on only to throw him over at last.

The two young men had never liked each other since the days when they quarreled at school, and Posey had gotten the better of Wilson in the eyes of all their mates, but now the smouldering antagonism which the latter had always nurtured quickened into a vivid flame of hatred and a desire for revenge.

As Allan had said to his *fiancée*, Wilson had acted most disgracefully at Gaines' Mill, and had he not been wise enough to resign immediately after, would doubtless have been cashiered. He had also, while Posey

was still at the front, carried home outrageous falsehoods concerning him, which, however, had recoiled against himself, as they were believed by none, and it had been a surprise to the community when, through the influence of a relative in Congress, he had been appointed a captain and acting assistant quartermaster in the United States army.

As for his threats, Posey thought nothing of them except to despise them. He had received his promotion, and had been called by General Sykes as an aide on his staff, so that he was in a position to defy his enemy if he had chosen to stoop far enough to do so.

It was early in the spring of 1863, and the Union army was still encamped at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, where it had met with such severe defeat only a few months before. At the time our story opens Hooker had assumed command by the President's order on January 26, and had been busied with bringing order out of the chaos into which the army had fallen. Before his coming discouragement had crept into the hearts of the people, and even the soldiers had begun to lose confidence in their leaders. An uninterrupted series of defeats had been their fate since the opening of the war, and the news of victories in Mississippi and Tennessee had only given them a momentary sense of triumph. Discipline became loose, men deserted by the hundreds, and officers left their commands without leave. Outposts and pickets were neglected, and after Fredericksburg the army had altogether become sadly discouraged and demoralized. Gloom and homesickness spread throughout the ranks, and at the end of December, 1862, and in January, 1863, there was at one time only half the army present for duty.

The restoration of the Union seemed further off than ever, for the few repulses the Confederates had received in the West but seemed to render them more strong in their determination. The great man of the war, the giant who was destined to lead the armies on to victory, was struggling in Mississippi against political foes in the North more powerful than those before him at Vicksburg. The year 1863, however, was to prove him the man for the times,—the Napoleon of the century. Yet at that date, although the need for such a man was felt on every side, no one knew from whence he was to come, or whether he was ever to come at all. The choice of the army was Hooker, and the President yielded to the expressed desire.

Whatever may be said of him as a general, he showed at least that he possessed to as high a degree as McClellan the elements of a thorough organizer. His name inspired confidence in the soldiers, which fact in itself did much to arrest the evils which had progressed to such a serious extent. He was supported by the President entirely, and, backed by that support, he issued and carried out the strictest orders regarding desertion. The President relinquished his right to review sentences of courts-martial, military executions were therefore more

frequent for a while, and deserters were caught, tried, sentenced, and executed summarily in sight of camp. Officers were dismissed the service, and even citizens harboring or assisting deserters were punished to the full extent of the law. Discipline once more became the order of the day, and frequent inspections of all troops by competent officers informed their commander of the exact state of affairs. Every available moment was spent in drill, arms were placed in good condition, and all old ordnance stores were overhauled and replaced by others. Changes were made among the ranking officers, and Burnside's organization of grand divisions was superseded by the army corps. The army was divided into six corps, which were commanded as follows: First, Reynolds; Second, Couch; Third, Sickles; Fifth, Meade; Sixth, Sedgwick; Eleventh, Howard; Twelfth, Slocum.

By the 1st of April the army was once more in fine condition. Hope and confidence had been restored, and Hooker was in a position to crown his brow with everlasting laurel. The Union army numbered about one hundred and twenty-four thousand effective men, and the Confederates sixty-five thousand. Unfortunately this state of affairs could not continue long. There were about twenty-five thousand men whose term of service expired May 1; and the Confederates, encouraged by their success, were continually augmenting their forces, and bade fair to be able speedily to take the offensive themselves. Hooker knew that whatever was to be done must be done before the 1st of May, and his plans were made accordingly. So it was that on April 10, Lieutenant Allan Posey received orders to report as soon as possible to General Sykes. Two days after the receipt of the order he had obeyed it, and had been cordially received by his commander. He entered upon his new duties with all the earnestness of his essentially earnest nature, resolving to deserve the confidence the general had placed in him. He found, on reporting, that the expected movement had already begun. General Stoneman, of the cavalry division, had been ordered to march rapidly northward, seize the upper fords of the Rapidan and Rappahannock Rivers, then to cross, make a wide detour, and come up on the flank and rear of the enemy.

Two of General Sykes's brigades had just received orders to proceed to Germania, a ford on the Rapidan River, and hold it. They were given ten days' rations, and it was Hooker's expectation that before the ten days had come to an end the enemy would be crushed. But heavy rains swelled the rivers, and prevented the troops from marching rapidly and crossing the fords. Instead of being able to attack the enemy by the middle of April, as he had intended, Hooker was reluctantly obliged to delay until the very last of the month. For the benefit of the reader it may be well to explain his plan of action in a few words. The Confederate army under Lee was strongly intrenched on the south side of the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg. Hooker

displayed three corps in front of Fredericksburg to allure the largest possible number of Confederates to that point. At the same time he marched four corps rapidly up the river some miles to the north, and crossing over, he was to turn the left wing of the Southern army. Simultaneously Stoneman was to attack in the rear with his cavalry, and bringing to that point one of the three corps left at Falmouth, the other two were to cross, and between the different portions of the Union army, Hooker expected totally to annihilate his antagonists. This was indeed a masterly design, and one which ought to have succeeded. The Confederates were surprised. Why, then, were they not crushed, and why, instead of their anticipated triumph, did the Union army suffer a defeat? By a little study of this battle even a child can understand the reason of its failure. It was simply because Hooker did not act quickly. Had the enemy been as slow of action as he, he would have had a good chance of success, but he had to deal with men of a different stamp, for Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson had time to perceive his plan, and then actually to defeat him in detail.

It is not our province to discuss this battle, however, but to follow Posey through his adventures, now that their course has been rendered easy of comprehension.

Posey had heard that Wilson was in charge of a division of quartermaster's wagons in the rear of Falmouth, but had not seen or been thrown with him in any way.

The ten days' rations for the two brigades could not be made to hold out three weeks without causing much suffering, and the rains had been so severe that it was not until April 27 that Kelly's and Germania fords were reached. The two brigades were then pushed on to Kelly's ford, and later we find them, on the morning of May 3, stationary in the angle of two roads. They had been fighting for three days, and for the two weeks previous had been living on half rations. Human nature had borne all that it could, and the famishing men broke down and cried for very hunger and deadly fatigue. They could fight no more, for their strength, courage, and will-power had failed them at last, after bravely enduring to the uttermost. Their general saw their condition, and pitied it, yet it was necessary that they should keep their position. He therefore ordered Posey to set out for Kelly's ford, where the provision train had crossed, gather what he could in the way of food, and push on to the front at once. Posey was given *carte blanche* order (which would be binding on any quartermaster) to load up, and bring to the front at once, whatever provisions were on hand.

The task was not by any means an easy one, for although Jackson had not entirely succeeded in pushing around and behind the right flank of the Union army, yet the woods were filled with bands of Confederate soldiers, who were at home in their native wilderness. Wilderness it was, indeed, of tangled forests and impenetrable growth of

underbrush, with but few roads, and even those tortuous and misleading.

Posey put spurs to his horse, and in an hour after starting had reached the train, not without having met several minor adventures.

The first officer he happened to see was Captain Mark Wilson, and riding up to him he dismounted, and saluting, said, "Captain Wilson, General Sykes has ordered me to gather up the provision-train, and push forward with it at once to the front. He ordered that whatever quartermaster I met should be charged with the execution of this duty immediately. You are the first; so, by the general's directions, you will be required to proceed without delay. You will take the road leading to——"

"Who the hell are you, who are giving me these orders? Do you suppose for a moment I intend to obey you?" broke in Wilson, with angry abruptness.

"I am ordering you by General Sykes's authority," replied Posey. "I have no time to spare, as the order must be attended to at once."

"What if I utterly refuse to recognize your authority?" demanded Wilson, furiously. "By ——, sir, I have half a mind to order you into arrest!"

"You have no authority to put me in arrest," returned Posey, "and I repeat that I have no time to waste. As you will not obey, I shall report the matter at once to the provost-general, and order out the wagons myself." And Posey remounted his horse without waiting to hear the volley of oaths which Wilson sent after him.

Posey was unable to find the chief quartermaster of the division, and was about to take upon himself the responsibility of ordering out the wagons, when he saw Wilson, who had evidently thought better of his rash decision, and had already several wagons loaded and prepared to start.

He ordered Posey to lead the way, and the young lieutenant started out at a rapid pace, reminding Wilson once more how extremely necessary it was to get the food to its destination as soon as possible. Wilson, however, was immovable, and would allow the mules to go no faster than a walk. Again Posey impressed the urgency of the case upon him, then even stooped to entreaties, but quite in vain. Then, realizing that Wilson had determined to injure him personally by throwing all the blame for the delay upon him, he resolved to ride ahead as rapidly as he could, and report the affair to General Sykes. The way they had taken was over the plank-road, and was perfectly safe, though rather a roundabout route. Still, it would probably prove shorter in the end, Posey thought, as it was an easy one for the wagons to travel. To the right was a road which led directly off among the woods and hills; but this, Posey knew, was in possession of the enemy some miles farther on, so he warned Wilson not take it. A little beyond this was yet another

road, of rather an inviting appearance, which branched to the left, and was in reality a short cut, coming out again on to the plank-road a couple of miles ahead. It was scarcely more than a bridle-path, but it reached a point in two miles which was unattainable in less than four by the regular road.

Thinking he would be more apt to meet some officer of high rank who might expedite matters with Wilson and his wagons if he kept on the plank-road, Posey avoided the short cut, and, telling Wilson he intended going to the front to report his disobedience, he put spurs to his horse and rode hurriedly on.

For a few moments Wilson's rage was almost beyond his control, but he endeavored to conceal it, and as soon as Posey was out of sight he ordered the wagon-train to change its course to the right-hand road, saying that this was the one Lieutenant Posey had directed should be taken. Then turning to the bridle-path himself, he spurred his horse cruelly, and in less than fifteen minutes had reached the end of it. Dismounting, he fastened his horse in a thicket, and concealing himself by the opening on to the plank-road, he proceeded carefully to examine his pistols, and then waited coolly for the sound of horse's hoofs. But few people were passing (mostly ambulances containing wounded men going to the fords to cross the river), but the noise of battle in front seemed gradually to be coming nearer. It was, however, still early in the day—not yet afternoon—and the road was empty compared to what it would be later on.

Wilson had but a few minutes to wait, when he heard the rapid trot of a horse's feet, and peering forward he saw that Posey was approaching.

There was an ugly look of concentrated hatred in Wilson's eyes at that moment that would have made some evil purpose evident to a spectator, but there was none. He was quite alone with his prospective revenge. Compressing his lips, he took deliberate aim with his pistol at the approaching man, and when the latter was within twenty feet of him fired. Luckily for Posey his horse spied the crouching figure, and shied just as the shot was fired, otherwise the fate of the young aide would have been sealed.

With an oath Wilson jumped forward and fired again, but the bullet merely grazed Posey's cheek, slightly cutting the skin. In another instant he had gained control of his horse, and wheeling him suddenly around, he struck Wilson just as he was about to fire once more.

The shock was a tremendous one, and Wilson rolled over and over, deathly pale, and with closed eyes. Posey leaped from his horse, and found his would-be murderer unconscious; but, as though he felt instinctively the power of Posey's gaze upon him, in a moment his eyes opened, and, recognizing the man he hated standing calmly over him

unharmed, he broke into a storm of curses. He tried to rise, but after the effort sank back with a faint exclamation of pain.

For an instant, as he stood looking down upon him, realizing the full meaning and extent of his treachery, Posey felt tempted to kill the cowardly wretch, and put him beyond the power to do further harm in the world. But the temptation passed, and Posey almost shuddered at the idea of being guilty of injuring a man who was helpless and at his mercy.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "Where have you left your train?"

"Where you will never get it," hissed the wounded man, hideous in his rage and pain. "I have sent it up the road to the right, where it will fall into the hands of the rebs, and you, Mr. Allan Posey, will lose your commission for directing it to go there. *So much* satisfaction, at all events, have I got!"

"You lie, you villain! You know well enough I especially warned you not to take that road. Lie still, or I will kill you, as I have a perfect right to do!"

Again Wilson had been reaching for his pistol, which had fallen from his hand to the ground, where it still lay a little distance off; but at the sight of Posey's weapon close before his eyes, he abandoned his design, and lay still, writhing in his futile rage.

A few words gave Posey a comprehension of the whole plot. The man had hoped to kill him, feeling sure his fate would be attributed to some casualty of battle, and never to him; but to make doubly sure of injuring him in case of escape (or staining his memory after death), he had directed the wagons to go to the right, saying Posey had ordered them to take that road. He knew that the loss of the train through carelessness attributed to Posey would cost him his commission should he live, and cause his former good record to be forgotten should he die.

As the revelation of Wilson's villainy burst upon Allan, he was for a moment bewildered, and at a loss what to do. The wagons *must* be saved and taken to the famishing troops; that was at first the only definite idea in his brain, but presently a plan began to suggest itself to his mind. It was possible that he could make his way to the wagons and intercept them before they had fallen into the Confederates' hands if he took the cross-road; but the cross-road was now in flames. The increasing din of battle was constantly drawing nearer and nearer. Shells occasionally fell at a short distance from where he stood, and fugitives and wounded men began to fill up the road. The woods on each side had been set on fire by the bursting shells, and the dry timber and underbrush burned with incredible rapidity and fury. A black pall of smoke hung over the conflicting armies, and a red and lurid light illumined the cross-road where Posey would have to ride if he meant to make the effort to rescue the sorely needed provisions, and to

save his own fair fame. To take the risk seemed but to encounter certain death, but yet he *might* escape, and beyond the fire a reward awaited him which inspired him with willingness to take the hazard, and "win or lose it all."

He did not hesitate for a moment, but turning to Wilson, he said, "I will show you that I am yet able to defeat your villainy. I am going to risk the life you tried to take a few minutes ago, but if God Almighty permits me to escape, I shall follow you up until this day's treachery is made known, and execrated by all."

Drawing up his belt, he mounted his horse (which stood thrilling at the sounds of battle and the sight of fire) and rode at a gallop down the plank-road for a quarter of a mile, where he turned off upon the cross-road.

Half a mile down the latter there came an abrupt turn, and then Posey saw that he had to encounter an enemy so much more fierce even than he had anticipated, that for a moment he paused and hesitated in spite of his resolution. It was the most terrific fire he had ever seen ravaging the woods. For a distance of two hundred yards or more the tall trees on either side of the roadway formed a towering wall of flame. Above the horrid roar and crackling of the fire could be heard the screams of wounded men left in their helplessness to perish in the flames, and these agonizing sounds sent a chill to Posey's heart which no terror of battle had ever brought there before. It seemed to him impossible that he could pass through such a furnace of death, and yet live; but, though his heart sickened, his resolution did not fail, and there was no time for him to lose. The suction of air down the roadway towards the river blew the fiery breath against his face, while his horse snorted with terror and amaze. Pulling out his silk handkerchief, Posey tied it over his face, and breathing a short prayer for aid, he put spurs to his horse and rode into the path among the flames.

One who has never experienced anything of the sort can scarcely imagine the extent of the ordeal.

It is beyond the power of words to describe the stifling smoke, the awful heat, and the horrid roar and crackling of the fire. Allan Posey was dizzy and half crazed with the agony of suffocation he endured, while his horse was frantic with terror and pain, and needed constant urging before he would advance a step.

There are many survivors of Chancellorsville to-day who tell with the glowing words of vivid memory the story of this fire.

Only two hundred yards! yet it seemed miles. Hotter and closer grew the fire; Posey's clothes were smoking and his horse was singed. Ah, that rushing, angry tongue of flame that has darted towards him, and now that giant tree that has fallen across his path, sending up a fountain of flame and a shower of sparks! Can he endure any longer, and still live?

"Oh, God!" he cried, in an agony of despair, "be with me!" And even as he implored the Almighty Power, a rush of purer air was wafted towards him,—a breath, but enough to give new courage to horse and man,—and in a few moments more they had passed out of the heart of the furnace into a region which would have seemed terrible if so much worse had not preceded it. Beyond the furious flames into an atmosphere clouded with smoke, and burning hot, yet seeming a very heaven after what had so lately been endured. Still there was less time than ever to lose, in spite of weariness and exhaustion, and the poor panting horse had yet to be urged to his highest speed. At last he reached the road, and there, far to the right, but still safe, were the wagons.

Then in the moment of triumph, having done his utmost for his master, the poor horse who had endured so nobly gave up the struggle, and fell to the ground dead. He had been a petted favorite, and Posey had loved him all the better that, in days long passed, Irene's little hands had stroked his smooth coat and fed him sugar; but now there was not a moment to spare for regret, and, leaving the animal without a glance backward, Posey ran after the wagons. Overtaking them, he soon was remounted on another, though far inferior horse; he conducted the column to the plank-road, and thence to the famishing troops, where it arrived in the "nick of time."

An hour after the provisions had been distributed the men were fighting hard for the possession of the roadway which later on they were obliged to yield to a victorious foe.

But to return to Posey. After reporting to his general his hard-won success, he gave out entirely, and in the presence of the commander sank unconscious to the ground. He was tenderly carried to the rear, and thence across the river. For weeks he lay in a burning fever, and his delirious ravings of Wilson and the fire told the story of treachery better than it could have been related in any other way.

Wilson resigned before Posey's final recovery, however, and was wise enough to go immediately abroad, where (as he has never been heard from since), it is presumable, he still remains.

When Posey was well enough to move he was ordered home, to be restored by sight of friends, and by the care of one who was more to him than all the friends in all the world.

There was a wedding that fall, and in the happiness that followed Wilson was banished from memory as well as from sight.

Many a time during his convalescence Posey was called upon to repeat the story of the battle of Chancellorsville and his escape, but to no one save Irene did he tell of Wilson's attempted crime and treachery.

As he pondered over the battle, and read the various reports, it all became clear to him, and he saw how easily possible it was that an

army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men should be defeated by sixty-five thousand. Part of the force had been kept out of the fight entirely, and another portion had been brought against a branch of the enemy far superior in numbers. The battle of Chancellorsville was altogether a blunder, as it had afforded one of the first opportunities for a decisive blow against the Confederates, and the opportunity was allowed to slip.

In conclusion, Allan Posey was promoted to a captaincy, and soon rose to be a major. At the close of the war he was made a second lieutenant in the regular army, where he soon became one of the most popular as well as one of the most highly respected officers in the service. The only drawback to his complete happiness and that of his wife was the delicacy of his health, which never recovered from the fiery experience he had passed through at Chancellorsville. He lived only to receive his commission as captain, and then, while the gold of his "two bars" was still bright and shining in its freshness, the uniform he had worn so worthily was laid aside forever. To-day his sword, tied with crape, rests above his portrait in a quiet western home, where a widow is training, by stories of his father's brave and noble life, a boy who bids fair at some future day to worthily fill his father's place.

LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, *U.S.A.*

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

M. DE KERTAL recently gave, in *Le Yacht*, a series of papers upon the use of the ram in naval warfare, with diagrams. He arrives at the conclusion that—what with rams, guns, and torpedoes—two squadrons of equal number and nearly equal force, engaging at close distance, would very speedily destroy each other. He remarks that, terrible weapon as the ram may be in the hands of a capable officer, the result to the *rammer* may very possibly be as serious as the injury inflicted on the *rammed;* and that, in our present state of knowledge on the subject, that fact may limit its employment in coming naval engagements. He regrets that manœuvres for ramming, which require special training, should be entirely neglected in the French service.

In what service are they practiced? we may ask. The "Merrimac" and the "Cumberland," and Admiral Tegethof, at Lissa, are the two cases of actual ramming in battle which occur to us. The English and German ironclads, sunk in accidental collision with their fellows, only serve to show how easily and quickly such ships may be sunk.

The 110-ton gun in the turret of H.M.S. "Victoria" is the heaviest gun yet mounted in a turret on board ship. The operation was performed by means of a crane, at Chatham Dock-Yard, worked by hydraulic power. The crane had been previously tested up to two hundred and forty tons. When the gun was brought over the turret its muzzle was depressed and passed through the port-hole; the ship was then hauled aft a little and the gun lowered to its place.

The great "horse question" continually crops out in our foreign exchanges:

The *Revue du Cercle Militaire* calls attention to the fact that in many of the French cavalry regiments no attention is paid to the size and breed of the horses; the heavy animals from Villers and Saint-Lô being placed in the ranks side by side with lightly-built horses from Tarbes and the South.

At the last inspection it was remarked that the majority of the horses found unserviceable had been injured by kicks. There is there-

fore an order for colonels to weed out not only those animals which are not worth their feed, but also those which are *méchants* and *insociables*.

The German artillery last spring made large purchases of horses in Southern Sweden and in Jutland. The prices are said to have varied from two hundred and twenty dollars to two hundred and eighty dollars.

The *United Service Gazette*, referring to the English horse-supply, says, "Excessive centralization has been the bane of our army, and has always been the boulder which has blocked the path to any true efficiency." . . . "How many *riding* horses suitable for our cavalry are even on the register? and, unless there are a good many hundreds thus ready at hand, how are our cavalry to be mounted should we be obliged to send even one army corps abroad?"

"Scares" in regard to their Continental neighbors continue to occur periodically in England, alternating with attacks of "Jingoism." The sham battles and blockades, last year, somewhat shook the cherished ideas of the undoubted naval supremacy, and the late plan to increase the navy is the direct result; but it was not carried without much opposition. Lord Salisbury, in his now celebrated Bristol speech, said, "Remember that the possibility of invasion is a far more terrible thing for this island than for any other country in the world. The fabric of our prosperity is so artificial; we have raised such a vast edifice of industry and manufacture of wealth within so narrow an area, that the progress of a hostile army through our country would shatter our prosperity with a ruin which centuries would not repair. In proportion to the danger, in that proportion must be our precautions."

Lord Charles Beresford considers a great reform necessary in the army to make it thoroughly efficient. This reform was, first, to make the army in India a long-service army: by that he meant that they should recruit from the English army men who would make it the business of their lives to defend property in India; and, secondly, that the coaling stations should be garrisoned by marines. It was quite evident that in time of war the coaling stations would come under the command of the admirals in charge of our fleets, and therefore the stations ought to be under the control of the marines.

He thought that very few people would be inclined to disagree with him that the navy was the main line of defense. "We were a manufacturing country,—the workshop of the world, in fact,—and it was of the utmost importance that we should be in a position to defend the raw material required to be brought from other lands to feed and keep this workshop going. It must also be remembered that two-

thirds of our food-supply came from abroad, and we ought to be in a position to defend the vessels engaged in bringing the food to these shores. His complaint against the government was that they did not produce a scheme for supplying such a protection. He had no fault to find with the naval scheme of the government: it was his own scheme to a very great extent."

A late *Punch* gives an "Official Exercise, from Ollendorf," *à propos* of the next scare:

"Have we any ships (*vaisseaux*) ready, wherewith to meet the enemy?"

"No, we have not any ships ready wherewith to meet the enemy, but we have the promise of a fleet on paper (*dans l'air*) locked up in a cupboard of the Admiralty."

"Then, some of our ships are here, some are there (*là*)?"

"Yes, some of our ships are everywhere (*par tout*), but they are not here (*pas ici*)."

"Is this the little gun for the big ship?"

"No! this is the big ship without any gun at all (*sans aucun canon*)."

"Will the Admiralty send the big ship thus unarmed into action?"

"Yes, certainly; but they will order the admiral in command to make a manifestation of defiance (*danser le hornpipe*) the moment he comes under the enemy's fire."

"It is a pity that the enemy's fleet suddenly took possession of the Channel when sixteen of our ironclads were shut up in the dock-yards for repairs, having something done to their boilers."

"The admiral was at dinner with the general (*chez M. le Général*) when the enemy arrived."

"Who saw the enemy arrive?"

"Nobody saw the enemy arrive."

"Will the volunteer artillery have to bring their guns into the battle without horses?"

"Yes, the volunteer artillery will have to bring their guns into the battle without horses, but the hussar regiment will have its deficiency of mounts supplied by the London General Omnibus Company (*Compagnie Général*)."

"Who, then, has the good gun?"

"The invader has the good gun, but we have the inferior bayonet."

"Have you seen the top-heavy torpedo-boats of the lively neighbors?"

"No, I have not, but I have heard talk (*entendu parler*) of the unpatriotic opposition of our own malcontents (*imbéciles*)."

El Ejercito Espagnol devotes a column or more to the system of

life insurance in use in our services. The surprise expressed at its successful working is only surpassed by astonishment at the fact that dues are paid "*immediatamente*," and that the government has nothing to do either with the management or the custody of the funds. "*Gente práctica*" are the "Americanos del Norte," in the opinion of the editor of this paper, which is a daily one.

As a specimen of a military joke we cut the following from the same paper:

"There has been a meeting in Barcelona" (the head-quarters of radicals and progressists) "at which it was resolved to present a petition for the abolition of a standing army.

"Our ministry do not wait for petitions: they are starving it to death as it is."

An article upon the additions to the defenses of Gibraltar states that Spanish officers who had recently visited "the rock" consider that, at the present day, although it is a most formidable fortress, it is not invulnerable nor impregnable; and that from various points on the bay modern artillery would command the various works which "British gold and British pride" have raised there.

The *United Services Gazette* had, some time ago, a very strong article upon the engineer reserve of the Royal Navy: "We called attention to the misleading statements made during the debate on the navy estimates, both by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Parliamentary secretary, when the discussion took place on the pay and status of the engineer officers, and we stated that any comparisons made between the pay of royal naval and mercantile engineers were impossible, as the duties of the two services were so widely different.

"One of the weakest points in the Royal Navy, in the event of a war, would undoubtedly, under present arrangements, be found in the engineer's department. The manœuvres of last summer proved unmistakably that we were sadly deficient in engine-room *personnel* in point of numbers; the supply of stokers was far below our requirements; and we are told by Lord George Hamilton that not only were we short of these men, but that some of them were badly trained, were of indifferent *physique*, and had but little knowledge of the duties which they had to perform. . . . In view of the proposed addition to be made to our navy during the next year or two, we think it of the utmost importance that the other sections of the engineer department should receive early consideration; and while on this subject of the future supply of engine-room complements, we think we may fairly call attention to the question of a reserve of engineer officers, engine-

room artificers, and stokers. With regard to the two latter classes, we are not aware that any steps have as yet been taken towards the formation of a reserve. This is a most important matter; it is just in the rank and file of the engineer department that our navy would collapse in the event of a war, as unfortunately it happens that this department is the very one whose efficiency, or want of efficiency, would most vitally affect the existence of our war navy."

Another English service journal, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, says: "It is stated that in consequence of the scarcity of engineer officers at the various steam reserves, who are required to carry on the ordinary routine duties, a number of the probationary assistant engineers have been informed that they may be wanted, and that their course of study at the Royal Naval College may consequently be curtailed. In this case, then, certificates will be granted, according to the results of the Easter examinations at Greenwich. This scarcity of engineer officers is becoming a very serious matter. It does not seem probable that the overtures of the Admiralty to engineering students from the outside will result in anything like a rush of candidates. We hear that from University College, Liverpool, which was looked upon as a likely hunting-ground, there will not be a single applicant this year. Lord George Hamilton's statement that the Admiralty could get as many young engineers as they wanted, at the present rates of pay, was not founded on fact."

Lord Charles Beresford lately said, in the course of remarks at the Royal United Service Institution: "The training of stokers is also an important matter. The stoker practically wins the battle for them. He is the most plucky of all the officers. He did not know when the torpedo was coming, or whether the captain was a fool or not. He worked in a little hell during the whole of the action. He thought the scamp was a good chap, and a fellow who would fight."

The occasion upon which these characteristic remarks were made was the reading of a paper upon the "Training of the Executive Branch of the Navy," by Captain Gerald H. Noel, R.N.

Captain Noel observed that the importance of seamanship training is thought by some people to be old fashioned and inapplicable to the present day, and that the young lieutenants, when first promoted (especially those who earn early promotion by doing well at their examinations), are, after their long periods of instruction at Greenwich and Portsmouth, usually very deficient in seagoing knowledge. The sooner this is rectified by appointing them for service at sea the better; and it is not advisable to allow them to take up one of the special branches until they have shown themselves thoroughly capable as officers of the watch. No one denies for a moment that it is desirable that our service should produce men of highly-scientific qualifications in the gunnery, torpedo, and surveying branches; but whatever may be their

other merits, the most valuable men in time of war will be those who can best command, handle, and fight their ships,—in fact, the best seamen. . . . He desired to point out that without the use of masted ships the requisite training is unattainable. . . . The present system of the entry of cadets and training of young officers is satisfactory so long as the youngsters are kept up to the mark in sea-going ships."

Lord Charles Beresford "thought that Captain Noel was somewhat hard upon those officers who had advocated in favor of the abolition of masts and yards. They had an insufficient fleet, and every additional ship should be a fighting one. He, like others, was of opinion that to put masts and yards on board a fighting ship would assist them in being defeated. On the other hand, he heartily agreed with Captain Noel on the importance of having experienced seamen. A man could not command a ship at sea unless he had experience of a most extensive character. He did not think the lecturer had clearly stated what they ought to do. The home fleet ought to be sent to sea, and work in all kinds of weather several months during the year. They ought to have a regular training squadron in the Channel, and a cruiser at every station."

Captain Long "thought it was essential that ships should be kept at sea in order that seamen should receive their sea-legs. He mentioned an instance in which every officer on board was sea-sick when sent out to sea."

Sir George Willes said, "Captain Shaw told him that he had ceased to take sailors from the navy into the Fire Brigade, as they had lost their character."

"Since Lord Wolseley's speech at Birmingham, in which he took for his text the advantages of conscription, a good deal has been written and said on the subject. . . . We do not believe that we in England are prepared yet for any compulsory laws of service. At the same time, we believe the day is approaching when every able-bodied man will have to bear arms in one form or another. We fear that the matter is misunderstood, and Lord Wolseley's Birmingham utterances threw, unfortunately, very little light upon it."

"Lord Wolseley has again got into hot water. On Saturday last he went down to Oxford to lecture on 'The Military Strength of England.' Mr. Bryce" (so well known to us by his late work on the American Commonwealth) "was among those who went to hear him. The Regius Professor of Civil Law, however, was 'disgusted' to find that 'military strength' was only the lecturer's stalking-horse. Mr. Bryce has, accordingly, addressed to the Vice-Chancellor a letter of protest against Lord Wolseley's abuse of the hospitality of the Sheldonian Theatre, and to express a hope that eminent strangers who may in future be invited to lecture in Oxford will be informed as to

the usages and traditions of the university in regard to abstinence from offensive political references. The passage complained of by Mr. Bryce ran as follows: 'The English world at that moment was full of faddists, who did not hesitate to denounce all patriotism; who mourned in plaintive tones that they should belong to an empire which had been won by the sword, and which wicked men like himself were, if necessary, prepared to defend by the sword. They had political schemers longing for office who would willingly see the United Kingdom torn into pieces if only they could once again flourish in Downing Street.' On the principle of the greater the truth the greater the libel, Mr. Bryce complains of the Adjutant-General's denunciation of those who would reduce everything to the dead level of political expedience."

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, commenting upon the Oxford speech complained of, says: "The fact remains that what Lord Wolseley said as to the action of political parties is true, every word of it. . . . The nation has been created by the power of the sword, and by the sword alone can she hope to maintain the supremacy which her wealth has given her. . . . The condition of the army to-day is convincing proof of the short-sightedness of politicians. There is no branch of the service which is in a condition to take the field, or anything even approaching to it. Our much-talked-of First Army Corps exists only on paper. . . . Lord Wolseley may be technically wrong in saying this; but if he does not take the nation into his confidence, who can and will?"

The *Revue du Cercle Militaire* has lately given a series of articles upon field fortifications, reviewing the subject from the time of Frederick the Great to the present day, and attributing the French reverses in 1870—at least in part—to "the existence among French troops of a prejudice in favor of laziness, and a contempt for the use of pioneer's tools." The writer remarks that experience acquired at the cost of great disaster causes a modification of the ideas, promulgated first by Marshal Saxe, that "the use of intrenchments does more harm than good, for the certainty of the enemy that you will not leave them makes him bold. Fortification obliges one to remain on the defensive. You can seldom get soldiers to quit the intrenchments which shelter them."

He then refers to the attack at Saint-Privat, where the Prussian Guard, in compact masses, marched to the attack over uncovered slopes, singularly favorable to the fire of the French, who saw their enemy checked, before they reached their goal, with a loss of sixty-five hundred men and about two hundred and forty officers. "At the present day everybody accepts the use of different covers, such as ditches, hedges, walls, etc. . . . In what does an artificial defense, like im-

provised works upon a battle-field, constitute a greater danger" (to the *morale* of the soldier)?

The writer quotes the Archduke Charles, Turenne, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Radetzky, and others who employed field fortification extensively. "But it was left for the teaching of the war of secession to reveal the *rôle* which fortification was to be called upon to play in future fields of battle." The writer declares that the use of intrenchments then obtained an extent never before heard of, and instances campaigns when they were thrown up whenever a corps bivoucked. "In a word, the officers were made to understand that the pick, the spade, and the axe were the inseparable accompaniments of the rifle or carbine, and, without desiring to dwell further upon the cruel events of the Franco-German war, we must still remember that the result at Frieschwiller or Saint-Privat might have been very different if we had not misunderstood the importance of '*la fortification improvisée.*'"

The Chinese government has lately commissioned a German firm to provide them with a complete plant for the making of the Mauser repeating arm and steel guns of small calibre. The plant is to be ready at the end of this year.

Meanwhile the Turkish government is gradually purchasing from the Germans the whole of the Mauser rifles and ammunition discarded by the former. Formerly the Turkish and British armies used the same pattern of rifles and ammunition, and England was thus enabled to supply the Turks in time of war. This will be no longer possible, as the Mauser cartridge is not made in England. The cost of the plant required for the manufacture of repeating rifles is enormous. All the rifle-making factories of Europe have been working on government contracts alone. The largest small-arms factory in the world is said to be that of Steyer, in Upper Austria. Here the Mannlicher repeating rifle is being turned out as rapidly as possible for the Austrian government, while the composite Mauser-Krapotchik-Mannlicher, adopted by the German War-Office, is being manufactured at the same place. By next year, however, the German government hope to possess their own plant, with a capacity to produce one thousand of their new pattern magazine-rifles every day.

Of sixty-eight English army officers who lately passed an examination in foreign languages, seven passed in Turkish, one each in Italian and Spanish, seven in German, nineteen in French, two in Arabic, and no less than thirty-one in Russian.

"The Zeit-Geist under Drill. An inquiry into certain effects likely to be produced on modern thought by the 'Universal Service' of the Continental Nations."

This is the title of a philosophical essay in the *Fortnightly Review* for May last, by Colonel F. Maurice. It is impossible to give any extracts from this remarkable article which would do it justice. It is worthy of being read by every one, whether soldier or civilian. No one can read it without receiving a distinct accession of ideas. We may venture to quote the following lines as a sort of text: "We have been taught by our own philosophers to have a profound respect for—to believe in the power of—the 'Zeit-Geist,' the spirit of the times. When all the educated classes, all the lawyers, all the scientific men, all the doctors, all the literary men of France and Germany have passed through the military mill, will the 'Zeit-Geist' escape its influence?"

The question of the use of rifled mortars in the field seems to be definitely settled, so far as the Russians are concerned. The *Finsk Militär Tidskrift* says that the mortar adopted is of 6-inch calibre, and it is to be mounted like other pieces of field artillery. Its maximum range is about three thousand two hundred metres, and much is expected from it against troops sheltered from a direct fire.

A commission from Chili, under Admiral Latorre, assisted by Sir Edward Reed, and other naval architects, has determined to place contracts in France for twelve thousand tons of ironclads and cruisers. The English builders only receive orders for about fifteen hundred tons from this commission. The armored vessels, especially, are to be built in France, and the French Service journals are felicitating themselves upon the matter. For the order from Chili there were, in competition, two German firms, seven English, and three French.

It is a "sign of the times" that the Samoan negotiations, at Berlin, were conducted in English. It is said that one of our commissioners was not sufficiently familiar with French, but that would not have been a sufficient reason for abandoning that diplomatic language only a few years ago. For reasons too long to enter into here, the French was the language of diplomacy, as well as of art, science, letters, and refined social life, for centuries. But that time is now over, and the tongue which is estimated to be spoken by at least one hundred and fifteen millions of people is to be the future international speech.

The celebrated Professor Mommsen, of Berlin, is said to have remarked, concerning the late negotiations, "that he would not give a glass of Bavarian beer for all the islands in the Pacific." If the learned professor permitted himself to make such a remark it must have been to a "bier-keller" audience. The Samoan Islands will be more than ever important when the communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific is once accomplished, by way of Nicaragua.

Captain Wylly, of the Derbyshire Regiment, in an article upon the Sikkim expedition, published in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, says, "We come to a consideration of the losses inflicted upon the Thibetans in their hastily-constructed position on the Tukola range, and during the subsequent pursuit. I need not point out their serious military error in forsaking their positions in the passes—when they might have retired from one line of defense to another—in order to take up a single and extended line. By so doing they exposed themselves terribly in their flight. It is believed that unarmed coolies were on this occasion brought up into the fighting line simply for the purpose of carrying away the wounded, and doubtless, in the earliest portion of the fight, many were thus carried off. But the official estimate puts the Thibetan killed at five hundred and considerably over one hundred wounded prisoners fell into our hands; so that although the British force did not exceed an average of seven or eight rounds per man, we claim to have put about one thousand of the enemy *hors de combat* at an expenditure of eleven thousand rounds.

"To put it briefly, since the commencement of hostilities the British forces expended something short of twenty thousand rounds of Martini-Henry and Snyder ammunition, and accounted for some fifteen hundred of the enemy; so that for every thirteen cartridges expended a man was knocked over. It is of course unquestionable that a man fires with greater accuracy when he knows that his enemy is very much worse armed than himself; but still, taking into consideration the fact that the enemy fought for the most part in jungle, and in what may be called extended order,—since we never got them in masses,—the musketry results of the Sikkim expedition are worthy of attention. And this brings me back to my starting-point,—viz., that these results were achieved by regiments whose range-shooting is little better than 'moderate.'"

The most important recent addition to the French navy is the "Formidable," the trial of which ship was a success. She has a displacement of eleven thousand four hundred tons. The steel hull, with extra strength below the armor-belt, weighs only forty-two hundred tons, while the armor alone exceeds four thousand tons.

In modern vessels the average weight of the hull is about fifty per cent. of the displacement, and in the early ironclads it was about the same. In the "Formidable" it is only about thirty-seven per cent., the change being necessary from the increased weight of armor and battery.

The new Italian ship "Rugiero di Lauria" had a most successful trial. She has 110-ton guns, and maintained an average speed, under forced draught, of seventeen knots,—two knots above the estimated speed.

It seems as if the Italian navy will not have another "Lissa," if preparation goes for anything.

The new English "Trafalgar" will not be ready for some months. The failure of the machinery of the cruiser "Magicienne," upon her trials, seems to have been complete.

There seems to be an extra "growl" in the English naval service because officers are kept in unhealthy vessels, upon obscure and unhealthy stations, for four years at a time; while those who have influence are serving on the Home Station or in the Mediterranean.

"'Twas ever thus,"—even in other navies. Our two years' term is quoted with approval, and the strong point is made that officers so situated cannot keep up with modern improvements. A still more sturdy "growl" is caused by the abolition of the blue "tunic" for naval officers.

A correspondent writes, in regard to the volunteer force of England, that at the spring exercises six thousand seven hundred men were to leave London for Portsmouth, but that, in spite of warning, the train arrangements broke down, and the disorganization of the staff and quartermaster corps was very marked. He adds, "The dismal story told by the author of the fictitious 'Battle of Dorking' is still applicable to the state of British defense."

The Inspectors-General of Military Education think a knowledge of the Russian so necessary for German officers that a book has just been published for use in the Royal Academies of War, entitled "A Guide for Instruction in the Russian Language." It is arranged in twenty-three sections, each requiring a week to learn, and the examples are so chosen as to convey a knowledge of the expressions most likely to be needed in a Russian campaign.

There are few readers who, at some time in their lives, have not been indebted to Captain Marryat for many pleasant hours. These will be glad to learn that Mr. David Hannay has lately published a life of the captain, in which he ranks him with Smollett, and declares that he has been underrated by the critics.

The new book of "Regulations for the German Field Artillery" was published last spring. The *Militar-Wochenblatt*, in referring to it, says, in substance, "The new regulations for the manœuvres of the infantry have been speedily followed by those for the artillery. In these ancient practices have been abandoned." The work is the result of the labors of a commission which had the subject under consideration and

experiment for a year, and which commission has reduced the "Artillery Regulations" from a huge volume to a little book of one hundred and eighty-six pages. This work shows, in every line, and as the result of practical experience, a tendency towards the greatest simplicity,—only signifying what is indispensable, either in peace or war, and omitting all superfluities.

The "Regulations" are in five parts. The first treats of instruction without the gun, both mounted and on foot. As far as the horse-batteries go, the instruction in riding and in infantry exercise is very simple, and no grand parade manœuvres are required.

The second part treats of instruction with the piece, and provides for the reduction of the *personnel* of a battery. Sabres are to be hung from the saddles of the horse-batteries, and not worn on the person. A special drill, in this part, is the firing by battery.

The third part treats of the battery horses harnessed for action; and this carefully excludes all the fancy exercises which formerly only served to amuse the crowd at reviews and to put the horses out of breath.

The fourth part, referring to actual battle, gives the principles concerned in the employment of artillery in attack, defense, pursuit, and retreat. But there are no ironclad laws or dicta laid down,—only principles,—leaving to the chief of artillery great latitude in action.

The fifth part, treating of reviews and parades, simplifies those operations very much, and does away entirely with the "*marche masse*," or the march past in battery front, which has smashed so many spokes in times past at Potsdam and elsewhere.

Deputy Surgeon-General W. G. Don, M.D., of the London recruiting staff of the British army, lately read an interesting paper at the Royal United Service Institution, upon the subject of "Recruits and Recruiting." Among other vexed subjects upon which he touches is that of *marks*. "Revaccination marks, when present, are of undoubted value, for such can nearly always be distinguished from marks of primary vaccination in infancy. It has been proposed to effect revaccination in such a way as to thereby mark recruits for identification, but I think any such avowed object would be wrong, as tending to bring a most salutary operation into disrepute; besides, upwards of forty per cent. of revaccinations either fail or leave no indelible marks."

"I find that no less than fifty-eight per cent. of the recruits passed at St. George's Barracks have tattoo marks of some kind or another. That shows the custom of tattooing is at once common and popular; and I believe hardly a single man would object to have a Service device, such as a crown, tattooed on him after enlistment. The objection to marking by this means would come from humanitarian civilization, who choose to misname tattooing and call it 'branding.'"

Two military ceremonies which lately took place are characteristic of the two nations whose soldiers were concerned. The first was the presentation of colors to the Black Watch, Royal Highlanders, Seventy-third, by Prince Albert Victor, who seems to be relieving his august father, to some extent, in his arduous duties of laying corner-stones, opening exhibitions, and bestowing colors. The ceremony of trooping the old colors having been performed, square was formed, and drums piled in the centre. Against these the new colors were laid, and then consecrated by the chaplain and a neighboring vicar, in full canonicals.

The "queen's color" was in charge of one major, who handed it to the prince, who in turn handed it back to the young lieutenant who now occupies the former place of ensign. The regimental color, in charge of the other major, was handed over to another junior lieutenant, and his Royal Highness then made a short address. The colonel replied, and the ceremony was over.

The "Black Watch" gained the distinction of "Royal" for the attack on Ticonderoga, in 1758, when twenty-five officers and six hundred and twenty-two men were killed and wounded (three hundred and fourteen were killed).

About the same time the ceremony of presenting new colors to the First Regiment of Prussian Foot-Guards took place in Potsdam Palace. "On a table covered with gold-embroidered purple velvet lay the new regimental flag, of heavy white silk, with the double eagle crown, motto, "*Pro Gloria et Patria*" (glory first) and "W. R." embroidered in silver and gold. The staff bore a number of silver rings, with the name and date of different battles in which the corps had participated, and near by was a small hammer and some silver nails.

After an immense amount of ceremonial preliminaries the emperor and empress entered and approached the table, when the emperor was handed hammer and nails by the colonel of the regiment, and drove in a couple, one for himself and one for the dowager empress, Augusta, thus fastening the flag to the staff. Then the empress and the little crown prince (seven years old) and all the rest of the imperial family —the princes, the visiting princes, old Count von Moltke, the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, one of the majors, one of the captains, one of the lieutenants, one of the non-commissioned officers, and one of the privates of the regiment—all took a crack at a nail. Elaborate religious and military ceremony followed, after which the colonel and his officers drew their swords and marched out of the hall with the flag.

EDWARD SHIPPEN,
Medical Director, U.S.N.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

The Paulovsky Regiment.

(*From Colburn's United Service Magazine.*)

Of all the infantry regiments included in the garrison of St. Petersburg, there is not one that bears a higher name for smartness and good discipline than does the Paulovsky, or, as we should term it, the Paul Regiment of Life-Guards. Indeed, it may be termed one of the foremost corps of that arm of the Russian service to which it belongs, and the military-minded inhabitants of the Russian capital are not a little proud of it. Possibly its peculiarities of dress and its historical associations serve to in no small degree enhance the reputation and improve the bearing of this corps. If so, English army reformers and deriders of sentiment, please note. At any rate, it is certain that the regiment is very proud of its connection with the greatest of Russia's former rulers, and with the brightest period in her annals. The regiment was raised in the time of Peter the Great, and still wears the strange but picturesque mitre-shaped head-dress which that czar bestowed upon it, and which no other regiment retains. After the last Russo-Turkish war, however, to the original badge adorning this head-dress was added a scroll recording the conspicuous gallantry of the Paulovskies before Plevna. It is hard luck on their present commander that he, having been wounded in the head on that occasion, is unable to wear the time-honored head-dress, which now bears this latest record of good service, but has received the gracious permission of the czar to appear always in a forage cap. It is a noteworthy fact that this regiment is always recruited from men having snub noses, the reason being, according to some, that a prominent nasal organ would not be an artistic set-off to the peculiar style of head-gear, whilst others say that it is out of respect for the memory of the "Great Czar," whose face was similarly adorned. Probably both reasons have combined to bring about the rule.

It must be explained that the Russian land forces are divided into two quite distinct and very different services,—viz., the guards and the army. The Guards are everything, the army nothing; and the officers of the former belong to quite another class of men from those, or the majority of those, of the latter; for, as the Russians themselves say, they have not enough gentlemen to officer both the Guards and the army. The Guards, too, form a larger proportion of the forces than is the case with us, and almost the whole of the St. Petersburg garrison, numbering some sixty thousand, consists of Guards: Guards cavalry, Guards infantry, Guards artillery, Guards sailors and marines. And also, although regiments are elsewhere commanded by colonels, in St. Petersburg almost all the regimental chiefs are generals; this because, owing to their proximity to the Court and the nature of their duties, they are frequently brought into direct personal communication with the czar.

Thanks to the extreme courtesy of the general commanding the Paulovsky Regiment, I had the great honor of seeing, in detail and under his personal conduct, the barracks in which his corps is located. The St. Petersburg barracks are mostly structures with some pretence to architectural beauty, standing upon and helping to adorn the main

thoroughfares, instead of, as in England, being poked away in back alleys and low quarters. Thus the home of the Paulovskies is situate among embassies and the residences of grand dukes, and close to the Winter Palace itself. In accordance with the general custom, the barracks bear the name of the regiment to which they belong, in the architrave of the Grecian façade which is ornamented with bass-reliefs of heroic design. It is here necessary to say that in Russia, during peace times, the stations of the troops never change; a regiment not only always remains in the same garrison, but also, barring the time spent in one or other of the summer camps, in the same barracks. Consequently, the latter are regarded as permanent homes by their occupants, who settle down and make themselves comparatively comfortable therein. And the whole regiment lives in barracks, officers and all, married and single, there being a strict order against sleeping out at nights except in very special cases. The one period of the year wherein the rank and file receive some indulgence in the way of leave is in the autumn subsequently to the summer manœuvres, when they are relieved for awhile from military duties and allowed to assist in the ingathering of the potato harvest, receiving payment for their labors from their employers; but this applies only to the Guards and not to the army generally.

But to return to the barracks of the regiment in question. The general commanding inhabits a handsome suite of rooms in the barracks, connected by telephone with the orderly-room and other offices. A large room separates his quarter from the officers' anteroom,—a room empty, save for one important object, to wit, the regimental money safe. Sentries with fixed bayonets stand ever one on either side of this safe, and on the occasion when I saw them they, with extraordinary smartness, threw their rifles out at arm's length from them as a salute to the general, grasping them near the muzzle, the toe of the butt in line with the toe of the foot, as the musketry manuals would express it. Most of the regiments in St. Petersburg have an organized officers' mess with anteroom and billiard-room, but on a less elaborate scale than those to which we are accustomed. In the Paulovsky mess the walls were adorned with portraits of czars and of former commanders, and some spirited representations of engagements which took place during the Russo-Turkish war. No plate was to be seen, but there was a small ball-room, with well-polished floor of inlaid oak. There was also a furnished room for the officer on duty, who is not allowed to mix with the other officers, or indeed to leave this apartment except for the carrying out of his duties, but sits there, sad and solitary, in full-dress uniform throughout the day. The Paulovsky Regiment has four battalions, each of four companies. Each company has its own barrack-room or rooms. The arrangement of these rooms differs considerably from that which is in vogue in the English army. No cots were against the outer walls of the building, but all were placed in two rows down the centre of the floor, head to head, an intervening arm-rack separating the two rows. Again, the cots did not stand at equal distances apart, but were disposed in pairs, the cots forming each pair being jammed close together as though to form one bed. One was at once struck by the want of uniformity, both as to color and material of the bedding, as well as by its scantiness, and this is explained by the fact that it is the soldier's own property. From the government he receives only an iron cot and a mattress, stuffed with straw; his bedclothes and his pillow he must procure for himself. None of the cots seemed to have more than one blanket, and most of them had but one sheet. The soldier has also to find his own towels out of the large sum of nine shillings and nine pence, which in the Guards forms his yearly pay; the private in the army receiving but one-half of that handsome stipend. One looks in vain for the accoutrements which are so familiar a sight in the British barrack-room, for these are all kept in a large box underneath the cot, together with the remainder of the soldier's belongings, and nothing whatever appears upon the small shelves above the arm-rack except articles temporarily placed there. The rooms

left nothing whatever to be desired as regards cleanliness and general neatness. Everything was in its place; not a speck of dust could be detected behind doors or in any of those odd corners where it is wont to lurk in the ill-kept barrack-room prepared only to deceive the eye. Floors and walls too were spotless, and on the latter everywhere hung well-executed pictures of battles, of soldiers in the uniforms of various periods, and portraits of the czar, all in neat frames of similar pattern.

With reference to his personal cleanliness, the soldier is directed to wash his face, eyes, neck, and hands every morning on rising, to rinse his mouth, and to comb his hair, and *after* that to "pray to God;" so it would seem that in the Russian army cleanliness is before godliness. The soldier is also enjoined to have a bath twice a month, to change his underclothes once a week, and to wash his pillow-slip and bed-tick every fortnight. I quote these details from an exhaustive little manual published by authority for the purpose of enlightening the young soldier as regards his duties. It would seem that the authorities are particularly solicitous for the visual organs of the men, for it is also ordered that after a parade, especially during summer when dust is prevalent, every soldier shall wash out his eyes, *using his own towel* to afterwards dry them. When the general entered a barrack-room the first soldier who saw him shouted "Get up!" and in a trice every man in the room had assumed the position of attention, and really assumed it,—no moving of heads or giggling there. Then the general, advancing into the room, said, "May you have health." To this the men replied with simultaneous shout, "We wish you health, your Excellency!" They are drilled to this shouting as much as they are to the handling of the rifle, and there was trouble in any room in which the men did not shout quite in unison.

In the winter all drill and instruction is carried on in the barrack-rooms, not excepting firing with the rifle at a mark. For this purpose a description of modified Morris tube is employed, and it is to be presumed that there is no danger to be apprehended from the small bullet, as during the practice the instructor stands close to the target, where he could easily be hit by an awkward man. The target consisted of a picture about nine inches high, mounted upon card-board representing the front view of a soldier. Each man received one of these pictures, and when his turn came fired three rounds at it at about twelve paces' distance, after which he handed it to the instructor, who wrote the man's name upon it and retained it.

In the barrack-rooms a constant temperature of 18° Réaumur or about 60° Fahrenheit is maintained. The rooms are aired by the opening of the small windows during the dinner hour; for Russian soldiers do not eat in their sleeping apartments as do ours, but take their meals all together in one large hall. The small windows referred to are hinged panes of glass, one in each large window, the latter being fixed. There are two meat meals during the day,—a dinner at 11 A.M. and a supper at about seven in the evening. These are the meals which the soldier receives from the government, but in addition to this he drinks tea at about 8 A.M., and again at 5 P.M., for which he himself pays, although how he contrives to do so out of his scanty pittance is incomprehensible. The whole of the underground basement of the barracks, underneath the three stories containing the sleeping-rooms, constitutes the dining-hall of the Paulovsky Regiment. It is in shape an oblong divided into four smaller ones by imaginary lines bisecting its sides. To each of the four battalions is accorded one of these oblongs. The tables are arranged in rows as on the lower deck of a man-of-war, and each one is of a size to seat ten men. Upon each table stands (or stood) a wooden trencher, two shallow tureens (of Britannia metal, as the general particularly informed me), and a large glass bottle full of kvass, a description of porter made out of black bread, and having much the color and the taste of liquorice. The tables, forms, and trenchers were spotlessly white, and the metal dishes were dazzingly bright; everything conveyed to the mind the idea of perfect order and regularity.

At either end of the hall were two cook-houses, each entirely independent of the others, and each having above the entrance-door the number of the battalion occupying the adjacent part of the hall. The main features of every cook-house were two immense coppers and a large oven. In one copper pea-soup was boiling, in the other a species of porridge called "kacha." Upon shelves were trenchers covered with meat divided out into small portions and apparently not of the best quality. The cooks were arrayed in spotless clothes and caps of white linen, offering a pleasing contrast to our friend the "company cook," who always makes a point of wearing the dirtiest rags he can muster or even buy.

When the dinner bugle sounded, the Paulovskies noiselessly took their places at the tables, while into each cook-house marched a party in file, consisting of two men from each table. Cooks repaired to the coppers, armed with huge ladles, and, when all was ready, raised the lids, whereupon the leading file of the party advanced holding the metal vessels before mentioned. These having been filled, one with soup the other with porridge, were conveyed to their table. Then a non-commissioned officer distributed the trenches with cold meat, one to each table. When everything was served, a bugle-call sounded, every man rose and faced to the east, and the whole regiment proceeded to sing, in perfect accord and with well-trained voices, a somewhat lengthy grace. The simple and slightly mournful cadence of the chant uttered by so many hundred voices reverberating among the recesses of the low-vaulted roof produced a most solemn effect. Each man brought his own bread to table with him, and drew out of his high overall boot a knife and wooden spoon. With the latter he bailed out soup or porridge from the common bowls by spoonfuls as he required it, eating the soup upon his bread. I noticed that at some tables they lumped all the meat into the soup, after chopping it into small squares. All took the utmost pains not to make a mess upon the tables, which were as clean at the end of the repast as they had been at the commencement.

The Russian soldier receives daily three pounds of black bread or two pounds of biscuit, about half a pound of grain for porridge, and half a pound of meat, together with a small glass of kvass. The bread he receives in three days' rations at a time, baked in one large and very heavy loaf. This bread is coarse and very damp, and, like all else, is entirely prepared in the regiment, a number of soldiers being detailed to act as bakers.

One is speedily impressed by the completeness of a Russian regiment. It is a unit in every sense, and entirely independent of external aids as regards its requirements. It even makes its own gas, and this, in the case of the regiment the subject of this article, in the midst of a large city. It has its own transport, its own hospital and surgeons, its own church and priest, its own gymnasium, and makes its own clothes and boots. A number of soldiers were busily engaged in making up uniforms, and about a score were sewing leather covers for the new intrenching shovel which now forms a part of every man's equipment. Of course, the location of regiments permanently in one spot, and the unchanging nature of service in Russia, renders the establishment of all such institutions comparatively easy, while they would be impossible in an army such as ours, which has to serve across the seas in every quarter of the globe, and the regiments composing it never knowing how long they are to remain in any given station. The Paulovsky Regiment had a canteen, but a purely dry one, and not so elaborate a concern as one of ours, for the simple reason that the soldiers have not the money to spend there that ours have.

What seemed most practical of all was the store of clothing and equipment for the reserve. A large hall was fitted with its huge racks, one for each company in the regiment; the rack containing a complete set of arms and equipment, and a field-service kit for every man in the reserve of the company; so that in the event of the regiment being mobilized for service there would be nothing to do but just march the reserve men by companies to the store and hand to every man the kit, etc.,

bearing his name and number. There would be no trouble either as regards the fitting of boots, because, in Russia, the man alters his foot to fit the former, and so the boots in the store were all made much of one size. They wear that high description of boot reaching to the knee, made of hard leather throughout, the trousers being tucked inside them. Socks are not worn, but the feet are wrapped in strips of soft rag which can be wound thickly or thinly, closely or loosely, as the boot requires. It is amusing to note, though, that in the Russian, as in the English army, there is considerable trouble in preventing the men from altering the serviceable square toes of their boots, and limping about in "points." On the occasion of my visit the general informed me of this, and pointed out several men who had evidently been guilty of this practice.

The regimental cells were fairly well populated, as was to be expected in an army in which commanding officers are allowed to really punish men when they deserve it. A regimental commander in Russia has greater powers than have ours; for instance, he can put a private or lance-corporal (efreyter) in the cells under "ordinary arrest" for a month. Under this form of arrest the offender is confined in a lighted cell, but has to sleep on bare boards, and he is not allowed to smoke or drink spirits, or to sing, or to have communication with anybody. There are three other degrees of arrest all stricter than ordinary arrest, and therefore inflicted for shorter periods. The commanding officer can also give a man extra turns of guard or other duty, and can confine him to barracks for a month. Soldiers who commit a serious crime, or who prove themselves incorrigible, may be relegated by a sentence of court-martial into the "penal class." Such relegation deprives him of all decorations for gallantry, and of all war-medals, and renders him liable to be sentenced by his commanding officer for any misdemeanor to fifty strokes with a cane. He may not be detailed for any guard of honor, or receive leave of absence from barracks, and in order to have his name removed out of the penal class he must serve without fault for one year. It is also within the power of the commanding officer to put the company sergeant-major in the cells for one day.

If one may judge from appearances, the life of the Russian soldier, or at any rate of those serving in the Paulovsky Regiment, is sufficiently happy. All the men wore a cheerful and contented air, and when addressing their general commanding showed by their tone and manner that they felt for him a real liking and respect. It is said that the conscripts come up for service readily enough, as a rule, and the few youths of the better classes with whom I became acquainted who were about to serve the required period in the ranks expressed neither unwillingness nor regret. The gangs of men whom one so frequently met marching in as recruits for the various regiments were usually laughing and joking in a light-hearted manner. Far more is done by the Russian authorities to encourage a military spirit and foster patriotism and *esprit de corps* than is done by ours. Medals, orders, and crosses are liberally showered upon even privates; they are constantly being praised for their achievements, and the government is open-handed as regards soldiers who are wounded or injured or to the families of those who are killed in its service. Men who voluntarily enlist, not waiting to be taken by conscription, wear a specially ornamented shoulder-strap, which readily distinguishes them from the others. A private wearing the order for distinguished service in war-time is saluted by all other soldiers, and receives a small life pension. The officers seem to be thoroughly imbued with the military spirit characteristic of the whole nation, and to seriously occupy themselves with their profession. Finally, it is most pleasing to know that the majority of the officers exhibit a most friendly feeling towards those of our service. They are not only glad to know us, but are pleased to think that we wish to know more of them, and are ready to enlighten us as fully as they can respecting their service. The English officers who now go to Russia for the purpose of studying the language have an opportunity of also becoming acquainted with and learning something

of their contemporaries in the service of that country. And the better we become acquainted with them and they with us, the more surely will die away the feeling of antagonism towards us as a nation, and the misconception of our aims and intentions which unfortunately still exists among some sections of society in that country. The writer of this article will ever recall with feelings of pride and pleasure the cordial reception accorded him by the general commanding the Paulovsky Regiment, and the facilities afforded him for minutely inspecting the well-ordered barracks of that which is universally regarded in Russia as one of the smartest and most distinguished corps in the service of His Imperial Majesty the czar.

C. B.

Sweyn Turtle.

(*From the Swedish of J. L. Runeberg.*)

A SERGEANT was Sweyn Turtle's sire,
discharged, gray-headed, poor.
Already eighty-eight was he: 'twas old
that, to be sure.
Now on his little croft he dwelt, and
thus his bread did gain, .
And had around him children nine, the
youngest of them Sweyn.

Whether the old man ever had sufficient
wherewithal
To feed a swarm of brats like this doth
not appear at all;
But more unto the elder ones he must
have given than just,
Since for the son that last was born he
had not left a crust.

Sweyn Turtle ne'ertheless grew up broad-
shouldered, tall, and strong,
He hewed the forest, plowed the field,
and labored all day long;
Was gentle, blithe, and willing, more
than many a knowing clown;
Did all that he was asked to do, but al-
ways upside down.

"In God's name, O my wretched son,
what will become of thee?"
Thus cried the sergeant many a time in
his perplexity;
But when this song of his ne'er ceased,
Sweyn Turtle patience lost,
And so began to meditate, — which
mighty labor cost.

When, therefore, Sergeant Turtle one
fine day began to prate
And grumble to the same old tune:
"Sweyn, what *will* be thy fate?"
The old man, to replies unused, was
startled when the lad
Raised up his honest face and said, "A
soldier, surely, dad."

The ancient sergeant finally laughed out
with scornful air,
"Thou, booby, shoulder musket and a
soldier be, beware!"
"Yea," quoth the son, "here all goes
wrong, whatever comes to hand,
More easy 'tis perchance to die for king
and Fatherland."

The ancient Turtle stood aghast, and
moved, let fall a tear,
But Sweyn, his bundle shouldering,
sought a regiment quartered near;
Full measurement he was and sound,
the rest was overlooked,
And soon in Duncker's company the raw
recruit was booked.

Now Sweyn must learn extension drill
and join the awkward squad;
It was a sight to look upon, his move-
ments were so odd.
The corporals yelled and laughed at him,
then yelled and laughed again,
But reprimand or laughter, it was all
the same to Sweyn.

If ever a man was earnest, it was he, I
must avow,
When marking time he shook the earth,
sweat stood upon his brow;
But when he heard an order given he
lost his senses quite,
Went right-about for left-about, and
left-about for right.

To shoulder and to order arms he was
instructed, and
To fix and charge his bayonet he did
seem to understand;
But if the word was "shoulder," he
would charge his bayonet smart,
And chanced it to be "order," he would
shoulder like a dart.

And thus it was Sweyn Turtle's drill
was widely known to fame,
Laughed officers and men at this extraordinary game;
Sweyn recked of this but little, and was patient as before;
He waited on for better times, and soon there came a war.

The marching orders they arrived. The question did arise,
Was Sweyn fit man to take the field against our enemies?
He let them chatter on a bit, and in conclusion said,
"If I can't go with all the rest, I'll go alone instead."

So him they gave a musket and a knapsack as he sought;
He was waiter in the bivouac, but a soldier where they fought.
He waited as he combated, with serious air and cool,
Was never called a coward, though sometimes a silly fool.

In full retreat was Sandels, with the Russians on his track,
As step by step his soldiery beside a stream drew back.
A little way ahead the stream was by a foot-bridge crossed;
There lay a party of our men, but twenty at the most.

They, being sent with orders to repair the road in front,
Were taking it quite easy, far away from battle's brunt;
And in a farm hard by they seized whate'er was to be got,
And made Sweyn Turtle wait on them; for he was of the lot.

But all at once the scene was changed, for down the neighboring steep,
In full career, an aide-de-camp on foaming horse did sweep:
"For God's sake stand to arms, my men, and to the bridge repair!"
He cried, "'tis found the enemy will force a passage there!"

"The bridge," he said, "sir officer, destroy if that you can;
If not, then fight in its defense till lost be every man.
The army is surrounded should the foe but gain our rear.
Assistance is at hand. The general comes. Be of good cheer!"

He galloped off. But scarce our men had reached the water-side,
When high upon the other bank the Russians were descried;
They first deployed, then closing in, presented, aimed, and fired,
And at the very first discharge eight gallant Finns expired.

The men began to waver. It was useless thus to strive.
Another volley, and behold our Finns reduced to five,
Who all obeyed the order given to shoulder and depart,
Except that Sweyn, mistaking it, his bayonet leveled smart.

Yet more, the right-about he made was incorrect, askew,
Since, far from marching to the rear, against the bridge he flew.
Broad-shouldered there he stood and stiff, as ever calm and still,
Prepared to teach the Muscovites his very best of drill.

Brief interval there was, I ween, before they came to blows,
And in the twinkling of an eye the bridge was thronged with foes;
They rushed, man after man, at him, but whosoever came,
Or right-about or left-about, must tumble all the same.

To hew this giant down was more than human arm could do,
The nearest man was oft his shield against a bullet true;
But fiercer grew the foe the more his efforts came to naught,
Then Sandels with his men appeared and saw how Turtle fought.

"Bravo!" he cried, "bravo, hold on, my gallant lad and stout!
Let not one devil o'er the bridge,—one instant more hold out!
That's something like a soldier, boys, 'tis thus a Finn should fight;
On, on, brave fellows, to his aid; he's saved us all this night!"

And soon repulsed at all points was the enemy's attack;
The Russian warriors wheeled about and moved unwilling back.
When all was over Sandals he dismounted from his steed,
And went down to the bridge and asked for him who did the deed.

They pointed then Sweyn Turtle out. His fight was done at last.
He had maintained it like a man, the battle which was past,
And laid him down to rest a bit, as if the sport were o'er,
With face as grave as ever, but much paler than before.

Then Sandels, bending o'er the fallen, upon him fixed his gaze:
The countenance no stranger's was, familiar were its traits;
But underneath his heart the grass was colored crimson red.
A shot had hit him in the breast: already he was dead.

"The bullet knew its business well; that must acknowledged be,"
Was all the general cared to say, "thus wiser far than we.
It let his head remain in peace, for 'twas the meaner part,
And took to what far better was, his brave and noble heart."

These words were soon repeated through the army far and wide,
And all that Sandels spoke aright did there and then decide:
"For Turtle's understanding was," they said, "but scant and small;
A wretched head he had, but, then, his heart was good withal!"

H. S.

In London Naval and Military Magazine.

A Reminiscence.

"HOSPITAL scenes are to those of ordinary life what Doré's pictures are to those of other artists. Glimmer and gloom come close together and emphasize each other."

In the storm of the years that are fading, memory reverts to the close of a battle-day, when an orderly galloped up and said, "It is the order of the general commanding the brigade that your battery advance to the front," and he was away amid the dust and smoke which hung heavy, making men and horses look like spectres moving in the nether gloom.

Bugles blared, horses plunged and reared, the six pieces with caissons,—but what is this? My horse wavers, and the agony of death comes! "Hit, sir?" said a grim sergeant, as he caught my horse struggling to the earth with one fore and one hind leg smashed by the blinding explosion which covered us with dirt and each other's blood. And then, what pain! The bursting shells, the sharp reports and rattle of musketry fell upon the ear in painful periods, and the throbbing life seemed to go out with the receding sounds. Then came a cessation of all, darkness of night as well as that of mental visions closing the scene.

"The ambulance! Well, what of that?" said I peevishly to the men with the Geneva cross upon their sleeves, as they laid me upon the straw, while two smoke-begrimed and blood-stained mortals groaned on each side as we jolted away to the field hospital in the rear. Dead men with upturned, white faces, rendered whiter still by the moonlight, strewed the way. Gone was the glamour of military glory; succeeded by burning thirst and agony.

"Lay him to one side," said the surgeon, as his assistant tightened a blood-stained bandage, and with half-closed eyes I saw dim figures move about the miserable building improvised as a hospital. A few candles, the glare of pine torches, a smell of whisky, tobacco, and anæsthetics, the feeble resistance to the surgeon's knife, the sound of the dreadful little saw, the deft fingers, and the last groans of those whom surgery could not save, passed before my dim sight and benumbed senses like phantoms, then—my turn came!

The first glimpse of a stretcher bearing a motionless form is startling; the return of an etherized patient is more try-

ing; the same is true of a death-scene. It is terrible to see the enemy clutch a man by the throat and shake him, yet it rather nerves the witness to a more desperate struggle, lest he himself be brought in such straits.

At last—and it seemed an age—some one said, "Come," and I was lifted upon the rude operating table. "Chloroform or ether?" said a voice in the rear. "Both," and a cloth wet with the sickening-sweet fluid was placed over my face. "Long breaths," said the surgeon, and I tried to answer assent, but my voice seemed to *step high* like the legs of a drunken man. Then came the battle o'er again. My battery dashed past; horses, bugles, and men mingled in a mad whirl; streams of white light shot from the guns, and then—a blank! It seemed hours; then the night air came damp and chill. I was sitting in the old church-yard which I knew when a boy; sitting by my body there. Another blank! It was a sunny summer afternoon. The birds were singing, and the odor of the pines came on the breeze. Was this death? It seemed a pleasant experience after all. But what is this nausea? the excruciating pain? "Take him away; he is playing possum," and I resented the irreverence of the remark. I was too fresh from the graveyard to tolerate such familiarity, and then, I might be dead after all!

The pain again, and the blank,—not so blank as before. There were scattering thoughts striving to assert themselves. "Yes, it is all right, it is all right," I said to myself; and then appeared in capital letters confronting me: *This must be* COMING TO! How painful life is: and yet to be *alive!*—that brought a thrill of joy.

The first streaks of the gray dawn were streaming in; tired surgeons were wiping their instruments; bugles at the front were sounding *reveille;* a fair-haired young officer lay by my side; we had been boys together; he had the smile of a conqueror upon his face, and as I touched his cold hand with mine—mine, so hot and feverish—I knew he was dead, and a feeling of sadness came as the thought developed that I—was alive. F. J.

The Bull of Port Royal.

"DEAR General H——, my heart is full
Lamenting for my butchered bull,—
The only bull our islands had,
And all my widowed cows are sad.

"With briny tears and drooping tails,
And loud boohoos and bovine wails,
My cows lament with wifely zeal,
Their perished hopes of future veal.

"Sad is the wail of human wife
To see her partner snatched from life;
But he, the husband of a score,—
For him the grief is more and more!

"No future hope of golden cream;
Even milk in tea becomes a dream.
Whey, bonny-clabber, cheese and curds,
Are now, ah, me! mere idle words!

"The cruel soldiers, fierce and full
Of reckless wrath, have shot my bull;
The stateliest bull—let scoffers laugh—
That e'er was 'father' called by calf!

"A bull as noble, firm, and fair
As that which aided Jove to bear
Europa from the flowery glade
Where she, amidst her maidens, played.

"Quick to Van Vliet your orders send
(By Smith's congenial spirit penned),
And order him, in language full,
At once to send me down a bull.

"If possible, a youthful beast,
With warm affections yet unplaced,
Who to my widowed cows may prove
A husband of enduring love."

Why Colonel Nicholson Declined.

(*From Phila. Press, July* 20, 1889.)

A CITY or commonwealth reaps an immense advantage from the possession of a public-spirited citizen of ability and power of organization. Philadelphia has been fortunate enough to possess at important times a number of citizens like the late Morton McMichael and John Welsh, who gave a great deal of time and ability to public works. The rewards of such men are confined almost altogether to the somewhat uncertain appreciation of those directly benefited.

A case in point is that of Colonel John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, who has

just been compelled to decline the War Secretary's urgent invitation to take charge of the publication of the war records because the erection of the Pennsylvania monuments at Gettysburg and their approaching dedication have thrown upon him, as a member of the Monument Commission, a volume of work which it would be difficult to find any one else willing or able to assume.

From among over a hundred applicants, including scholars and men of wealth and national fame, Secretary Proctor selected Colonel Nicholson as the one most fit for the position, and it must have been with great reluctance that Colonel Nicholson set aside any personal preference, scholarly instinct, and honorable ambition to complete the important publication of the war records in order that the Pennsylvania monuments at Gettysburg might be ready in September and then dedicated with such exercises as shall be worthy of the occasion.

DURING the late war the people of the cities and towns along the border between Missouri and Kansas were much harassed by raiders from one side or the other, and consequently were compelled in self-defense to join the belligerents. Every able-bodied man—and most of the octogenarians and boys—in Kansas City went into the United States service, either as a "regular," a "volunteer," or a "home-guard," and it was frequently the case that the last-named class included the (ostensibly) most bloodthirsty warriors of all. Everything was warlike, and nothing was heard in the streets but bugle-calls, drum-beats, the braying of mules, and the martial tread of troops. The military spirit pervaded the entire community, and even ordinary conversation was garnished with "strange oaths" and language derived from Upton or Hardee. Few men, however, exceeded Captain X—— in the intensity of his devotion to the army regulations or the strictness of his construction of all official communications. This culminated very ludicrously on one occasion. The captain received from a lady friend a note in which she requested "the pleasure of his *company*" on a certain evening. Imagine her consternation when at the hour named he ordered out and marched his whole command down to her house. This strict construction of her invitation was resented by the lady, but the captain was not at all satisfied with her explanation that, while a private interview with himself might be very pleasant, she did not expect to entertain all the privates of Company K.

C.

THE Dowager Lady de Ros, who, as the young daughter of the Duke of Richmond, was at the celebrated ball, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, has been publishing, in *Murray's Magazine*, some personal reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, with whom her family were always on terms of great intimacy.

Some of the anecdotes are quite valuable, historically, while others are amusing.

The duke once said, in her presence, "After the retreat of Bonaparte from Leipsic he never, in fact, had any hope of getting over his bad fortune. Molé, then Minister of War, told me that shortly after Napoleon's return at that time to Paris, he was playing at billiards with him, when he became thoughtful, and, laying down his cue, began talking to him of the impossibility of ever reviving the spirit of the nation sufficiently to expel the northern powers. Had these reverses, he said, occurred in the first days of the republic, there would have been a freshness of spirit that might have saved the game, but that spirit was now worn out, and never could again be expected to revive. Yet with this depressing conviction upon his mind he went through his wonderful campaign of Champagne with an activity perhaps unparalleled in his former wars."

The duke's invariable comment upon Napoleon was, "He was not a gentleman."

According to Lady de Ros, the Duke of Wellington used to say that, "As to military education, I am persuaded that the best education for an officer is whatever may be considered the fittest educa-

tion for a gentleman, whether in England or elsewhere. Let that be the foundation, and it is easy to add such technical science as may be necessary for an officer."

We may remark that, in the Duke of Wellington's time, fighting was a sort of "Donnybrook Fair." At present, what with smokeless powder, rapid-firing guns, and position-finders on shore, heavy ironclads, 100-ton guns, rams, dynamite, and torpedoes at sea, it is hard to say whether one would be most likely to escape annihilation by serving in the army or the navy. There is rather less chance of being drowned in the land service. E. S.

PASSE ROSE. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889.

In this delightful story of the time of Shakespeare, the author has achieved the difficult task of using the forms of speech of the period without overdoing it.

Though rather complicated in plot and working, the story is well sustained, and more than commonly interesting and unhackneyed. The picture of the abbey and the life and surroundings of the monks is particularly well drawn, and, to our mind, is the most interesting part of the book.

Passe Rose is a Provençale girl who wanders up to Aix and Maestricht with a band of jugglers and tumblers, and near the latter city falls in with a good old goldsmith and his wife, who take her home and treat her as their own daughter. One day Passe Rose goes to an abbey when the abbot is lying at the point of death, and the sacred relics are being exhibited, with a view of effecting his recovery. Here she has an altercation with the porter, a Saxon serf and captive, and the latter notices a golden collar which she wears and makes an appointment to meet her within the abbey walls, that night, to hear how it came into her possession. Her presence there is discovered by some of the monks, who think she is a demon in human form, and, as the abbot recovers instead of dying, they believe Passe Rose to be the evil spirit which had caused his illness, and was now cast out.

The golden collar had been given to Passe Rose by Cyril, of Tours, and he is to come to her if she sends the collar to intimate the need of assistance.

Thus far is only the introduction to the story itself, which treats of a conspiracy against the life of the great king, and its exposure by Passe Rose.

IT was with a sense of gratitude that we saw, some time ago, in the public papers, that the train conveying the "Libby Prison" to Chicago had come to grief somewhere in Kentucky. In our fancy we saw bricks and beams and flooring-boards precipitated into some roaring torrent, or inaccessible ravine, never more to be seen of men. But, alas! no such luck! for it appears that such of the *débris* as was not appropriated by persons resident near the scene of accident was gathered up and forwarded.

No doubt the persons who were capable of conceiving the idea of removing the wretched old building—for the purpose of trading upon war reminiscences—would have reconstructed "Libby" if only one brick had remained in their possession. As far as any interest in the old military prison goes, it could only exist, in rightly regulated minds, while it stood in its natural surroundings, by the banks of the James.

"Libby" in Chicago will be no more than a dime-museum show.

E. S.

ONE of the contemporary "funny papers" is somewhat hard upon the military academy regulations—"about five thousand in number—which govern the cadet inhabitants, and are very strict. When the subject of capital punishment was being considered in New York, it was proposed to take all criminals to West Point and scare them to death by reading these regulations." This was considered an excellent plan, until it was suggested that it would kill the sheriff to read the regulations. The project was then abandoned. E. S.

ALTHOUGH England's ambassador found it convenient to be absent from France during the Centennial Exposition, and although no official recognition has been afforded it by that country, there has yet been a British military demonstration of a kind which truly astonished the Parisians: the Salvation Army arrived and took up its headquarters in the Rue Auber, quite near the Boulevards. E. S.

THE negotiations for the Prince of Wales's re-acceptance of the Captaincy-General of the Honorable Artillery of London have made considerable progress, and will no doubt end successfully. Thus calm will follow one more teapot tempest.

ANTOINETTE is a clever translation of Georges Ohnet's new story. It is decent and interesting. The Lippincotts issue the book in charming style and it is well illustrated.

EDWARD THE THIRD raised an army by *contract* for the purpose of invading France; and the following scale was the rate of pay (of that day's coinage) assigned to particular classes.

An earl was valued at the same price as the lawyer of to-day,—namely, six shillings and eight pence.

A baron and a baronet, four shillings.

A knight, two shillings (knights have gone down in value since: they would not fetch to-day two shillings a *score*).

An esquire, one shilling.

An archer and a hobeler (light cavalrymen) six pence.

An archer on foot, three pence.

A *Welshman*, *two* pence!

What could Edward have expected for two pence?

IT has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise, which have been before the public of England for the last half-century, are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to BEECHAM'S PILLS, which, in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep BEECHAM'S PILLS, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

District of Columbia Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 5, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Capt. George Finley Wheeler, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. George W. F. Vernon, U.S.V.; Maj. Robert Maitland O'Reilly, Surgeon, U.S.A.; Paymaster John Randolph Carmody, U.S.N.; Lt. William Henry Norton, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. Ezra Westcote Clark, U.S.V.; Maj. Frank Strong, U.S.V.; Capt. William Harrison Newman, U.S.V.

TO THE FIRST CLASS (*by succession*).—William Helmsley Emory, Lt.-Comm., U.S.N.

Illinois Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 13, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—Charles Eber Baker, Capt. U.S.V.; Stephen O'Connor, 1st Lt. U.S.A.; John Stearns Smith, Capt. U.S.V.; Frank Harwood White, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

TO THE SECOND CLASS.—Humphrey Russell Smith.

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 7, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—George Osborne Eddy, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Louis William Campbell, 2d Lt. U.S.V.

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held July 10, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—John Beverley, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Edward Wheeler, Capt. U.S.V.; James E. Mulligan, Capt. U.S.V.

Missouri Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 1, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—John Wesley Jackson, Maj. and Surg. U.S.V.; Sylvester Westerfield Kniffin, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas Doughty, Act. Chief Eng. U.S.N.; James Lawrence Blair, Francis P. Blair, Jr., Harry Hodgen, and John Thompson Hodgen (by inheritance).

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held July 3, 1889.

TO THE FIRST CLASS.—H. Seymour Hall, Brig. Gen. U.S.V.

TRANSFERS.

District of Columbia Commandery.

Capt. Edward S. Godfrey, to Ohio Commandery; Mr. John C. P. de Kraft, to California Commandery.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

THE Wisconsin Commandery announces that during the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Milwaukee, commencing August 27, 1889, the head-quarters of this Commandery will be at the Juneau Club House, 144 Wisconsin Street.

The building will be open for the uses of the Commandery, and a most cordial invitation is extended to all visiting Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States to visit at our head-quarters, where a hearty welcome will be offered to all who will come.

The resident members in Milwaukee and all the members of the Wisconsin Commandery are requested that during the week every effort be made to add to the pleasure of our visitors.

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SEP 16 1889

THE UNITED SERVICE

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NEW SERIES.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	The Canadian Question.—A Military Glance at it. By TERRÆ FILIUS	333
II.	Nautical Proverbs and Sayings. By F. S. BASSETT, Lieutenant U.S.N. (retired)	352
III.	The Nez Perce Indian War—1877. By W. R. PARNELL, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A. (retired)	364
IV.	Old Uniforms of the United States Service. By H. D. SMITH, First Lieutenant U.S. Revenue Cutter Service	375
V.	From Bars to Stars. By EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES	389
VI.	The Royal Irish Constabulary. By "P. O. LISMAN"	404
VII.	Among our Contemporaries. By EDWARD SHIPPEN, Medical Director U.S.N.	426
VIII.	Service Salad	438
IX.	Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States	444

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THE

UNITED SERVICE.

OCTOBER 1889.

THE CANADIAN QUESTION.—A MILITARY GLANCE AT IT.

THERE can be no doubt that the Canadian question, throughout its entire scope, is more restlessly active, just now, than it has been at any other epoch since our separation from England. Whether it be regarded from a British or an American stand-point, it is equally apparent that the present status of the government of the Dominion of Canada is an unstable one.

To the British it has been clear since the Ashburton treaty was confirmed that the present provinces of Quebec and Ontario cannot be vigorous states as long as they are wedged off from the maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia by the point of Maine that juts out bastion-like to the north of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude; the one fact that during six months of the year all west of Maine must cross foreign territory to reach open tide-water is, alone, sufficient to hopelessly handicap these provinces in their efforts to expand to the limits of large and prosperous states; the single line of railway around Maine does not materially relieve the situation.

From the American stand-point a variety of views are current. They vary in features from forcible annexation to the pacific idea of commercial union as a stepping-stone to ultimate state union. The detailed particulars of these several plans are not pertinent to the purpose of this paper. The fact to which attention is directed is, that all, on both sides, agree that it is not reasonable to expect the present relations of the Dominion of Canada to Great Britain and to our own country to remain unchanged; it is a universal expectation that some time, somehow, the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba, at least,

are to be incorporated into our body politic. The present exceptional activity of the British government in reference to the defenses of Canada, the fishery disputes with Canada, and the significant political tactics of the Canadian liberals, together with the resolutions touching the subject in our own Congress, and the stream of articles in the leading magazines, both domestic and foreign, all serve as exponents of the uneasiness that is abroad.

If the problem is to be solved peaceably, we soldiers are only interested in it so far as to wish to join heartily in the general applause that must attend so happy a result; but no man is wise enough to foresee such a solution, and the alternative presented forces upon the military man the necessity of studying the country as a possible theatre of war. It is, from this point of view, very important that the geographical features of the country, and the statistics as to produce, transportation, and men, should be carefully examined in so far as they may affect military operations carried on within the country. It will be the aim of this paper to present some facts picked up within the limits of the field thus mapped out.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

In 1867 Great Britain, by an Imperial act, known as "The British North American Act," confirmed a confederation that had been voluntarily entered into by the provinces of Lower Canada, Upper Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

By this act the British possessions of North America were to be considered collectively as constituting the *Dominion of Canada.* The object of the act was to provide for the voluntary union of all the British provinces in North America in one legislative confederation. At first, however, only the above-named provinces entered into the union. Provision was made in the act for the admission of Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, and states to be formed out of the Northwest Territory as that section should be progressively settled. Under this provision Manitoba was admitted into the confederation in 1870, British Columbia in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873. Newfoundland up to the present time has declined to enter the confederation.

That portion of the Dominion not included within the limits of the provinces proper is known as The Territories. This includes The Northeast Territory (east of Hudson Bay and west of Labrador); the Northwest Territory (west of Hudson Bay to and including the valley of the Mackenzie River); Athabasca (the country west of Athabasca Lake and east of the Rocky Mountains); Saskatchewan (the country included within the valley of the river of the same name); Assiniboia (the country west of Manitoba and north of Montana, United

States); Alberto (the country between Assiniboia and British Columbia); Keewatin (a narrow strip along the west shore of Hudson Bay).

The province of Upper Canada assumed the name of Ontario on entering the confederation, and the province of Lower Canada took that of Quebec.

Labrador belongs to the province of Newfoundland.

The islands off the north coast are not attached specifically to any of the states or territories.

The legislative confederation of the Dominion of Canada consists, therefore, of—

1. Province of Prince Edward Island.
2. Province of Nova Scotia.
3. Province of New Brunswick.
4. Province of Quebec.
5. Province of Ontario.
6. Province of Manitoba.
7. Province of British Columbia.
8. The Territories.

GENERAL DIVISION OF SUBJECT.

It is permissible to eliminate a large portion of this area at once from further consideration. The country north of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude is by nature rendered of no import in a discussion like this; cold, bleak, and inhospitable, it can never be the theatre of military operations. This does not apply to the narrow strip along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the ocean; here the modifying influence of the Japan Current so alters the climate as to render it possible to conduct military operations within its limits; but meagreness of population, total absence of transportation facilities, and the probable remoteness of the time of its settlement warrant it also being excluded.

In the east the great plateau known as the Height of Land stretches from the shores of Labrador southwest to Lake Superior, thence it continues northwest between the Red River and Hudson Bay. The elevation of this plateau is greatest in the east, where, soon after leaving the Atlantic coast, it rises to a ridge known as the Watshish Mountains. It falls away rapidly after leaving the longitude of James Bay, going west, and it may be said to terminate in the eastern slope of the Red River valley. The western slope of the Red River valley rises to the Great Plains, which extend in unbroken monotony to the Rocky Mountains. Beyond the Rocky Mountains the plateau continues at an elevation of from four thousand feet to five thousand feet to the Coast Range Mountains, and the western slope of this mountain range is the shore of the Pacific.

Six distinct sections appear to be marked off by natural features within this area. They may be differentiated as follows:

I. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

II. Ontario and Quebec.

III. The Red River valley.

IV. The country between the Red River valley and the Rocky Mountains.

V. The country between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range.

VI. The country comprising the western slopes of the Coast Range Mountains.

Each of these is susceptible of special treatment as a theatre of war, but, owing to the restrictions imposed by the limits of the article, it will be necessary to confine detailed treatment to the most important sections,—namely, the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Statistics of a general nature will, however, be given for all the provinces, as possibly affecting the policy of war, or influencing directly or indirectly military operations conducted within the provinces named.

CLIMATE.

The climate of Canada is an important factor, inasmuch as it bears directly on the question of supplies and transportation. Extremes of temperature throughout the Dominion are wide apart, the winters being long and cold and the summers short and hot. It must not be concluded, however, that because the temperature runs very low during the winter military operations are impracticable, for such is the dryness of the air that cold does not cause as much suffering as it does in more humid sections farther south. Moreover, the great depth of the snow and the regularity with which it comes in the fall, and the constancy with which it remains at sleighing depth during the entire winter, will rather aid than obstruct matters pertaining to transportation. Again, a crust very often forms on the snow's surface such as would enable infantry to move under certain circumstances—especially if trained to use snow-shoes—with increased freedom across country. During the spring months the melting of the snow fills to full bank all streams; while this would serve to multiply obstacles, it ought also to give to a commander that transportation service that is made use of habitually by the native farmers in transporting their produce to the market, and by the lumbermen in floating their logs to the mill or navigable water.

In Quebec snow begins to lie early in November, and steady sleighing may be counted on from this time until the middle of April. In Ontario the sleighing begins about a month later and ends about a month earlier in the spring.

FARM PRODUCTS.

The harvests of Canada are generally successful,—a fact that hangs directly on the above climatic conditions. The snow serving to protect the winter wheat and dormant vegetation; and the rapidity of germination and ripening of all grains, vegetables, and fruits during the short summer season, under the influence of the very long days and hot sun, still further works to secure full harvests.

To such an extent do these facts have influence that the harvest begins about the same time in each province. As a rule, the last two weeks of July are devoted to harvesting throughout the provinces.

The soil is very fertile in the thickly-settled parts, and the harvest yield is large.

In the following table will be found the food, forage, and farm products throughout the Dominion as given by the last official census.

PRODUCE.	Prince Edward Island.	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.	Quebec.	Ontario.	Manitoba.	British Columbia.	The Territories.
Horned cattle	44,743	154,689	99,783	409,119	896,661	27,657	67,254	5,690
Milk cows	45,895	137,639	103,965	490,977	782,243	20,355	10,878	3,848
Sheep	166,446	377,801	221,163	889,833	1,359,178	6,078	27,788	346
Swine	40,181	47,256	53,087	329,199	700,922	17,358	16,841	2,775
Wheat (acres)	41,942	41,855	40,336	223,176	1,930,123	51,293	7,952	5,678
Barley (bushels)	119,368	228,748	84,183	1,751,539	14,279,841	253,604	79,140	48,445
Oats "	3,538,219	1,873,113	3,297,534	19,990,205	40,209,929	1,270,268	253,911	59,952
Rye "	307	47,567	18,268	430,242	1,598,871	1,203	482	240
Peas and beans (bush.)	3,164	37,220	43,121	4,170,456	9,434,872	8,991	50,542	1,292
Buckwheat "	90,458	339,718	1,587,223	2,041,670	841,649	320	59	50
Corn "	2,603	13,532	18,159	888,169	8,096,782	2,516	1,433	1,948
Potatoes (acres)	39,083	60,192	51,362	123,062	181,394	4,306	3,272	811
Turnips (bushels)	1,198,407	7,378,387	990,336	1,572,476	33,856,721	149,025	270,525	14,893
Other root vegetables	42,572	1,006,711	159,043	1,050,904	6,479,222	49,096	82,249	3,091
Hay (tons)	143,791	326,143	414,046	1,612,104	2,038,659	185,279	43,898	17,500

Besides the articles enumerated above, the Dominion produced in the same time 3,184,996 pounds of cheese, 102,545,169 pounds of home-made butter, 13,377,655 bushels of apples, 3,896,508 pounds of grapes, 841,219 bushels of other fruits, 20,556,049 pounds of maple-sugar, and 2,527,962 pounds of tobacco.

It is evident from the above that, in case of war, an invading force would have little difficulty in supporting itself by requisition.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

In close relation to the matter of supplies in importance stands that of transportation. The railway system of Canada is extensive and in excellent order. It includes a line to the Pacific across the continent. Four trunk lines cross Ontario from west to east between Lake St. Clair and Lake Ontario, one passing around the north shore

of Lake Ontario, three passing into New York State over the Niagara River and on east; the Intercolonial Railway passes from Quebec along the south bank of the St. Lawrence River, around the extreme northeast point of Maine, thence to the gulf-shore of New Brunswick and along it in Nova Scotia to Halifax and Yarmouth. These main commercial arteries connect with many branch lines. The province of Nova Scotia has a distinct system traversing its length and connecting ultimately with the Intercolonial; New Brunswick, besides the Intercolonial in the east, has a western system connecting with the United States railway system at the Maine boundary; the country north of New York and Vermont and south of the St. Lawrence is netted with local lines, as is also the western part of Ontario north of Lake Erie, and the country bordering Lake Ontario on the north and the angle between the Ottawa River and the St. Lawrence. Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec are connected by the Canadian Pacific, on the north bank of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers.

Water transportation, both natural and artificial, is ample and excellent. It includes the St. Lawrence and lakes system of navigation, which may be tabulated as on opposite page.[1]

Besides this system of interior navigation, there are three others worthy of mention, viz.:

1. The Montreal-Ottawa-Kingston route, *via* Lachine Canal, Ottawa River, Ottawa Canal, Rideau River and Lake, and Rideau Canal. Total length, two hundred and forty-five and five-eighths miles. This route is not of as much importance as it might be by reason of the small depth of water (four and one-half feet) in the Rideau Canal. The government is making urgent efforts to increase this depth; if successful it would become a very important line.

2. The Trent River system from Bay of Quinte across country to Lake Huron, *via* Trent River, Rice Lake, Otonabee River, Lakes Clear, Buckhorn, Chemong, Pigeon, Sturgeon, Camero, Balsam, canal, Talbot River, Georgian Bay. Distance, two hunded and thirty-five miles.

3. From St. Lawrence River to Lake Champlain, *via* Richelieu River, Saint Ann's Lock, Basin of Chambly, Chambly Canal, St. John, Richelieu River, Lake Champlain. Distance from St. Lawrence River to United States boundary line, eighty-one miles.

The St. Lawrence-Lakes system is, of course, by far the most important of these, but the others are susceptible of improvement, and, if deepened, would become very important factors in the problem of war. Statistics in reference to their depths should be carefully watched.

[1] See pp. 11 and 12, vol. ix., *Military Service Institute Journal*, "Our Northern Frontier," by First Lieutenant Thomas M. Woodruff, U.S.A.

From	To	Section of Navigation.	Statute Miles.		Least Depth in Channel.
			Interior.	Total.	
Strait of Belle Isle	West Point, Anticosti	Gulf of St. Lawrence	441		
West Point, Anticosti	Quebec	St. Lawrence River	385	826	
Quebec	Three Rivers	St. Lawrence River to tide-water	74	900	
Three Rivers	Montreal	St. Lawrence River	86	986	
Montreal	Lachine	Lachine Canal	8.5	994.5	18 feet at first lock. 14 feet at third lock.
Lachine	Beauharnois	Lake St. Louis	15¼	1009¾	
Beauharnois	Ste. Cicille	Beauharnois Canal	11¼	1021	9 feet; to be 12 feet.
Ste. Cicille	Cornwall	Lake St. Francis	32¾	1058¾	
Cornwall	Dickinson's Landing	Cornwall Canal	11½	1065¼	9 feet; to be 14 feet.
Dickinson's Landing	Farran's Point	St. Lawrence River	5	1070¼	
Farran's Point	Upper end Crowle's Island	Farran's Point Canal	¾	1071	9 feet.
Upper end Crowle's Island	Williamsburg	St. Lawrence River	10½	1081½	
Williamsburg	Rapide Plat	Rapide Plat Canal	4	1085½	9 feet.
Rapide Plat	Point Iroquois	St. Lawrence River	4½	1090	
Point Iroquois	Upper end Presque Island	Point Iroquois Canal	3	1093	9¼ feet.
Presque Island	Point Cardinal	Junction Canal	2⅝	1095⅝	9¼ feet.
Point Cardinal	Head Galop's Rapids	Galop's Canal	2	1097⅝	9 feet; to be 14 feet.
Galop's Rapids	Kingston	St. Lawrence	66⅜	1164	
Kingston	Port Dalhousie	Lake Ontario	170	1334	
Port Dalhousie	Port Colborne	Welland Canal	26¾	1360¾	12 feet; to be 14 feet.
Port Colborne	Amherstburg	Lake Erie	232	1592¾	
Amherstburg	Sarnia	Detroit River and Lake and St. Clair River	76	1668¾	
Sarnia	St. Joseph Island	Lake Huron	270	1938¾	
St. Joseph Island	Sault Ste. Marie	St. Mary's River	47	1985¾	
Sault Ste. Marie	Head of Sault	Sault Ste. Marie Canal	1	1986¾	16 feet in U. S. Territory.
Head of Sault	Pointe aux Pius	River St. Mary	7	1993¾	
Pointe aux Pius	Port Arthur	Lake Superior	266	2259¾	

It is proposed to deepen those canals of nine feet least depth to twelve-feet least depth.

From the last census may be written out in tabular form the numbers of vessels and other craft available for water transportation, as follows:

Kinds.	Prince Edward Island.	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.	Quebec.	Ontario.	Manitoba.	British Columbia.
Steam vessels	11	44	46	298	259	17	51
Sailing vessels	224	1960	649	757	289	4	28
Barges, etc.	82	232	195	945	268	21	77

As to horses and draught oxen for ordinary road transportation, the following statistics are obtained from the same source:

Kinds.	Prince Edward Island.	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.	Quebec.	Ontario.	Manitoba.	British Columbia.	Territories.
Horses	25,182	46,044	43,957	225,066	473,906	14,504	20,172	9,084
Colts and fillies	6,153	11,123	9,018	48,846	116,392	2,235	5,950	1,786
Working oxen	84	33,275	8,812	49,237	23,263	12,269	2,319	3,334

POPULATION.

The population of Canada is about 5,000,000, made up of no less than eighteen different nationalities, but of these the English, Scotch, and Irish of Ontario and the French of Quebec make up about sixty per cent. of the whole, or nearly 3,000,000.

The population of Ontario is about 2,000,000. Of this 536,000 are English, 630,000 Irish, and 390,000 Scotch. There are 188,394 Germans, and only 103,000 French.

Quebec has a population of about 1,400,000. Of this 1,100,000 are French, and only about 260,000 English, Scotch, Irish, and Germans, all told.

The remaining nationalities are so meagrely represented as not to merit special consideration.

Comparing Ontario and Quebec, there is a marked difference in the character of the population of these two adjacent provinces, and these are they in which we are specially interested. Quebec is essentially French; Ontario is essentially Britannic. This difference may become a very important element in shaping the policy of war, should the misfortune occur, and it might even have weight enough to influence directly military operations. It is therefore well enough to keep in mind the circumstances connected with and giving rise to this peculiar

condition. In 1763, when "New France" was ceded to Great Britain, the settled portion did not extend above the Ottawa River nor below the Saguenay River; within the settled area the population at that time was purely French. The terms of cession reserved to the French the free exercise of their religion (Catholic), their laws of land inheritance, and the control of their schools, and this was not materially changed by the British North American Act. The community thus left undisturbed in its internal methods preserved intact the old French customs and the French language. It is not surprising that French sentiments still prevail, and that they are not always in harmony with British sentiments on important state and international questions.[2]

The province of Ontario was originally settled by "loyalist" refugees from the colonies just before and during the Revolutionary War. Subsequently settlers from the old country coming over to the new world naturally passed by the alien French of Quebec to the fertile lands of Ontario, where men of their own blood would be their neighbors.

A striking feature of the population of Ontario is the large number of Irishmen,—a hundred thousand more than Englishmen, and almost twice as many as there are Scotchmen.

Another important peculiarity of the population of both Quebec and Ontario is found in the very large proportion of farmers. Canada is indeed a nation of yeomen farmers tilling their own lands with the aid of one or two hired hands and members of their family. There are over 200,000 farmers in Quebec and over 300,000 in Ontario; the numbers by far exceed the aggregate of all other occupations in each province. The division of land into small holdings is remarkable; there are in the Dominion more than 40,000 holdings of ten acres and under, 79,000 holdings between ten and fifty acres, 140,000 holdings between fifty and one hundred acres, 82,000 holdings between one hundred and two hundred acres, and only 25,000 holdings above two hundred acres. The smallest and the largest holdings are found in Quebec; the small ones being the result of the continued successive division of land in the old French settlements by the inheritance of children under the operation of the old land laws of France; the large holdings are the old French seignories held under the old seignorial tenure, and are still farmed by tenant farmers. In Ontario the majority of holdings are found between the limits of fifty and two hundred acres. Such a population and such a division of land argues

[2] The effect of the recently enacted "Jesuits Estate Act" has been to fan the religious differences between Protestant Ontario and Catholic Quebec to a fever heat of antagonism. It is clear that for some time the two provinces will draw farther and farther apart in their relations. It is apparently quite within the play of the cards that the sister provinces will come in course of time to open quarrel. We may then have conditions along our northern boundary not dissimilar to those that existed in 1846–47 in connection with the admission of Texas into the Union.

strongly in favor of a high state of land cultivation and abundant army supplies.

The centres of population in the various sections of Ontario and Quebec are indicated by the cities enumerated below, the list being confined to cities having more than five thousand inhabitants.

ONTARIO.

City.	Inhabitants.
Toronto	87,000
Hamilton	36,000
Ottawa	28,000
London	20,000
Kingston	15,000
Guelph	10,000
St. Catharines	10,000
Brantford	10,000
Belleville	10,000
St. Thomas	9,000
Shortford	8,000
Chatham	8,000
Brockville	8,000
Peterborough	7,000
Windsor	7,000
Port Hope	6,000
Woodstock	6,000
Galt	5,000
Lindsay	5,000

QUEBEC.

City.	Inhabitants.
Montreal	141,000
Quebec	63,000
Three Rivers	9,000
Lewis	8,000
Sherbrooke	7,000
Hull	7,000
St. Henri	6,000
St. Jean Baptiste	6,000
Sorel	6,000
St. Hyacinth	6,000

TELEGRAPH FACILITIES.

The settled portion of the country is fully supplied with the usual telegraph and telephone facilities of a highly-civilized modern society.

FORTIFICATIONS.

The fortifications of that portion of the Dominion under special consideration are hardly worth mentioning. Quebec is strongly fortified, but its defenses are of a type long since obsolete. Kingston has a fort (Fort Henry) at the mouth of the Rideau Canal for the protection of this point, but it is only an earth-work and is not regularly garrisoned. Apart from the defenses of Halifax, and those in course of construction on the approaches to Victoria, there are no works in any measure formidable in the Dominion. A committee is, however, now sitting, considering this very matter, and it is likely that in a few years the condition will be altered.

MANUFACTURE OF WAR MATERIALS.

There are no establishments in the Dominion for the manufacture of guns, large or small, and only one for the manufacture of ammunition; the government has lately established a cartridge factory at Quebec

which is now in complete working order and turning out excellent products.

MILITARY SYSTEM.

The military system of Canada is made up of—

1. A permanent department or administrative organization located at Ottawa, which has at its head a cabinet officer under the title of "Minister of Militia and Defense." The officer and his functions are in many ways analogous to the Secretary of War of the United States and the duties of this office.

2. A permanent military staff at head-quarters, presided over by the general officer commanding the forces, who is always some distinguished officer of the British army detached for this duty. There is also a small permanent staff in each of the military districts into which the Dominion is divided.

3. A small number of permanent corps, whose members enlist for three years' continuous service under pay, and while doing garrison duty, and available at a moment's notice for field service, their organizations form schools of military instruction to which officers and non-commissioned officers of the volunteer service can attach themselves for courses of training and study under pay in order to qualify themselves for commissions in the militia. This system of instruction includes a field battery ("B") and a troop of cavalry at the citadel of Quebec; at Kingston there is another battery ("A"), and at Victoria a third ("C"). Besides these there are infantry commands at Fredericton, New Brunswick, St. John, Quebec, Toronto and London, Ontario, and one of mounted infantry at Winnipeg. All serve both as active regular forces and as schools of instruction for militia officers. This regular force numbers less than one thousand men, there being three hundred and twenty-nine light artillery, three hundred and nineteen infantry, one hundred and five mounted infantry, and forty-three cavalry.

4. The Royal Military College at Kingston. This is a military institution of high order. In large measure it is patterned after West Point. It gives careful theoretical and practical instruction in the three branches of the service to cadets chosen by competitive examination from the entire Dominion (twenty-four annually). The academic course covers a period of four years. The academic staff is composed of men of large experience and acknowledged ability. While at the college the cadets are subject to the Queen's Regulations as a part of the regular force of the Dominion. It is the custom to admit a certain number of the graduates yearly into the Imperial Army, and there are now about eighty Kingston graduates in the artillery, engineers, and infantry of the mother-country. They have invariably taken high stand among European officers.

5. The *active militia* consist in round numbers of thirty-seven thou-

sand volunteers. They are organized and armed and equipped by the government, but paid only for the short periods of annual drill required by the regulations, or when called out by the crown for the defense of the country from invasion, or for the suppression of rebellion, or when ordered out in aid of the civil power upon requisition of magistrates in event of apprehended riots, etc. The city troops, composing about ten thousand, are drilled for twelve days annually in camps of exercise; the rural troops, constituting the remainder of the thirty-seven thousand, are only drilled in such camps once in two years.

6. The *reserve militia* consists of "the whole of the men who are not serving in the active militia" between the ages of eighteen and sixty. This is not as yet organized, armed, or drilled. According to the last census about one million men would be available for service, on the basis of physical qualifications alone, in this class.

The Canadian forces are armed with the old Snider rifle. It is likely, however, that a more modern arm will soon replace this weapon, as its inferiority is well known and has been forcibly presented by the commanding general of the militia.

The field artillery is armed with 16-pounder muzzle-loading rifles. The garrison artillery of the militia have still for their armament smooth-bore guns, with a few 7-inch and 8-inch rifles.

The active militia of the Dominion is distributed as follows:

Nature of Forces.	Ontario.	Quebec.	New Brunswick.	Nova Scotia.	Manitoba.	British Columbia.	Prince Edward Island.
Cavalry	1,017	513	324	45	45	.....	.....
Field artillery	800	320	160	80	80	.....	.....
Garrison artillery	157	617	260	569	.....	180	230
Engineers	.....	89	45	.....	.....	.....	45
Infantry	15,237	10,346	1,717	2,952	482	90	342
In cities	4,105	3,245	546	1,038	427	180	212
Rural	12,641	8,640	1,960	2,608	180	90	405
Total	16,746	11,885	2,506	3,646	607	270	617

Grand total = 36,216.

The provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia are divided into nine military districts, with head-quarters as follows:

First District, London, Ontario; Second District, Toronto, Ontario; Third District, Kingston, Ontario; Fourth District, Brockville, Ontario; Fifth District, Ottawa, Ontario; Sixth District, Montreal, Quebec;

Seventh District, Quebec, Quebec; Eighth District, Fredericton, New Brunswick; Ninth District, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island constitutes a tenth district, Manitoba an eleventh, and British Columbia a twelfth.

Batteries of garrison artillery are located at Liverpool, N. S.; Lunenburg, N. S.; Digby, N. S.; Halifax (3), N. S.; Pictou, N. S.; St. John, N. B.; St. Andrews, N. B.; Newcastle, N. B.; Quebec (2), Q.; Granby, Q.; Montreal, Q.; Prescott, O.; Cananoque, O.; Napaule, O.; Trenton, O.; Toronto, O.; Goderich, O.; and Kingston, O.

Field batteries are located at Halifax, N. S.; Chatham, N. B.; Quebec, Q.; Montreal, Q.; Richmond, Q.; Ottawa, O.; Kingston, O.; Napaule, O.; Durham, O.; Toronto, O.; Hamilton, O.; Port Colborne, O.; Guelph, O.; and Sarnia, O.

STRATEGICAL CONSIDERATIONS APPLICABLE TO ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Having glanced, in what has gone before, at the Dominion in a general way, attention will now be directed more particularly to the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, with a view to determining the natural theatres and zones of operation within these provinces, and the probable lines of operation in case of war.

From Toledo, Ohio, a line drawn N. 60° E. marks approximately the axis of the water system made up of Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, and the St. Lawrence River. From the same point a line N. 15° E. fixes the boundary between Michigan and Ontario. A line drawn east at the point where the St. Lawrence River crosses the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude establishes the northern boundary of New York and Vermont. The boundary between New Hampshire and Quebec is determined by the head-waters of the Connecticut River. Between Maine and Quebec and between Maine and New Brunswick the boundary-line runs along certain mountain ridges and the head-waters of the St. John River as laid down in the Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

North of the St. Lawrence River, trending parallel to it, at a uniform distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, is the elevated ridge known as the Height of Land, already referred to above. Similarly, on the south, the broken mountainous section of Maine extends through the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Green Mountains of Vermont to the Adirondack region of New York; this system is, however, much nearer to the St. Lawrence, the maximum distance being about ninety miles at the eastern extremity of the Vermont boundary.

The country north of the St. Lawrence, between it and the Height of Land, is of the wildest nature. It is covered with a primeval forest,

cut up with swift rivers and streams that rush dashing over rapids or leaping from ledges, between steep, rocky banks, and run in almost straight lines from their sources to the St. Lawrence. It is, moreover, interspersed with numerous lakes and ponds. Throughout this entire area, with the exception of a narrow strip skirting the river, these conditions obtain; associated with them, also, is almost a total absence of even the simplest sort of roads and other transportation facilities; the population, too, is very sparse. It is, in truth, a wilderness, in which it is impossible to carry on military operations.

About twenty-five miles back from the river at Quebec there is a distinct line of high grounds or hills which mark the line along which the rugged plateau drops down to the valley proper of the river. This line of elevated ground is known as the Laurentian Hills. It follows parallel to the St. Lawrence up to a point opposite Montreal, then curves northwest, following parallel to the Ottawa River to a point some distance above the city of Ottawa, where it crosses the river and becomes dissipated in the broken rough country to the east and southeast of Georgian Bay. This line of the Laurentian Hills marks the southern limit of the area above referred to as being unsuited to military operations; all north of it may be neglected.

Just below Quebec, on the St. Lawrence, the Laurentian Hills come down sharp to the river, and, about at the same point on the opposite shore, the mountain system on the south bank abuts close up to the river; the country on both sides to the east of this position is, likewise, not suited to regular military operations.

A consideration of these natural features serves to mark out four distinct theatres within which military operations in Quebec and Ontario must of necessity be carried on; they may be distinguished as follows:

1. That portion of the province of Quebec between the Laurentian Hills and the Maine-New Hampshire-Vermont boundary.

2. That portion of the province of Ontario included within the triangle formed by the Rideau River-Lake-Canal, the Ottawa River and the St. Lawrence River.

3. That portion of the province of Ontario southwest of the line drawn from Toronto to the southeast point of Georgian Bay.

4. That portion of the province of Ontario north of Lake Ontario and between Toronto and Kingston, along the shore.

These are all well adapted to military operations, especially the first three.

The first of the above areas is subdivided by the St. Lawrence River into a north and a south section; the former consisting of the narrow strip between the Laurentian Hills and the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers; the latter, that between the St. Lawrence and the United States. An inspection of a map of this last subdivision will

reveal the fact that it is still further susceptible of division by natural features into three zones of operations,—viz., (1) the area between the Chaudière and St. Francis Rivers, (2) the area between the St. Francis and the Richelieu Rivers, and (3) the area between the Richelieu and St. Lawrence. Many secondary streams cross each of these three zones in directions generally at right angles to the primary streams, thus affording to a Canadian force fighting a defensive campaign numerous excellent defensive positions between the United States boundary and the St. Lawrence. Moreover, the parallelism existing in the directions of the Chaudière, St. Francis, and Richelieu plainly offers to a defensive army in this theatre all the advantages given by multiple parallel obstacles; all that was enjoyed by Napoleon in 1814[3] against the allies from the relations of the Aisne, the Marne, the Aube, and the objective (Paris) of the allies, would fall to a Canadian commander opposed to an army of United States troops operating in this theatre with either Montreal or Quebec as an objective. The effect of the many railroads and telegraph lines in this area would serve to enhance the value of these obstacles to the defense.

It is evident that a commander of United States troops would not be justified in carrying on an offensive campaign in this theatre against Montreal or Quebec as objectives without such a numerical superiority of force as to warrant him in disregarding the advantages accruing to the enemy.

If this conclusion be correct, the New York-Vermont boundary-line ought to be prepared for strictly defensive work, especially so in view of the temptations held out for a sudden dash of a Canadian force to the coast at the outbreak of hostilities in connection with the British fleet that would, surely, at once assemble off Portland, Bath, and Portsmouth. This is not a mere surmise. It has been for some time a matter of serious consideration by Imperial officers. Colonel Strange, R.A., for some time on duty with the Canadian militia, not long ago thus gave expression to this idea: "A combined military and naval force started from Canada at the first declaration of hostilities might push on to the Atlantic coast as Sherman did, and seize an important sea-port; there to co-operate with the British fleet, which could support them, and form a fresh base for further operations. . . . The interior lines of land and water communication would facilitate the concentration and launching of an offensive force which might surprise even fifty millions of unarmed people who have hitherto relied on successful diplomacy." Attention is called to the support that would be given such an undertaking by the railroads of this section; as many as six lines of Canadian railroads cross the eighty miles of Vermont boundary between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut River, with multiplying connections on, east, to the coast.

[3] See Hamley's "Operations of War," p. 295 *et seq.*

The fertility, products, transportation, etc., of this section have been presented in the first part of the article.

Passing to the second theatre of operations indicated above, namely, the triangle included within the Rideau River-Lake-Canal, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, the opinion is ventured that the line Ottawa-Prescott is, in a military sense, the most important one on the map; it is, happily, also, easily occupied and easily held. If this line be held, not only has the capital fallen, but the Dominion itself is severed completely in a vital section. Ontario would be absolutely hemmed in and beyond all succor from the east. The line to the east could be easily defended, for no force would venture into the *cul-de-sac* in the angle between the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers if the Ottawa-Prescott line be in the hands of a powerful United States force, and the only other available line of attack would be to the north of the Ottawa River, which, it is evident, has only strategical disadvantages for a succoring force operating on Ottawa from Montreal, with the triangle south of the Ottawa River controlled by our forces. If this triangle be controlled, it would also rob the area between the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence of the effect of parallel obstacles, referred to above, and an army could move along the south bank of the St. Lawrence directly on Montreal with everything in the way of communications and flanks safe. No serious attack would be threatened from the west, since all available forces west of Kingston would be employed in the defense of western Ontario from the movements of a western United States force, as pointed out below. If an attack be threatened, however, the line of the Rideau River-Lake-Canal is a strong one, and susceptible of defense by a small containing force.

Again, Ottawa is only about thirty-five miles from Prescott,—so short that a single successful battle must involve the fall of the capital, and also, because of this nearness, a decisive battle must be fought within the first few days after crossing the St. Lawrence. This suggests an examination into the facilities for a rapid concentration of the force needed at the very outset. A glance at any railroad map of the section leaves no doubt that there are ample railroad facilities for placing troops along the St. Lawrence from Cape Vincent to Ogdensburg. The problem of crossing the St. Lawrence ought not to be difficult, since abundant means are at hand for collecting materials, and the many inlands in the river just at this point would afford great assistance.

After crossing the St. Lawrence, there is but one serious obstacle within the triangle,—namely, the Nation River. This rises northeast of Prescott and flows northeast into the Ottawa River. If the crossing be made at Prescott, or above, the stream would be so small as not to constitute an obstacle; if the crossing be made farther down, say opposite Cornwall, the line to Ottawa would be perpendicular to the obstacle; in either case no special problem would be presented.

The railroads within the triangle are well adapted to offense; there is one direct from Prescott to Ottawa, one from just above Prescott northwest to the Rideau River-Lake-Canal, and thence to Ottawa; one down the north bank of the St. Lawrence to Montreal; one across from Ottawa to Montreal, on south side of Ottawa River; and on the north side of the Ottawa River is another road from Ottawa to Montreal. The country is populous, covered with small farms, the people thrifty, supplies of all kinds abundant, roads and facilities for animal transportation ample; as before stated, the section is well adapted to any military operations.

The third theatre of operations is that southwest of the line joining Toronto and Georgian Bay. This section is known as "The Garden of Canada." It is a fertile rolling country, filled with an energetic agricultural and commercial population. Farms are small and under a high degree of cultivation, and the country yields abundant supplies of all kinds. The roads are as numerous and as good as are to be found in the best-managed sections of our own country.

The area is drained by three principal rivers, namely, the Saugeen, the Thames, and the Grand. These all rise in the highlands between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario; the first flows northwest into Lake Huron, the second southwest into Lake St. Clair, and the third south-southeast into Lake Erie.

Besides the trunk lines of railroads crossing the country from west to east, there are seven lines crossing from northwest to southeast from Lake Huron to Lakes Erie and Ontario, and subsidiary to these are numerous other short local and branch lines, the system altogether forming a net-work of railroads as closely meshed as at any point on the continent.

While the immediate military advantages flowing from the occupation of this theatre in time of war would not compare with those discussed in the last case, still its occupation is necessary to accomplish the complete collapse of the Canadian government; and the possession of this gem-spot of the entire Dominion must have a tremendous weight in the scale of war urging it to tip towards peace.

The problem of occupying this section presents some very clear points.

Three different lines of operation suggest themselves; the final objective in each case being Toronto.

1. An army, basing on the Niagara River and Buffalo, might operate on Hamilton as an intermediate objective, working along the neck between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and on between Grand River and Lake Ontario. There are three excellent lines of railways running throughout the neck lengthwise, offering ample facilities for transporting supplies and ammunitions. It is only about twenty miles across the neck at its widest point, and the distance between Grand

River and Lake Ontario is about the same. This line, if followed by a strong force, would turn all the country to the west; but the interior lines of railroads would enable the defenders to concentrate readily their forces for a defensive battle near Hamilton.

In following this line, it would be necessary on striking the Grand River to leave detachments to hold the passages left in rear, for, from the moment the turn is made north, after leaving the Niagara neck, the communications are exposed to attack from the west.

2. The second line would make Detroit its base, and have St. Thomas for an intermediate objective, arrived at which point Port Stanley would become a new base. The advance up the neck between Lake Erie and St. Clair would be similar to that of the last case up Niagara neck, and, as in the case of the passages of the Grand River, similarly, the passages of the Thames would have to be watched and held by detachments after leaving Lake St. Clair and until the change of base to Port Stanley should be effected. This line does not cause the evacuation of any portion of the country by turning it; it occupies directly, however, the wealthiest and most important part of the province, and would bring the burden of war sharply home to the people. The fighting would be direct and the forces of the enemy in front would be simply pushed progressively back on those in rear, making resistance greater and greater. When at St. Thomas the amount of fighting done would have been at least equal to that of the entire campaign in the first case, and there would be yet as much more ahead. This plan is, therefore, apparently relatively inferior to the first.

3. In the third case, it is thought an army might be put promptly across the St. Clair River at Sarnia, and then, with Sarnia as a first or initial base, move on London as an intermediate objective. The mere presence of a large force at Sarnia would turn the country to the south of the line Sarnia-London, and to the west of the line London-Port Stanley. The troops within this area would be tempted either to concentrate for a stand before London, or would take up position farther east, near Woodstock, probably. As the army would move forward from Sarnia, it could at will shift its base from point to point along the St. Clair River and Lake and the Detroit River, and thus have conferred upon it remarkable freedom for strategic manœuvres. The moral advantage associated with the evacuation of territory by the enemy without a blow in its defense would be of much importance, and, besides the evacuation caused by the presence of the army at Sarnia, the country south of the line London-Hamilton would have to be abandoned as soon as the army should reach London. At London, also, Port Stanley would become a new base. The final concentration of the Canadians would probably be made, and the decisive battle fought, near the Grand River, covering Hamilton and Toronto.

There remains only the narrow space along the north shore of

Lake Ontario between Toronto and Kingston to be considered. It is clear that this can only become a theatre of operations after the theatre to the east or that to the west has been occupied. It is also clear that there will be no need of undertaking its occupation until the work to be done in both the adjacent theatres has been finished, but, when this shall have been done, it is probable that resistance will have ceased. If not, there will be two victorious armies on either side of the section, only one of which would be needed to crush out such feeble resistance as could, at that stage of the war, be offered. Except a very narrow strip along the shore, the section is broken and hilly. The Grand Trunk Railroad runs along the shore, and at various points sends out branch feeding lines into the timber region to the north.

The conclusion drawn is, that the conquest of Ontario and Quebec presents no serious difficulties. It is thought that, if the New York-Vermont boundary be held on the purely defensive, and two armies be thrown promptly into Ontario, one with Ottawa as its objective and the other with Toronto as its objective, as indicated above, the war would be successful, short, and in every way decisive.

Any one who examines this subject with a military end in view must be forcibly impressed with the lack of reliable information on many important points in some of our best libraries. For instance, no trustworthy map is known that will give those minute topographical features essential to a complete discussion of any section of country in its military aspect, and often other facts are of vital importance than those to be gleaned from census and other government reports and from general publications. It is very important that an Army Intelligence Bureau be established as speedily as possible for the systematic collection of just this sort of information and for placing it promptly before our officers, both to encourage them in the study of military problems and to aid them in that study.

TERRÆ FILIUS.

NAUTICAL PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

"PROVERBS existed before books." The learned Disraeli thus characterized these crystallizations of popular thought. Notwithstanding his assertion that they are no longer used, it is a fact that, in many countries, proverbs and maxims are still greatly in vogue. They form an important department of literature, and frequently contain, in the most condensed space, whole volumes of wise thoughts.

Among the subjects illustrated by this popular wisdom, none are more interesting than those relating to the sea. The sententious sayings that refer to the sailor, the element on which he lives, and the floating home which he occupies, are remarkable for their aptness, the information they give, and for their diversity and variety. We find them in nearly every land, more especially among the civilized Europeans who have for centuries lived by the sea, which often furnished them a means of subsistence.

Many of these proverbs refer to the dangers of the "vasty deep." If we may trust the poets and chroniclers, all antiquity seems to have feared the sea, which was to them abundantly provided with monsters and imaginary dangers, in addition to its real shoals and treacherous currents. It was little better in the Middle Ages, and even in modern times, as these proverbs show, the sea is regarded as the most dangerous of all things. "No man will be a sailor," said Dr. Johnson, "who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail."

Dr. Johnson was, however, a landsman, while many of the following expressions are the opinions of sea-faring people. "He who trusts himself on the sea is either a fool, or he is poor, or he wants to die." This Gallicism is no stronger than the following saying, by the maritime Dutchmen,—"Better on the heath with an old cart, than at sea with a new ship." "Better walk poor than to sail rich," says the Spaniard, and in the same spirit his Italian neighbor responds, "Praise the sea, but stay on shore." Another maritime nation, the Danish, gives us this strong opinion: "One penny is better on land than ten at sea." German woodsmen say, "The sea has no branches (to cling to), therefore it is better to stay on shore," and the French rustics agree with them,—"Admire the sea as much as you will, but don't stir from the cow-sheds." The Arab fears the sea as much to-day as he did in the

fifteenth century, when he thought the hand of Satan would arise from the "Sea of Darkness" to seize his frail bark. "It is better," says he, "to hear the belching of the camel, than the prayers of the fish;" and he further outlines the dangerous nature of the element when he says, "The sea has a tender stomach, but a head hard as wood." A facetious work a century old has it thus: "The ship is a fool, for it moves continually; the sailor is a fool, for he changes his mind with every breeze; the water is a fool, for it is never still; the wind is a fool, for it blows without ceasing. Let us make an end at once of navigation."

A well-known proverb tells us, "He who would learn to pray, should go to sea;" and another in vogue among the maritime and adventuresome Dutch reads, "He who does not venture upon the sea, knows not what God is."

The Russians say, "When you walk, pray once; when you go to sea, pray twice; when you go to be married, pray three times."

This wide-spread fear of the watery element is well shown in an antique Greek epigram, done into quaint English by Thomas Kendall:

"Shun thou the seas, which breed unease,
And quiet live on lande,
If thou desire in happy healthe
To flourish long and stande.
Long life the lande doth alwaies sende,
The seas make shorte our yeares;
Upon the seas are seldom seene
Old men with hoarie heares."

The dangerous character of the sea, and of the sailor's calling, is fully set forth in a more extended class of proverbs and sayings. "The sea makes some rich, others poor," says a Provençal adage, and an Armorican proverb expresses the same idea,—"Work with me, and I will nourish you; look out for me, or I will drown you." A Turkish saying reads, "When one falls into the sea, he stays there;" and another warns us, "Trust not the discourse of the great, the duration of a calm at sea, the lucidity of the fleeting day, the vigor of thy horse, or the speech of woman." The Chinese junk sailor expresses his sense of the danger of his calling when he says, "The water that bears the ship is the same that engulfs it."

"Of birds nor of the ship,
Of the serpent nor of young people,
No one can know or say
The way, says the sage."

This old sixteenth century verse expresses a similar want of confidence in the sea.

The sea and the gentle sex are classed together in many proverbs as dangerous to man. "The sea, fire, and, thirdly, a bad woman," were

the worst foes of the ancient Greeks, and the Italians say, "The sea, fire, and women, three bad things." A Breton proverb goes still further in its severity: "However treacherous the sea, more treacherous is woman." Other proverbs about women in connection with the sea are these: "Give a woman luck, and cast her into the sea," from the English, and another from an old English "Excellent Medley" reads, "Women are ships, and must be manned." A German saying refers to an ungallant act: "All freight lightens, said the captain, as he threw his wife overboard." A Tamil proverb shows the liability of the sailor's wife to share in his reverses: "The wife of the ship-master is in a lucky situation so long as the ship is safe; if it is lost, she must beg."

The insatiable nature of the watery element is well set forth in a number of sayings. One of these, from the French, nearly three hundred years old, declares that "The sepulchre, the vulva, the cuttle-fish, the sea, and the fire never say enough." "The sea refuses no river." "The sea complains it wants water." These two English proverbs somewhat obscurely express the same idea of insatiability, and this is more graphically shown in the following three Sanscrit sentences: "There are not enough riches to satisfy the world; man resembles the sea in that he never has enough." "These immense quantities of wood cannot satisfy the fire; these innumerable rivers cannot satisfy the sea; these creatures all together cannot satisfy the god of death; a crowd of men will not content a beauty." "An ordinary man has never riches enough, a lettered one has never sufficient fine phrases; the sea has never water enough; the eye never wearies looking at a beloved one."

Tribute is abundantly paid in these popular sayings to the immensity of the ocean. "What extent and force has the sea! What burdens it supports!" says a Sanscrit poet; "there Vishnu sleeps; there is found the host of his enemies; there the winged mountains seek a refuge; there burn the submarine fires, and there are all the forces destined to destroy the world!" From a similar ancient source come these thoughts: "The rain is useless to the sea, nourishment to the satiated, a lamp to the daylight;" and, "All which falls in the sea is lost, all counsel is lost to him who hears not, all instruction to the unintelligent, and lost is the sacrifice which falls into the fire." A Chinese proverb tells us, "All the rivers go to the sea, and it never overruns." The same Oriental people parallel the aphorism "Like a straw on the sea wave" by the saying, "To hunt a needle in the vast ocean." "The sea is not soiled because a dog stirs it up" is a Turkish proverb, and the great impression made upon a simple people by the vast extent of the ocean is seen in these three Tamil queries,—"Can the ocean be diminished by the dog's drinking it?" "Can the ocean be filled with the morning dew?" "Can one render the water of the

ocean odorous by casting into it the herb *kouça*?" Another saying declares, "However troubled the sea may be, it becomes no more salt." And another, also expressing the immensity of the sea, reads, "Advice given to him is as if one dissolved *assafœtida* in the sea." In a curious English work, containing proverbs and their *crosses*, or answers, occurs this couplet:

> PROVERB: "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea."
> CROSS: "Not so! it is but a stone's cast."

"To a drunk man," says a Persian adage, "the sea only reaches to the knees." Many sayings express a belief in the uselessness of the sea, or of salt water. "Of what benefit is the sea-water?" is a Tamil query; and a Sanscrit sentence reads thus: "In the sea there is salt water, what can you do with it? Of greater use is each little spring where people can satisfy every thirst." Another, "The great are not in a situation to render us such services as the lowly. A spring usually quenches our thirst, the sea never."

Useless tasks are described thus: "To carry water to the sea," or, as the Turks say, "To carry water to the sea in a cup," or, "To add a drop of water to the sea." An English saying of a man engaged in a profitless undertaking is, "He seeks water in the sea." An impossible task is thus described in the Spanish adage: "To put the sea in a well," and in the Persian, "In the middle of the sea he asks for dust." The expressive Dutch phrase for the same is, "To wipe up the sea with a sponge." One of the wise maxims of the immortal Cervantes is, "To do good to low fellows is to throw water into the sea;" and he instances as a foolish deed, "To look for dainties at the bottom of the sea." The ancient Greek expression for the same was, "To sow the sea;" and another Spanish phrase, "To strike the sea with a lance." An English proverb likened such an action to the following foolish attempt, "To come sailing in a sow's ear." "To brave dangers, as the leeward tide does the wind," is a French saying.

Apt similes and metaphors are, in fact, embodied in numerous proverbs and sayings with regard to the watery element. "A man who has not loved is a body without soul, a fish out of water, a ship without a sea," declares an old French author. A skillful man "navigates over a reef," according to the Italians, and a man who risks much in speculating "buys live fish on the high seas," in Algerian phraseology. Breton fishermen say to a tardy man, "You fish after the tide;" and the maritime Dutch express the loss of an opportunity by the phrase, "Your tide is past," reminding us of the old proverb, "Time and tide wait for no man." A Fijian term to express the condition of a poor man who sees what he wants, but cannot buy, is, "Becalmed and looking at the fish." Extremely sarcastic are the old English proverbs, "As true as the sea burns," "As welcome as water in a leaky ship."

A beautiful sentiment is expressed in this Sanscrit sentence, "It is the poets, and not the ordinary men, who rejoice in beautiful poetical expressions; the influence of the rays of the moon swell the sea, but not the brook." More generally known are these sayings that follow: "I have other fish to fry," one says in declining a task; "A pretty kittle of fish," says another, in designating a pretty bad mess. The "kittle" is the tackle of the fish-boom, which may easily get into a sad snarl. "There are other fish in the sea," says the rejected suitor. "Mute as a fish," "Dead as a herring," "As uneasy as a fish out of water," "To fish for compliments," are among the best known figurative expressions referring to the finny tribe. "Very like a whale" we may refer at least to Shakespeare's time (Hamlet iii. 2). "White as whalebone," was coined when walrus ivory was taken for whale's bone. "The shark flies the feather" is a sailor's saying, indicating the fact that this voracious fish will not touch a bird. The use of the term "land-shark" is not confined to seamen by any means. Shakespeare makes use of another nautical expression in "Twelfth Night" (i. 8). "You may hoist sail" is the term commonly used. "To sail within the wind" is an apt figure indicating the keeping within the letter of the law.

"You are both in the same boat" is said to a dissatisfied person on equal terms with some other. Differences of opinion are well characterized in the Arab proverb, "The captain of a ship means one thing, the sailors another;" and another saying is, "It is better to drown in the open sea, like a great ship, than in the oil of a little lamp, like a vile gnat." A Turkish proverb says of an insatiable man, "If he went into the sea, he would dry it up." Similarly, the unlucky Italian says, "If I went to sea, I would even find it dry." To one in a hurry the Languedoc fisherman repeats, "The sea isn't burning;" and the Provençal says to the man who is always saying "If—so and so," "If the sea boiled three hours, there would be plenty of cooked fish;" and, similarly, a Creole proverb asserts, "If the sea boiled, the fish would be cooked." "If the sea boiled," says a Tamil query, "where would one go to find water to cool it?" The French sailor says of one who is deceived by a fancied resemblance, "He takes a sardine for a ship." So the Dutch maiden, who lets a marriageable suitor escape, defends her conduct by the adage, "There are more ships coming than going;" to which the wise response is made, "Ships wishing more freight stay in port." The sea is to a Breton fisherman "a cow which gives down for us."

Maritime expressions, used metaphorically, are, in fact, very common. We say a couple are "spliced," a young man is the "mainstay" of his family, an intruder "puts his oar in," the member from Wayback "steers through," a man is "hard up," sometimes "taken aback," or has "the wind taken out of his sails," a toper is "slewed," a loafer "spins a yarn," sometimes "tries the other tack," and a ruler "steers

the ship of state" through troublesome times. This last metaphor is extremely ancient, by the way. Horace refers to Rome as a ship at sea, and Plutarch says the Delphic oracle referred to Athens in the same way. A Tamil saying embodies a like metaphor,—"The soul is the ship, reason is the helm, the oars are the soul's thoughts, and truth is the port." An old collection of English proverbs contains this one: "The tongue is the rudder of our ship." A Malay maxim says, "The boat which is swamped at sea may be bailed out, but the shipwreck of the affections is final." Aristophanes, Plautus, and others use an expression which comes down to us as an English saw,—"To row one way, and look another." An old English proverb (1614) was, "It is not good to have an oar in every one's boat." Heywood, an old epigrammatist, uses this phrase:

> "Fyre in the one hande and water in the tother,
> The makebate beareth between brother and brother;
> She can wynk on the yew and wery the lam,
> She maketh earnest matter of every flym-flam;
> She must have an ore in every man's barge."

Coming back to the more strictly nautical proverbs, there is an old sailor's saying, "What comes by starboard goes by larboard." This is paralleled by the maxim, "That which comes by the ebb goes by the flood." "Count the waves of the sea," says an Arab writer; "those which come are more numerous than those which go." Another speaks: "Some one commenced to count the waves of the sea, and failed in the count; there are, said he, above all chances, more coming than going."

Several proverbs foreshadow the probable destiny of the sailor. An old French one reads, "There is never so good a sailor as may not perish;" and a saying current near L'Orient is, "At the day of judgment, there will be one dead man more in the sea than on land." "Every ship," say the maritime Venetians, "makes water,—this one amidship, that one at the bow, that one in the pump-well."

A Persian saying runs thus: "If the paper boat does not upset to-day, it may to-morrow." "Here," says a Turkish adage, "great ships have been sunk; what do you do with your little skiff?"

Another class of proverbs refers to the dangers of navigation, to the conduct or character of the sailor, or to seamanship, and it is a very interesting collection. Starting out with the well-known saying, "Sailors have charmed lives," we still keep in mind the French caution, "In traveling, go by sea, but creep close to the shore." Good advice is given in the English maxim, "Being at sea, sail; being on land, settle." "To haul on the ropes is incumbent on the boatman" is the Arab idea of nautical duty; and another proverb from the same source declares that, "The sailor only thinks of God the day of the

tempest." With more truth, a Venetian adage reads, "The storm is reflected in the sailor's countenance." "The sailor," says Propertius, "speaks of the sea, the plowman of his bulls." What a deal of neglect is manifest in the saying from Nice, "The seaman—touch his hand, and turn your back upon him"! Somewhat obscure is the meaning of an old English proverb: "A seaman, if he carries a millstone, will have a quail out of it." Wisdom and prudence are ever at a premium at sea. An old French saying is, "He who sends a mean man to sea will get neither fish nor salt;" and a Sicilian maxim avers that, "When the silly go to sea, the sea will be drained of all its fish." A Spanish proverb runs, "When the corsair promises masses and candles, it goes ill with the galley;" and there are two striking English apothegms concerning the same nautical gentry. "One pirate gets nothing of another but a cask," says one of these; and the other runs, "Pirates make cheap pennyworths of their pillage."

As regards navigation, we have a host of sayings. "Who fears wind and water, let him not go to sea," is a wise Venetian proverb, and two old English maxims are cast in the same spirit: "He that will not sail till all dangers are over, must never put to sea." "He that will not sail till he have a full fair wind, will lose many a voyage." "He who is at sea," says a French proverb, "cannot have the winds he wishes;" and a Dutch maxim is like it,—"He that is at sea does not have the winds in his hands." "It is not in the pilot's power to prevent the wind from blowing," is an old English adage; and another is, "You cannot sail as you would, but as the wind blows." This is paralleled by the Arab saying, "The wind blows not as the sailors wish." "Unless you have the wind astern," says a Venetian proverb, "you must know how to navigate;" and another adds, "With a good wind, all know how to sail." An English saying is much like this: "In a calm sea, every man is a pilot." "Hoist your sail when the wind is fair" is the practical injunction of another; and a French maxim reads, "As the wind, so the sail;" and another more explicitly says, "Set your sail according to the wind." An Arab saying is peculiar: "The wind and the sea fight; now, say the ships, 'tis we who suffer the most." "To a rotten ship, every wind is contrary" is an Italian aphorism, paralleled by the Danish proverb, "Every wind is against a leaky ship;" and by the English, "To a shattered ship every breeze is a gale." Another quaint Arab saying reads, "When one becomes captain of a ship, he sometimes wishes to blow in his own horns for a wind," illustrating the well-known sailor habit of "whistling for a breeze." An equally curious Turkish proverb is, "If the waves of the Mediterranean should not break, or if those of the Black Sea should break, no ship could navigate." "What fear would he have of the waves of the sea who had Noah for a pilot" would not reassure a modern sailor greatly. "Every one turns aside the storm to some

other ship," says an old French writer. "Even the sea, great as it is, grows calm" is the fact embodied in an Italian proverb.

Some of these sayings condense practical information on seamanship. A Venetian proverb reads, "A large ship needs much water;" and a Russian, "For a great ship, a long voyage." The Italian saying, "Where the ship can go the brigantine can go," teaches that he who can do great things may do little ones. Three Dutch maxims are practical,—"It is safest sailing within reach of the shore," "It is good sailing with wind and tide," and "It is good rowing with set sail." A French saying is emphatically true: "It is easier to get away from the bank than from the bottom;" and we are further assisted by the Breton proverb, "The ship which does not mind her helm will mind the hidden rocks," or, as the Cornish verse has it,—

> "Who won't be ruled by the rudder
> Must be ruled by the rock."

Although we may believe the Danish adage, "It is easier to sit at the helm in fine weather," and may appreciate the force of the English saying, "He who can steer, need not row," yet we must remember the injunction conveyed in the Dutch maxim, "The best pilots go ashore," and must also remember that "When the rudder is gone, the ship will soon be wrecked," and must likewise heed the Sicilian warning, "Too many pilots cast the ship away." Several sayings parallel this. "If there are two captains in a ship," says an Arab proverb, "the vessel will go to the bottom;" and a Dutch maxim is, "It will not do to have two mainmasts in a ship." "If the sailors become too numerous, the ship will sink," is another Arab aphorism. In a popular song from Lower Brittany the sailors say, "Here is a new ship where there are seven captains; if there were but one, it would run less risk of sinking." We must be equally careful as to our shipmates, according to the Dutch proverb, "He that is embarked with the Devil must sail with him."

The Dutch maxim tells us truly, "Better lose the anchor than the whole ship." Increased precaution is, however, recommended in a proverb dating from antiquity. In the French it reads, "Two anchors are useful to the ship;" while the German proverb has it, "A vessel rides more secure with two anchors than with one." Heywood, in his Epigrams (1562), thus says of it,—

> "Good riding with two anchors, men have told,
> For if one fail, the other will hold."

Truly, "The good seaman is known in bad weather," as says the Italian maxim, and he must "Be as good a sailor as the ropes (are)," according to a French saying. The injunction from the same tongue, "Every one to his post, and the ship will be on an even keel," has a seamanlike

twang to it, while many believe another saying true,—"Good roller, good sailer." The Dutchman believes that "The first in the boat has the choice of oars," and an old English proverb reads, "A mariner must have his eyes on the rocks and sands, as well as on the North star." "Ships fear fire more than water" is another true adage, and it is easy to believe that "Many sands will sink a ship." "Ill goes the boat without oars" is a proverb found in a collection as early as 1611, suggesting to us the poet's lines,—

"Ill fares the bark with tackle riven."

The Arabs have a curious saying, indicating the favoritism sometimes shown by the autocratic captain,—"The captain loves thee, wipe thy hand upon the sail." There would seem to be no need for the Malay caution, "Do not embark in two boats, for you will be split and thrown upon your back." The ungrateful passenger is well set forth in the quaint Arab sentence, "He gets his passage for nothing, and winks to the wife of the captain."

"From the boat we get to the ship" is a Dutch saying; and an Italian one tells us, "The ship dares not sail without the boat." It would be well if it sailed with more boats. "Don't judge of the ship from the land," cautions the skillful Italian mariner, and the same one tells us, "Every port serves in a gale."

"All men row galley way," says an old English adage. There were two ways of rowing. In one, the oar was pushed, the rower standing up, like a raftsman with his sweep. In the other, the oar was pulled towards the rower, as in our ordinary boats. The expression means that all men direct everything to their self-aggrandizement.

"Go to the sea," says an Italian proverb, "if you would fish well;" but the Portuguese adage recommends caution,—"Not too much at sea, not too much on shore." An old French author tells us "The freshest and sweetest fish comes from the saltest sea."

"Do good and cast it into the sea" is an Arab injunction; and a Turkish saying further adds, "If the fish ignore it, God will know it." These are like the biblical saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

A proverb found in the pages of Greek and Latin authors has been transferred to modern languages in more than one shape. The old form, which recurs again in the German, was, "He who has been twice shipwrecked, accuses Neptune foolishly;"—or, modernized, "No one can complain of the sea who has been twice shipwrecked." The French and Italian form of the same proverb is, "Wrongfully he complains of the sea who twice ventures upon it."

There is still another class of proverbs and maxims that relate to the sea, and at the same time to the weather. This class includes the

well-known weather rhymes, as well as some other professional maxims expressed in condensed form. Although well known to sailors, these may be new to some, and a few of them may fitly close this list. The appearance of the sky, the clouds, and the planets are of course guides to the sailor as to the coming weather.

A well-known proverb says,—

> "Mackerel sky and mares' tails
> Make tall ships carry low sails."

Another form of this saying, current in England, runs thus,—

> "Mackerel scales and mares' tails
> Make lofty ships carry low sails."

Or, simply,—

> "Mackerel scales
> Furl your sails."

The image is varied in the following:

> "Hen's scarts and filly tails
> Make lofty ships wear low sails."

Another, not so well known, runs thus,—

> "If clouds look like they had been scratched by a hen,
> Get ready to reef your topsails then."

Clouds at sunrise or sunset are also taken as indications, as says the well-known rhyme:

> "The evening red and morning gray
> Are sure signs of a fine day;
> But the evening gray and morning red
> Make the sailor shake his head."

The well-known rainbow couplet is varied to include the appearance of the sky, as well as the sun-dogs:

> "A rainbow (red sky, or sun-dog) in the morning,
> Sailors take warning;
> A rainbow (red sky, or sun-dog) at night
> Is the sailor's delight."

The moon is especially watched as affording reliable indications of the approaching weather. The verse sometimes quoted to illustrate one of these beliefs is from an old nautical ballad:

> "I saw the new moon late yestreen
> Wi' the auld moon in her arms,
> And if we gang to sea, maister,
> I fear we'll come to harm."

Sailors fully believe that "The full moon eats clouds," and a circle or halo about it is especially ominous:

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."

Calais sailors express it thus:

"Circle round the moon,
Sailors go aloft full soon."

A Breton proverb qualifies this:

"Never a circle to the moon
Should send your topmasts down;
But when it is around the sun,
With all the masts it must be done."

The same applies to the equally well-known sayings about the wind and rain. This, as usually heard, reads,—

"With the rain before the wind,
Your topsail halliards you must mind;
But when the wind's before the rain,
You may hoist your topsails up again."

For the boat-sailor, this is modified:

"When rain comes before wind,
Halliards, sheets, and braces mind;
When wind comes before rain,
Soon you may make sail again."

Both are improvements on the original English saying,—

"If the rain comes before the wind,
Unfurl your topsails and take them in;
If the wind comes before the rain,
Lower your topsails and hoist them again."

A practical precept is embodied in the maxim,—

"When the wind shifts against the sun,
Trust it not, for back it will run."

Another is not less practical,—

"Winds at night are always bright,
But winds in the morning, sailors take warning."

The adage with regard to a "blow" is sententious:

"Long foretold, long last;
Short notice, soon past."

The seaman watches the "glass" with great anxiety, and has several proverbs about it; one of these is,—

> "When the glass is low,
> Look out for a blow;
> When it rises high,
> Let all your kites fly."

A caution is given in the lines,—

> "First rise after very low
> Indicates a stronger blow."

Or,—

> "When rise comes after low,
> Squalls expect, and clear blow."

With regard to the prognostications furnished by birds, we have a few current sayings. A Scotch rhyme runs,—

> "Sea-gull, sea-gull, sit on the sand,
> It's never good weather when you're on the land."

And another:

> "When sea-birds fly to land,
> A storm is at hand."

A saying not so well known runs thus:

> "When men-of-war birds fly high, it is a sign of a clear sky;
> When they fly low, prepare for a blow."

There are also a number of proverbs concerning fish, but they do not relate exclusively to the sea, and are of little interest to the sailor.

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Lieutenant U.S.N. (retired).

THE NEZ PERCE INDIAN WAR—1877.

BATTLE OF WHITE-BIRD CAÑON.

THE Wallowa Valley is fifteen or twenty miles east of the Grande Ronde Valley, in Eastern Oregon, and had long been a bone of contention between the whites and a band of non-treaty Nez Perce Indians, under Chief Joseph. The whites claimed the right of settlement under the United States land acts, and while no determined effort on their part was made to take up homestead, pre-emption, or other claims, yet they kept it as a grazing-ground for their cattle, while the Indians denied them the right to such privileges, claiming to themselves the entire control of the valley and surrounding hills for hunting and fishing, a right ceded to them by the government, I believe, in 1855; but by subsequent authority from Washington the land was thrown open for settlement, and still later on again withdrawn. Those conflicting rulings the Indians did not clearly understand, and evidently did not propose to be trifled with like a child with a toy, to be taken away from and given again at pleasure. Quarrels were continually arising between the two parties, an occasional steer would be missing from the white man's herd, and ponies would be, in turn, missing from the Indian herd. Fort Walla Walla was the nearest military station, and the troops were constantly moving to and from the Grande Ronde and Wallowa Valleys, settling differences and preserving the peace, from the date of regarrisoning it, in 1873, until hostilities commenced in 1877.

During the summer months two troops of cavalry were kept in camp in the Wallowa Valley, returning to Walla Walla for the winter; but even the severity of winter did not appear to cool the hot blood of either the white man or the Indian, for on New-Year's day, 1876, two troops of the First Cavalry had to forego their New-Year's calls, eggnog, and other attractions and start out on an expedition across the Blue Mountains to Grande Ronde Valley, with the thermometer at 12° below zero, to quell an anticipated outbreak of the Indians for some grievance against the whites.

It would seem an anomaly to the military mind to read the regular annual Presidential Message to Congress that "the country was at peace," etc., when war within our own borders is never ceasing; a few years ago not a month in the year passed that war did not exist in

one section or another within the boundaries of the United States; if not in Washington Territory, Oregon, Nevada, or California, we had it in Montana and Dakota, or down in Arizona, New Mexico, or Texas; and, so far as the cavalry arm of the army was concerned, cessation from hostilities did not exist; and even to-day, with all the advantages of railroads and constantly-increasing population on our frontier, cavalry are continually on the alert; the ever-watchful eye of an army are either in the saddle or virtually "standing to horse."

Such was the condition of affairs closely following the terrible "Custer massacre," when General Howard, commanding the Department of the Columbia, was instructed from Washington to proceed to Fort Lapwai, Idaho, and hold council with Chief Joseph and his tribe regarding the disputed territory, and to formulate a plan by which the non-treaty Indians should come in on the Nez Perce Indian reservation at Lapwai.

There were stationed at Fort Lapwai, in May, 1877, Troop "F," First United States Cavalry, and a small company of the Twenty-first United States Infantry, the post being under command of Captain D. Perry, First Cavalry. General Howard ordered Troop "H," First Cavalry, from Walla Walla to Lewiston, Idaho, a small town at the junction of the Snake and Clearwater Rivers. This troop was to remain in camp on the west bank of the Snake, so as to be ready to move up the Snake River, or to move into the Wallowa Valley and reenforce Troops "E" and "L," First Cavalry, should occasion require it, as it was well known that the Indians were ugly and strongly opposed to going on a reservation or surrendering their alleged rights to the Wallowa.

The Nez Perce Indian reservation covers an immense tract of perhaps the most fertile soil in Idaho, abundantly supplied with water and timber-land. The agency is beautifully situated on the Clearwater, about three miles from the military post, Fort Lapwai. It has a sub-agency at Kamia, sixty miles higher up on the Clearwater, and it is here where the celebrated Lo-Lo trail across the Bitter Root Mountains into Montana commences.

It was with much difficulty that the Indians could be induced to come in and hold council; several preliminary "talks" had occurred with one or another of the sub-chiefs. On the 15th of May the grand council was held in a large tent pitched on the parade-ground of the post. The attitude of the Indians indicated anything but friendly feelings; they wore a sullen, dogged, and defiant demeanor; treachery on their part was at least anticipated. Although the stipulations were that each party should appear unarmed, it was afterwards discovered that every Indian present at the council, besides many on the outside, were armed with revolvers, hid away under their blankets. To provide against such an emergency, the general gave orders to have all the

troops remain in quarters, and "under arms." The Indians were represented by Chiefs Joseph, Alli-cott, White Bird, and Looking-Glass, and Husch-Husch-Knit, chief of the Palouse Indians, strong allies through intermarriage of the Nez Perces. The council lasted from about ten o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon. Many times during the day hot and defiant words fell from the lips of the Indians, more particularly those of White Bird, who was the worst devil of the lot. Towards the close of the council the excitement grew intense; every moment General Howard and the officers present anticipated an attack by the Indians, whose every motion indicated that they were armed, though none were shown. So arrogant and defiant were they that few white men could have restrained themselves; indeed, at one time General Howard was on the point of committing one of them to the guard-house in irons, but his cooler judgment and proverbial desire for peace restrained him, and the storm subsided for the time being. The most trivial spark of indiscretion on the part of any officer present would have caused the massacre of the entire party. Chief Joseph and Looking-Glass favored the proposition of going on the reservation, and the termination of the council was with that understanding. Thirty days were allowed for this purpose; the 14th of June was to see the entire band of non-treaty Indians on the Nez Perce reservation, among their own people.

During the conference, Chief Joseph's brother, Alli-cott, sometimes called Young Joseph, exhibited a map of the disputed territory of the Wallowa, which was, to say the least, unique. It was a novel specimen of draughtsmanship. If I remember correctly, it was on a peculiar piece of paper or parchment of a muddy-yellow tinge, about sixteen or eighteen inches square, the ink-lines being of a pale-green color; the geography of the country was delineated by natural history; for instance, the Wallowa Lake was represented by a single ink-line showing the boundary-line and a crude drawing of a fish in the centre; the mountains were represented by the figures of deer, the Wallowa River by a zigzag line, with trees here and there along its length. The wagon-road was probably the most peculiar and interesting part of it: a double column of very small circles running the entire length of the valley was the impression one received at first glance, the circles not larger than a pin's head, but upon closer inspection the circles were incomplete; they were minute representations of horseshoes, indicating the impress of the shoe on the soft earth. A tragedy that occurred a short time before, in which an Indian was killed by a white man, occasioned by a dispute about the removal of a rail-fence to allow horses to pass through, was shown on the map, as near the vicinity as guess-work could make it, by figures representing a white man and two or three Indians struggling for a gun; the figures of men and animals were a good deal after the style of Egyptian figures,—straight lines and angles.

An effort was made by General Howard and Lieutenant Fletcher, of the Twenty-first Infantry, to make an exact copy of the map, but under no consideration would the Indians allow them to retain it long enough for that purpose.

General Howard returned to Portland next day, to await the termination of the allotted month, and the Indians returned to their camp on the Salmon River.

As the 14th of June drew near speculation was rife as to the probabilities of the Indians abiding by the decision of the council, or not. Nothing had been heard from them, nor had any of them as yet "come in."

The morning of the 14th of June arrived, and with it brought General Howard from Department Head-quarters. The day wore along, clear, warm, and peaceful; troops were to return to their stations if all went well; but all didn't go well, for, about 6 o'clock P.M., a messenger arrived with a letter from Mount Idaho to General Howard, stating that Joseph's band were giving the settlers much trouble and annoyance, causing fears of an outbreak. Early next morning four cavalrymen and the interpreter from the agency started for Mount Idaho to learn particulars. Much uneasiness was manifest throughout the garrison. We knew that the Indians should now be within the boundary of the reservation, and they were not. We were satisfied in our own minds that they did not intend to obey the mandate of the council, and from their demeanor during the deliberations of the council we could see no other prospect than war. They were a brave type of the Indian, strong, tall, and well formed, armed with weapons equal, if not superior, to ours, for theirs were Winchesters, sixteen-shooters; ours were the Springfield single breech-loaders. They had a large herd of good strong ponies, giving them almost unlimited relays for their mount, either for pursuit or retreat; we therefore began our preparations for business on the return of the messengers.

Scarcely three hours had elapsed ere the party came galloping into camp very much excited. They had been fired on and driven back by some of the Indians who were about ten miles from Lapwai in the timber, watching the road to Mount Idaho. Our dream of a peaceful settlement of the question was now at an end; hostilities had commenced, and another protracted Indian war confronted us.

The Indians had failed to comply with the action of their council; the young bloods had defied the action of the older and wiser heads of their tribe, and demanded recognition from their people for the cold-blooded murder of innocent and unsuspecting white settlers along the Salmon River.

On the 14th of June, the day they should have been on the reservation, three of their young men went to a store and post-office, six miles above Slate Creek on the Salmon River, kept by a Mr. Elfers,

whom they shot and killed while plowing. His unfortunate wife witnessed the murder of her husband, and then fled from the house and sought shelter in the thick underbrush along the creek. The Indians thoroughly ransacked the house, procured one or two rifles and shotguns, a quantity of ammunition, and a large supply of provisions. A party fleeing from Cottonwood to Mount Idaho, eighteen miles distant, was also attacked; one man was killed, one wounded, and one woman was badly wounded; a settler at the mouth of White Bird Creek, on the Salmon River, was also killed, his wife made prisoner, and his house burned. Those were acts which demanded recognition and approval at the hands of the tribe, or at least the condonation of them. We learned afterwards that a grand council was held by the leading men of the tribe, and after a lengthy debate it was determined to give their support to the murderers and defy the United States authorities; in other words, they determined to go to war rather than surrender the offenders against law or to go on the reservation.

Troops "F" and "H," First Cavalry, therefore left Fort Lapwai for Mount Idaho at eight o'clock on the evening of June 15. The command mustered about eighty men, Captain D. Perry, Company "F," in command. After marching until about 1 o'clock A.M. on the 16th, skirmishers and flankers were thrown out; we were in the mountains, and heavy timber, deep ravines, and a wild, broken country confronted us; the night was dark, and at any moment we might be saluted with a volley from the usually unerring rifles of the Indians; but the men were vigilant and careful, and we reached Cottonwood—eighteen miles from Mount Idaho—unmolested. Here we remained long enough to get breakfast, and then proceeded across Cammas Prairie to Mount Idaho, which was reached about sundown. We found the citizens all armed and very much excited. In the course of the evening a delegation waited on Captain Perry, urging him to move on down to the Salmon River, where the Indians were camped, and attack and punish them for the murders committed by them. Captain Perry called the officers of the command together (Captain Trimble and Lieutenant Parnell, Company "H," and Lieutenant Theller, Twenty-first Infantry, attached to Company "F"), and after a long conversation with the citizens, who professed to know the situation and strength of the Indians, claiming an easy victory, it was decided to make the attempt. We fed our men and horses, and started at 10 o'clock P.M. for the Salmon River, distant about twenty-five miles. About half a dozen citizens accompanied us to act as guides and assist in the prospective fight also, their leader being George Shearer, an ex-Confederate major, a brave man and a genial good fellow.

We plodded along in the dark until about one o'clock, when we reached the head of White Bird Cañon; here we made a halt until dawn of day. Captain Perry ordered perfect quiet, and under no circum-

stances was a light of any kind to be made; yet one of the men of his own company lit a match; almost immediately the cry of a coyote was heard on the hills above us,—a long, howling cry, winding up, however, in a very peculiar way not characteristic of the coyote. Little heed was paid to it at the time, yet it was a fatal cry to the command: it was made by an Indian picket on the watch for the soldiers whom they knew were already on the march. This signal was carried by others to the camp, so that they were thoroughly prepared for our coming.

As dawn approached, we continued our march down the ravine into the White Bird Cañon; a trail led us down the narrow defile, now and again crossing a dry creek-bed with here and there heavy growths of willows and underbrush; now we would be skirting along the steep side-hill, and again following the creek-bed; high bluffs and mountains lined each side of the cañon, while the trail led over rolling country, up and down little knolls or rises, but still descending. About three o'clock that fatal morning, as we passed in single file along the crest of the hill, a sad and pitiable sight presented itself to us. An unfortunate woman, whose husband was killed, was in the gulch below us with a little four-year-old girl in her arms. The little one's arm was broken, yet bearing it with fortitude, the poor mother and child shivering with cold, and thanking God for their timely deliverance. They had been hiding in the brush from the Indians since the 14th, and it was now the morning of the 17th of June.

I have never seen a sight that called for sympathy, compassion, and action like it; it was a terrible illustration of Indian deviltry and Indian warfare. The contents of haversacks were freely given to the unfortunates, and we passed on to the work before us. In a short time we found the cañon widening out, and as we descended, the bluffs on either side appeared to grow higher and higher. Bearing round to the left, we found ourselves in a valley about four or five hundred yards wide. We had not gone more than a hundred yards, when I noticed Captain Perry's troop moving into line at a "trot." It was now fairly daylight; the Indians were seen advancing, and fighting commenced at once. Troop "H" moved up at a trot and formed line on the right of "F;" the citizens were on the extreme left and in good position on a knoll, which virtually commanded all approaches from the left. The ground to the right of the line was a steady rise of an angle of about twenty degrees for a distance of perhaps two hundred yards; then quite a steep ascent for some distance to the plateau above. The ground to the left of troop "H," and occupied by "F," gradually swayed downward and upward again to the position occupied by the citizens. It was bad judgment, and certainly not tactical, to put the entire command on the line, leaving no reserves whatever in either troop; and to increase the dangers of such a fatal error, the men were in the saddle, in an exposed position, while the Indians were seeking

cover in the grass and behind rocks. Very soon the men dismounted of their own accord; some were shot off their horses, and while the firing became hotter many loose horses were galloping away in rear of the line. About half an hour had elapsed, and several men had been either killed or wounded, when Perry's men began moving by the right flank to the higher ground on our right. It appears that an attack had been made on the position held by the citizens, two of whom were wounded and the rest driven from their position. This left it an easy matter for the Indians to pass round Perry's left, under cover of the knoll, and get position in his rear, which compelled him to change his position. In the mean time, the Indians had driven a band of some five hundred ponies through the line, and scattered in among the ponies were some sixty or seventy of their men, which so thoroughly demoralized the troops, many of whom were recruits, that it became utterly impossible to control them. As Perry passed on to the right, I supposed he would halt the line when in position on the right of Troop "H;" but not so, he kept on gaining ground to the right and rear until I saw him finally ascend the steep rise to the bluffs above. He afterwards explained this officially, "that the men were beyond control." Captain Trimble, it appears, went with Perry until the plateau was reached, and then was seen no more until Perry and myself with a handful of men reach our camp near Mount Idaho, where we learned he had preceded us with undue haste by nearly three hours. Lieutenant Theller also endeavored to follow Perry. I had a short time previous secured a horse for him, he having lost his; he made an effort to reach the bluffs at a very steep place and was overtaken by the Indians and killed, as were a small party of men with him.

With what men I could collect together I now commenced falling back by the way we came; that is, up the White Bird Cañon. I saw it would be suicidal to attempt to reach the bluffs on our right, so we slowly retreated up the ravine, holding the Indians in check from knoll to knoll. I saw that a halt must be made very soon to tighten up our saddle-girths; so, posting a few men on a little rise to hold the Indians, I dismounted and readjusted my saddle, directing the men to do the same; we then took position on the next knoll and held it until the other men tightened up; and so on, little by little, we moved back, the few brave fellows with me obeying every command with alacrity. I think there were thirteen or fourteen men altogether.

The Indians followed us, not daring, however, to approach too near, but yet near enough for my last and only pistol-shot to hit one of them in the thigh. We had several miles of this kind of work up through the cañon, with Indians in front and flanks, but the men had now fully recovered themselves, and were cool and determined. At last we emerged from our contracted space to the plateau, and fortunately made a junction with Captain Perry, who had with him fifteen or twenty men.

There was mutual rejoicing at our providential meeting. I had not seen him since he reached the bluffs two hours before, and neither of us knew anything of the whereabouts or fate of the other. Our uniting no doubt saved the massacre of either or both parties, for we had yet about eighteen miles to fight our way back ere we could hope for succor. Immediately in our rear was a deep ravine to be crossed. Perry requested me to hold the ridge we were on, while he crossed, and he would then cover my passage from a commanding position on the other side. I watched his crossing so as to be ready to move when he had his men in position, but again his men failed him; they had not yet recovered from their unfortunate stampeded condition. I crossed the ravine at a gallop, and then halted on the other side to welcome the Indians, who appeared to swarm on every hill; they halted abruptly on receiving a salute from our carbines. We then moved quietly down to Johnston's ranch, a mile in our rear, where Perry had his men dismounted in good position in the rocks. I dismounted my men, had the horses tied to a rail-fence, and took position in the rocks; the house and barn was to our left a short distance, and a small creek between us and the house.

Presently shots came flying over our heads from the front and right flank. The Indians had taken position among clumps of rocks in our front and flank, which was on higher ground and therefore commanded our position. At the same time I noticed some of them coming down on our left flank under cover of a fence that ran from the house up the hill, perpendicular to our front. I mentioned this to Captain Perry. Our ammunition was getting very short, as we had but forty rounds starting out. After a short consultation under a very hot fire, we determined to abandon our position, mount our horses, and continue a retreating fight back to Mount Idaho. Perry moved his men down and mounted. I then ordered my small detachment to move down and mount, waiting to see that every man was away. I followed, and to my consternation found my horse gone; he had either broken loose, or had been untied by mistake, and had followed the command, which was now more than a hundred yards from me, although it was the understanding that they were to have waited until every man was out of the rocks and in the saddle. I hallooed out to "hold on until I got my horse," but evidently nobody heard me, as the command continued to move on. The Indians were now gaining on me, and shots kept whizzing past me from every direction in rear. I looked round for a hiding-place, but nothing presented itself that would secure me from observation. I fully made up my mind that I would not be taken prisoner, and determined to use my hunting-knife, or a small Derringer pistol I always carried in my vest-pocket. These thoughts and final determination flashed through my mind in a few seconds as I kept moving on trying to overhaul the command. Finally some of my own

men missed me, and looking back saw me, and reported it to Captain Perry. The troops were halted and my horse caught and led back to me.

I then joined the command and got the men into column of fours. A few minutes after Perry halted the command and requested me to organize it. I called the men of Troop "F" to the front, counted fours, and then "closed in" the men of "H." I asked Captain Perry to support me with his men, while I would form a skirmish-line with mine. Wheeling the men to the front, I threw them out as skirmishers, with unusually great intervals, so as to cover as much front as possible, and then, after a few words of caution and instruction, we waited the coming of the Indians, who at a distance had been closely watching us. We did not have long to wait, for they came upon us with a yell. Not a shot was fired by the men until the red devils rode up to within one hundred yards of us, when I gave the order to "commence firing." Several redskins and half a dozen horses went down from our fire. We then moved "to the rear" at a walk, and again halted, the Indians making for us again; but once more our fire sent some to grass, and we quietly fell back seventy-five or one hundred yards more. Thus we continued retreating for several miles. A bold attempt was made by White Bird, with about seventy-five warriors, to drive us off to the right into Rocky Cañon, which, if they had succeeded in doing, would have sounded our death-knell; but Captain Perry moved his men so as to protect our left, and with a few well-directed volleys drove them back.

In passing over a marsh my attention was called to a man struggling through the swampy ground and long tulla grass, about half-way between us and the Indians; his head could just be seen above the grass; a few minutes more and the Indians would have been upon him. I advanced the line, firing, driving the Indians back, and rescued a man of Troop "F," whose horse had been shot; the poor fellow was almost played out; he was taken up behind another man, and we continued our retreat.

When we got to within a few miles of Mount Idaho, a party of citizens came out to help us; but while we fully appreciated their action, it was too late for them to be of any service, as the Indians had disappeared just as they came in view over the hill. Men and horses were completely exhausted. We had been on the move ever since Friday, and without sleep for two nights, and under too much excitement to hope for sleep, even now when we reached comparative safety.

Our loss was severe. Troop "F" lost, killed, Lieutenant Theller, attached, and twenty men, and Troop "H" thirteen men killed; one man in each troop was wounded. The first sergeant of Troop "H" was supposed to be killed, but he turned up on Tuesday, having been two days hiding away in the mountains. He was captured and turned

over to some squaws for safe-keeping, but escaped from them and got up into the thick underbrush until night, when he moved out and marched towards camp until daylight on Monday, hiding again until dark, and reached us about 10 A.M. next day.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, in giving an account of the Nez Perce Indian campaign, says of the battle of "White Bird Cañon" (*Herald* of September 10, 1877), "The hostiles commenced operations by murdering all the white settlers they could find, of whom there were many; burning their houses, driving off their stock, and taking all the valuables they wanted. . . . The terrible massacre of thirty-three of these soldiers, under command of Captain Perry, on June 17, first attracts out attention. . . . Captain Perry attacked the Indians in White Bird Cañon, situated on a creek of the same name, at a point about three miles from where the stream empties into the Salmon River. This cañon is very deep and extensive, and the trail leading down to it is very steep, and in places extremely narrow, necessitating for part of the way a march by file. It is seven miles from the point of descent to the creek, the first three miles being almost perpendicular. The cañon gradually widens as you approach the creek, sloping down to the water's edge. The width of the cañon contiguous to the stream is about five miles. It here presents the appearance of a rolling prairie, being dotted here and there with wave-like swells." The correspondent is somewhat in error about the width of the cañon, as in no part of it is it anywhere near half that distance. There is also some slight discrepancies in his account of the orders given and the conduct of the engagement. He says, "Captain Perry led his command down the narrow trail at daylight on the morning of June 17, after marching all night, with men and horses hungry and weary. The Indians permitted him to advance to within seventy-five yards without resistance or even showing themselves to the troops. When the redskins were visible, the command was given, 'Left front into line; forward, charge!'" The correspondent then goes on to explain the action, in which are many errors. He, however, says truly enough that "Captain Perry did attempt to rally his men, but he could not get one-twentieth of them together, scattered as they were, especially as he could not find either of his trumpeters." True enough, for one of his trumpeters was killed and the other was demoralized and had got out of range of the Indians' rifles as soon as the retreat commenced.

He says again, "However, with the few men under his immediate eye, he occupied a semicircle of knolls, with himself and a few citizens inside the curve thus defended, until an opportunity occurred to retreat still farther in a similar manner, and his party reached the top of the cañon, whither all who had horses ran as if for their lives." Captain Perry did not retreat up the cañon. He did just as stated by me,—*i.e.*, he ascended to the plateau above the cañon and retreated along that

until our parties united,—mine out of the cañon, and his on our right above us. Neither did all those who had horses "run as if for their lives." That some did I have a lively recollection; yet when either commissioned or non-commissioned officers show an example of such unmilitary conduct, young or timid soldiers are very likely to follow.

The correspondent generously speaks in very flattering terms of my humble—although happily successful—attempts to hold the Indians in check with the few gallant fellows who fought up the cañon. He says, "There is no doubt but the Indians would have pursued and massacred every one of the command were it not for the bravery and determined pluck of Lieutenant Parnell, of the First Cavalry. This officer, gathering a few men around him, occupied knolls here and there after gaining the high ground, and so vigorous and effective was the fire poured into the victorious Indians that they [the Indians] did not deem it prudent to come within range, but instead circled to the right and left, when Lieutenant Parnell would so change his position as to again check them."

It might seem a pity to spoil a good story, especially where one is so particularly interested as the *Herald* correspondent indicates, but he is in error when he says that "they [the Indians] did not deem it prudent to come within range." The jubilant devils did come within range, and pretty close range, too, on more occasions than one; but the men were now steady, and gave them a withering fire every time. White Bird Cañon was a terrible defeat to the troops engaged in it; it put the Indians in "high feather," largely increased their warriors from the reservation Indians, and from those along the Palouse and Snake Rivers, resulting, as it did, in the massacre of the brave young Lieutenant Rains and his party of ten men at Cottonwood; the battle of "Clearwater," July 11 and 12; the pursuit across the Lo-Lo trail into Montana; the severe fighting by troops under General Miles, and the combined action of troops under Generals Howard and Miles, which finally terminated in the surrender of Chief Joseph and his warriors, with the exception of White Bird and about sixty of his followers, who escaped into Canada.

W. R. PARNELL,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A. (retired).

OLD UNIFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES SERVICE.

PART III.

On August 27, 1802, the uniforms of the naval service underwent a thorough change.

The buff facings and linings, together with the lapels of red, which had characterized the uniform of 1797, had been swept aside, disappeared, never to regain favor, while the buttons, before bearing the imprint of an eagle and foul anchor, received additional character by the addition of fifteen stars arranged in a semicircle. The grade of master-commandant had been created, as well as sailing-master, and each were provided with full and undress uniforms. The surgeon's coat of green had given place to one of blue, while the adoption of one common shade of blue for all officers gave general satisfaction. Gold lace and embroidered button-holes took the place of colored facings, and the plain, severe simplicity of Continental regulations received its death-blow in the circular of 1802.

A portrait of Commodore Preble at Portland, Maine, represents him in the uniform of 1802. The coat is blue, double-breasted, lapels of same color and buttoned back. The collar, lapels, and button-holes all gold laced, also the cuffs. A white vest and ruffled shirt, collar turned over a white cravat, and two gold epaulets of peculiar pendant complete the painting. The portrait of Commodore Murray shows the same uniform. Commodore Preble's cocked hat is preserved by his descendants, and is of huge dimensions. After his death his uniform coat was presented to Commodore Bainbridge. During Preble's term of service before Tripoli he had occasion to hire the services of a Sicilian surgeon, who requested and received permission to appear in uniform. The commodore was in his dressing-gown, shaving, when an officer was ushered in wearing a richly-laced coat, cocked hat, and *two epaulets*. At first the commodore could not recognize the personage. He saw the American button, but he alone was the only man on the station authorized to wear two epaulets. Commanders then only wore one on the right shoulder, and lieutenants one on the left. After bowing, and looking his surprise, Preble recognized his new-fledged surgeon. Terrible was the burst of passion that followed.

Preble profoundly deferred to military rank, and to have a Sicilian thus desecrate a captain's uniform was more than he could stand. The first outburst of wrath started the poor Sicilian on the jump. Preble gave chase in the hope of helping him down-stairs by an application of his foot, and the scene is said to have come to its climax in the street. The surgeon was never seen on board again.

In January, 1799, the army received a new dress, which was hailed with great satisfaction. The commander-in-chief rejoiced in the following: A coat of blue, with yellow buttons; two gold epaulets, each having three silver stars, with lining, capes, and cuffs of buff; in winter, buff vest and breeches; in summer, white vest and breeches of nankeen, coat to be without lapels and embroidered on the cape and cuffs and pockets; a white plume in the hat. Major-generals had the same uniform, with two silver stars on epaulet. Aides to the commander-in-chief, when not taken from regiments, were distinguished by blue coats, yellow buttons, gold epaulets, and buff facings.

The infantry and artillery were given blue coats with red facings, white buttons, white underclothes, and cocked hats. The cavalry were distinguished by coats of a deep shade of green, white buttons, linings, and facings, white vest and breeches, and helmet caps. Colonels wore two epaulets, majors one on the right shoulder with strap on the left; regimental staff were distinguished by red plumes, and company officers had none. Captains wore their epaulet on the right shoulder, lieutenants on the left, which ornaments and bullion were of silver. The coats of the musicians were decorated with the facings of the corps to which they belonged. All wore cockades with a small white eagle in centre. The number of the regiments were stamped on the coat buttons.

In January, 1813, Commodore Decatur arrived at New York with the frigates "United States" and "Macedonian." The corporation of the city gave to the crew of the frigate a splendid dinner. The crew numbered four hundred, and were dressed in blue jackets and trousers, scarlet vests, and glazed hats. When Decatur was in command of the "Guerriere," fifty-four, before Algiers, he received the Algerian commissioners on board. He had dressed himself in the morning with great care. He had on his laced coat and hat, light cassimere pantaloons, long boots, such as were worn at the time, bound at the top with gold lace and having tassels of gold in front. On his breast he wore the badge of Cincinnatus. The dress of Decatur as above described is the same as that in which he is represented in the full-length portrait by Sully in the City Hall at New York.

On May 10, 1820, the navy was called upon to adopt a new and expensive uniform. Distinctions in the grade of captains were introduced. A captain of five years' standing for full dress had a blue coat, standing collar, broad lapels, and white facings. This was trimmed with gold lace even to the pocket-flaps, while every button-hole stood out incased

in glittering bullion. One button on each side of the standing collar was allowed, and nine on each lapel. Epaulets were of gold with silver anchors crossed. Cut-and-thrust swords were worn with cocked hats showing one and a quarter inch gold braid.

The various grades were all generously provided for. A master-commandant had two plain gold epaulets on his laced coat, and a lieutenant-commandant and a first lieutenant of a line-of-battle ship were allowed one gold epaulet on the right shoulder. Midshipmen rejoiced in a blue coat with six buttons on each lapel, standing collar, with a diamond formed of gold lace on each side. When in full dress, a chapeau plain, half-boots, and cut-and-thrust sword completed his rig. The warrant officers were given short blue coats with eight buttons on each lapel, blue pantaloons, white vest, round hats with cockades, and no side-arms.

In May, 1813, the uniforms of officers of the general staff were changed. The coat was made single-breasted, with ten buttons; the standing collar reached to the tip of the ear, and the skirt came to the bend of the knee. The buttons bore the imprint of a gilt star. All general officers were permitted to have their button-holes embroidered. Breeches or pantaloons were white, buff, or blue with four buttons on the knee and gilt knee-buckles. High military boots, gilt spurs, stock of leather or silk, and a chapeau measuring seventeen and a half inches from tip to tip completed the effect.

The artillery and infantry underwent some minor changes, but to follow minutely each regulation would be tiresome and far exceed the limits of this article.

The late Rear-Admiral Preble, in an article on naval uniforms, states,—

"In 1830, John Branch, Secretary of the Navy, issued an order materially changing the uniform of the United States navy, which was to take effect on the last day of the year,—an expensive new-year's present to the officers, which no doubt delighted the tailors. The full dress of captains was dark-blue cloth lined with white; double-breasted, long lapels, cut with a swell, nine buttons on each lapel, which was to be buttoned back, and an equal number of button-holes worked in twist; standing collar embroidered in gold around the edge and sides with a rope, and with leaves of live-oak and acorns; four buttons on the cuffs, which, with pocket-flaps, were to be embroidered like the collar; two gold epaulets; white single-breasted vest with pocket-flaps, under which were four small buttons; white breeches with small navy buttons and gilt knee-buckles, white silk stockings, and shoes with gilt buckles, or plain white pantaloons and short boots or shoes and buckles. Previous to these regulations the buttons of the several grades had different devices, but by these all officers were to wear the button styled 'No. 1,' before prescribed for captains. The portraits of Stewart painted by Merrill, and Stockton by Newton,

in 1840, show this uniform. The undress had a rolling collar, and single-breasted vest, white or blue, with pantaloons white or blue according to the season; subordinate officers were to wear corresponding uniforms. Thus, master-commandants had no embroidery on the pocket-flaps, and but three buttons instead of four on the cuff and under the pocket-flaps; lieutenants were to wear only one epaulet, and that on the right shoulder; midshipmen had the collar of their coats ornamented with a foul anchor embroidered in gold under the oak-leaves and acorns, and when passed, the anchor was backed with a five-pointed star; in undress their jackets had only an anchor—or anchor and star—of white cloth on the collar. The full dress of a master had a button on each side of the collar and a laced button-hole, but no epaulets. The collar of the surgeon's coat was ornamented with an embroidered club of Æsculapius; the purser's with a cornucopia; and the collars and cuffs of the surgeons in undress were to be of velvet, with a strip of gold lace half an inch wide around the upper part of the cuff; chaplains were to wear a black coat, vest, and pantaloons, with black, covered buttons. Epaulets were only to be worn with cocked hats or caps. Swords were to be cut and thrust, the grip of those of commissioned officers and midshipmen to be white, all others black, with eagles' heads, yellow mounted, and black leather scabbards. All officers to wear black cravats, and to show the collar of the white shirt above. Officers in undress without epaulets were permitted to wear round hats, with rose-formed black cockades, or blue cloth caps; and on board ship blue cloth jackets, gray cloth or brown drilling trousers, and black vests might be worn. Belts were to be of webbing, white for full dress and blue for undress; and captains, commanders, and lieutenants wore a band of gold lace one and a half inches wide around their caps.

"In 1832 the serpent and staff was removed from the full dress of the medical officers and the cornucopia from that of the pursers, as they thought those emblems smelt too strong of the shop, and a branch of live-oak was substituted. The velvet was at the same time taken from the collar and cuffs. While a round hat (meaning what is known as the stove-pipe hat) was allowed, it did not say, however, what shape it should be; it might be round at the top as well as round around the head; and I have seen officers on shore in Mahon and other Mediterranean ports, and even in the streets of Boston, on their return from a cruise, wearing long hair and an Andalusian hat, something the shape of the hats worn by the Puritans, surrounded by a gold band, causing them to look like brigands. Midshipmen were about the same time (1838) allowed to wear a gold band, which, being a new thing, they sported freely, and caused a newspaper to remark, 'Never had been seen so much hair and gold lace in the streets of Boston.'

"Shoulder-straps were not particularly described, and therefore,

according to an officer's fancy, were embroidered around the edges, or with oak-leaves, or were a simple strip of gold lace, and were generally used over the strap of the epaulet to confine it down when one was worn. The belts were sometimes embroidered with oak-leaves and sometimes not, according to the taste of the wearer. Midshipmen were not confined as to the number of buttons on their jackets, and sometimes wore eighteen of a side. Three buttons were the cuff ornament, said to have originated in the whim of some old commodore to keep the youngsters from rubbing their sleeves across their nose. If so, the habit must have continued to later life, for we find in old uniforms the sleeves of officers of all ranks so ornamented; and as the captains had four buttons of larger size on their cuffs, they must have been more addicted to the habit than the youngsters.

"The uniform of the marines for a long time, and until 1839, was a green coat with white or buff facings, an undress frock-coat of the same color, a sword with white ivory cross hilt and brass scabbard, and white leather belts. In 1839 it was changed—to take effect from July 4, 1840—to blue with red facings.

"Previous to 1830, and I believe some little time after, the sailors wore red waistcoats when in their mustering suit. A neat pair of stockings and light pumps completed his full-dress costume. The sailor's uniform in 1835–39 was a blue cloth jacket and trousers and a white shirt, with a large blue nankeen collar and front, trimmed with rows of white tape. White trousers were worn in warm weather. His head was protected by a tarpaulin or hat of white sennit.

"I know of but two portraits of our old sailors in naval costume extant, and these are old Dick Libby and Fred. Boyer, both quartermasters, well known to our old naval officers, whose portraits are preserved in the Naval Library and Institute of Boston, and were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition. Libby, the type of a bluff mahogany-faced old sea-dog, has on a blue jacket with the taped collar. The portrait was painted by C. O. Cole, in Portland, in 1834, when Dick was spending his savings after a cruise in the Mediterranean in the 'Delaware,' seventy-four. Fred. Boyer is dressed in a white shirt with nankeen collar, and blue trousers, and has in his hand a black tarpaulin hat. His portrait was painted by Flagg—a brother of the commander by that name—while Boyer was a quartermaster on board the receiving-ship 'Ohio,' in Boston, somewhere about 1840–45. His character is best told by the inscription under his portrait,—'Twenty years in the navy. Never drunk on duty; never sober on liberty.'"

During the Mexican War, in 1846, Admiral Porter—then the first lieutenant of the steamer "Spitfire," Commander Tatnall—dressed the crew of that vessel in red flannel shirts instead of blue. The effect was very brilliant while they were new, but a few washings served to relegate them to underwear.

In 1841, George E. Badger issued a general order regulating the uniform and dress in the navy, in which was included his celebrated order,—"The hair of all persons belonging to the navy is to be kept short, and no part of the beard is to be worn long excepting the whiskers, which shall not descend more than one inch below the tip of the ear, and thence in a line towards the corners of the mouth." The regulation was never enforced, and was short-lived. The surgeon's full dress and undress of these regulations had three stripes, one and a half inches wide, of gold lace around the upper part of the cuffs, which in Spanish ports often led to the surgeons being mistaken for colonels (that being the distinctive uniform of that grade in the Spanish army), and having the guard turned out and other honors paid them, while their commander, with three or four buttons on his cuffs, passed by unnoticed. It is believed this was the origin or cause of the introduction of distinctive bands of lace on the cuffs of officers of the staff and line of all grades.

In 1852, Secretary Graham issued an elaborate order defining the naval uniform, fully illustrated with colored plates. These regulations did away with embroidery, and substituted gold lace for the collars and cuffs of all the line officers. The buttons, which, since 1830, had for a device an eagle perched on the stock of a foul anchor, were now changed, and the eagle made to rest on the shank of an anchor, while embroidered devices for the front of the caps replaced the gold lace bands.

In 1814, when the late Admiral Farragut was a midshipman, fourteen years old, on the frigate "Essex," in the celebrated engagement with the English ships "Phœbe" and "Cherub," he was standing in close proximity to the mainmast. He was attired in the short undress coatee (as it was commonly known) as prescribed by the regulations of that period. A grape-shot severed one of the appendages to his close-buttoned garment, but the boy never whimpered or moved a muscle at the narrow escape experienced. It was only when the flag of his country was lowered in token of submission that the spirit of the young hero found relief in a flood of tears.

Farragut was the first to win the commission of a full admiral in the United States navy, and when the question of uniform arose, he was consulted as a matter of course relative to his choice in the matter. His views were plain and practical, and for a sleeve-ornament he suggested a gold-embroidered star, with the "Hartford" worked in silver in the centre. His wishes were complied with, but it is said he was much surprised when there was added to the cuffs of the full dress a triple row of embroidered oak-leaves and acorns, which carried the embroidery nearly up to his elbow.

The question has often been asked why it was two buttons are invariably placed on the back of frock-coats and others of similar cut. Fifty years ago it was the custom of gentlemen, whether in civil or

military life, to wear upon all occasions of ceremony, or when full dress was demanded, a straight small sword. It was the finishing touch to his costume; and as a support to the belt, as well as to assist in bearing the weight of the weapon, the tailor introduced the custom of wearing two buttons behind.

In the Swedish navy a strange custom prevails. The officers are considered military officers, and in full dress are obliged to WEAR SPURS.

The uniforms of the different branches of the government having been described or alluded to, we will close our paper by giving as full an account as possible of the uniforms worn from time to time in the United States revenue cutter service. In point of antiquity it is nearly one hundred years old, having been established by act of Congress, April 23, 1790. It has had in its history three unique and remarkable uniforms.

If the service, when created, was given a distinctive uniform, all traces of the same have disappeared; and the closest research coupled with minute inquiry have failed, so far as the writer is concerned, to throw the faintest light upon the subject. It is more than probable, however, that the officers adopted the uniform prescribed for the United States navy, or possibly made use of regulations modeled after the various States' navies that existed during the Revolution, as the service, at its foundation, was local, the officers serving on the waters of their native States. The records of the service were destroyed in 1812, when the British destroyed Washington, and were again lost through fire in 1833, which unfortunate occurrences blotted out all past facts and achievements pertaining to the service. The service co-operated with the navy in 1798, having officers with the rank of masters and midshipmen on board in addition to captains and the three grades of lieutenants, while marines were also borne on the rolls of the corps. Eight revenue cutters, each mounting fourteen guns and carrying crews of seventy men, served in the several squadrons operating in the French West Indies, and it is fair to presume, in light of the above facts, that revenue cutter officers *must* have been provided with distinctive uniforms. The naval uniform of that period was a blue coat, double-breasted, with buff lapels, nine buttons and worked button-holes.

The earliest authentic description of uniform worn in the revenue cutter service in the possession of the writer was obtained from an old resident of Charleston, South Carolina. In 1819, he states, "the gentlemen stationed at Charleston wore a neat and becoming suit of blue, a body-coat, trimmed with brass buttons, having for a design an eagle perched upon an anchor surrounded with stars. The pants and vest were blue, with tall, round hats, black cockades, leather stocks, and cut-and-thrust swords."

Captain John McGowan, of the revenue cutter service, states, "I am not sure, yet I am all but positive, that while I was in the merchant

service, say from 1819 to 1829, the boarding-officers from revenue cutters wore a blue uniform without devices, except the buttons, which were of the same pattern as worn in the navy,—viz., an eagle with a large shield under one wing, with foul anchor in shield, and thirteen stars around edge of button. It was by long odds the handsomest button the service has ever had. All grades wore high black hats, with black cockades and eagle button in centre."

The late Captain Coste, formerly an officer of the revenue cutter service, is authority for the following:

"In 1824 a blue uniform same as the naval was in vogue. The buttons were gilt, flat, and bore the same design as worn by staff-officers of the army. Tall black hats with cockades were worn by all grades of officers. Shortly after 1824 the regulation naval buttons, together with the style of coat worn by gentlemen of that service, were adopted. A captain in the revenue cutter service wore a naval lieutenant's with a strip of gold lace on each shoulder, first lieutenants wore lace on the right, and second and third lieutenants on the left shoulder. The hat was soon abolished and a cap substituted. We applied to the Department for a distinctive dress, which resulted in the blue rig trimmed with yellow cord. The button was also changed, the design being the Treasury coat of arms. It was the handiwork of a gentleman of my acquaintance, a native of Charleston. This uniform was not approved by the officers generally, as it bore a close resemblance to the liveries affected by Southern aristocrats. In point of appearance there was but little difference between a captain of a revenue cutter and a planter's coachman. We, at the South, petitioned and obtained the change, which continued with slight variations to the breaking out of the war, save the chapeau, which was abolished in 1845. The cutters were commanded at one time by masters who had served in the War of 1812, and in some instances lieutenants and midshipmen serving on cutters wore the uniforms of their naval rank. As a general thing but little attention was paid to uniform, each one dressing as they liked."

Captain Francis Martin, who has been attached to the revenue cutter service for fifty-eight years, states that "prior to 1830 the officers paid but little attention to dress so far as uniformity was concerned, and adopted such patterns as the caprice of the commanding officer selected; and such was the state of the service from 1812. Prior to the uniform trimmed with yellow, a round jacket with brass buttons was worn or none, as the officers thought proper. The navy officers I found in the service in 1831 wore no uniforms. The present vice-admiral, Stephen Rowan, was second lieutenant of the cutter 'Rush,' to which I was originally attached. The rest are all dead."

The late Rear-Admiral George H. Preble, in a letter to the writer, was of the opinion "that some sort of uniform similar to the naval was at times worn by the officers of the revenue cutter service previous

to 1830. As late as 1835, when I entered the navy, there was a great deal of looseness about uniform in the navy, and no two officers were dressed alike. I rather think Secretary Ingham's order, in 1832, was the first *legally*-prescribed uniform for the cutter service, and that the officers who entered from the navy were the first to introduce one (?), and that they wore the uniform of the navy."

The first official order emanating from the Department regulating the matter of uniform was issued by Samuel D. Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury from 1829 to 1831. The circular was issued in the early part of 1830, and constitutes one of the three uniforms for which the revenue cutter service has been remarkable.

"*Captains' Full Dress.*—Blue cloth body-coat with rolling collar, double-breasted, with nine buttons on each lapel, and one on each side of the collar, four on the cuffs, four under each flap behind, one at the hip, and one at the end of each skirt, and two in middle of skirt-fold. A cord of yellow braid, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, to close each seam of the coat. Two plain gold epaulets, confined by straps of gold lace. Pants of blue cloth, with outer seam piped with yellow braid. Buff vest, with nine buttons in front and four under each pocket-flap, seams piped with yellow braid. High-crowned black hat, with black cockade and eagle button in centre on left side.

"*Undress.*—Blue cloth jacket with nine buttons on each lapel, and straps of plain gold lace on each shoulder, one-half inch in width."

Lieutenants wore the same uniform, except with less buttons. For instance, a first lieutenant had three buttons on his cuff, and three under each pocket-flap; a second lieutenant, two buttons on cuff, etc. First lieutenants wore one epaulet on right shoulder, and one strap on right shoulder of jacket; the lieutenants of lower rank wore epaulets and strap on left shoulder.

This uniform created wide-spread dissatisfaction throughout the service, and many officers refused to adopt so outrageous a dress. They were a unit (for once) in having the Secretary change the regulation. Early in 1832 the yellow stripes and trimmings were abolished, and during the nullification troubles the buttons on collar and cuffs were dispensed with.

During the latter half of the year 1833, Hon. Roger B. Taney, then Secretary of the Treasury, by request of the officers, issued an order authorizing a uniform closely resembling that adopted by the navy. A plain chapeau took the place of the unsightly high hat, gold lace stripes replaced the buttons on the sleeve, a captain wearing one an inch in width, first lieutenants one stripe half an inch in width, second lieutenants two stripes of quarter-inch lace, and third lieutenants three stripes, each a quarter of an inch wide. This uniform, with epaulets, small sword, and chapeau, gave universal satisfaction, and the officers rested content, supposing that the much-vexed question of dress had received

its quietus, for a time at least. But if such hopes were indulged in, they were doomed to speedy and bitter disappointment, for the adoption of the handsome gold-laced uniform was the cause of effecting a radical change in the dress of the revenue cutter service, gray cloth taking the place of navy-blue. On account of the uniform approved by Secretary Taney closely resembling that worn by the navy, the officers of that corps complained and protested against the gentlemen of the cutter service wearing uniforms modeled after theirs. Considerable ill-feeling was engendered over the controversy, which culminated as follows:

After the nullification troubles had quieted down several prominent citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, gave a grand ball, which was largely attended by officers of the navy and revenue cutter service, there being five or six cruisers belonging to the latter corps rendezvoused at that port. Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, who had his broad pennant flying on the sloop-of-war "Natchez," attended the *fête* with his staff, and Lieutenants Farragut, McKean, Slaughter, and other officers were present, all in full uniform. The revenue cutter service was represented by a number of gentlemen attached to the vessels lying in the harbor, and the most prominent in the delegation was Captain William A. Howard, who had arrived off the bar from Washington in the revenue schooner "Jackson." He had resigned from the navy to accept a commission under the Treasury Department. Howard was acknowledged to be one of the handsomest men of his day. Large, well-proportioned, graceful in all his movements, accomplished, and majestic withal when arrayed in all the pomp and glory of "full dress," few equaled and none surpassed the famous Howard, whose exploits and reputation will long be remembered in the service which he adorned.

Captain Howard entered the ball-room arrayed in the new uniform that had lately been adopted. All of his accoutrements were fresh, bright, and of the finest material. The sheen of his buttons and lace, together with his commanding form, that towered above the general throng, marked him at once as a conspicuous member of that brilliant assemblage. He was the lion of the evening, the recipient of smiles and bright glances from Charleston's proudest dames, and the envy of the sterner sex. In fact, the revenue cutter commander completely eclipsed the commodore and his staff. Elliott, in the early part of the evening, was under the impression that Howard was a captain in the navy, from the similarity of the uniform, but was soon disabused of that impression. The upshot of the matter was, Commodore Elliott wrote to the Secretary of the Navy (Levi Woodbury) complaining that the uniform of the revenue cutter service bore too close a resemblance to that worn by naval officers, and requested that immediate action be taken to remedy the matter. Secretary Woodbury exchanged the Navy portfolio for the Treasury in June, 1834, and he at once convened a board at Washing-

ton for the purpose of adopting a new uniform for the officers of the cutter service that would not give offense to the gentlemen of the navy.

Captains Hunter, Polk, and Howard were the officers selected, the Secretary informing them that while he was willing they should wear a blue uniform, the epaulets could not and would not be tolerated. Captain Hunter, as president of the board, was ably seconded by the other members, who stoutly asserted their right to retain the epaulets, and would listen to no arrangement tending to abolish so marked and cherished a feature of an officer's full dress.

The session of the board could not have been extended to any great length, for on July 21, 1834, a new-uniform circular was issued to the officers of the revenue cutter service, the tenor of which plainly indicated the bent of the new Secretary's feelings and sentiments in regard to the two services. The captains carried their point so far as keeping their epaulets was concerned, but the Secretary exercised his authority by substituting gray for blue, thereby creating a decidedly distinctive uniform that under no circumstances could be mistaken for anything that the navy had ever made use of during its eventful history. It formed the second remarkable uniform in the records of the revenue cutter service.

The gray coat was similar in cut and appearance to the discarded blue, with nine buttons on each lapel, and four on the cuffs, four on the pocket-flaps, one on the hip, two on the middle of the skirt-fold, and one at the extremity of each skirt. The gold lace was replaced with a strip of black braid one inch wide, to be worn around the sleeve immediately above the cuff. Two plain gold epaulets, plain cocked hat, small sword with black glazed leather belt and gilt mountings, buff vest single-breasted, with nine buttons, and four under the pocket-flaps, gray pantaloons, with black braid one inch in breadth on outer seam, completed the new full-dress uniform. The undress was a single-breasted frock-coat with standing braided collar, nine buttons in front and four on each cuff. The variations for lieutenants' uniforms consisted in omitting buttons and wearing one epaulet on right and left shoulder. The handsome eagle button with foul anchor and shield was replaced by one bearing the impress of a shield and Treasury coat of arms. The petty officers were furnished with blue cloth jackets, five buttons on each lapel, one on each side of the collar, and one on each cuff; white frocks with collar and breast facing of blue, worsted star on each side of the collar, and two on each side of the breast; white or blue trousers, according to the season, with blue belt. Seamen had the same, omitting the buttons on collar and cuffs.

This uniform caused a great deal of dissatisfaction, the officers using every effort to effect a change and restore the blue. This was brought about through the officers of the revenue cutter "Jackson," then cruising on the coast from Eastport to Galveston in connection with light-

house duty. The circular was issued January 15, 1836, no changes being made beyond substituting blue for the gray cloth, and it has been blue from that day. The cocked hat soon after received two gold tassels and four rows of gold bullion, placed diagonally from top to bottom, with rosette on left side. The first regular side-arms, accompanied with diagrams, were adopted in 1843. The sword was straight, with Roman hilt and spring guard, black leather scabbard and belt with buckle bearing design of Treasury shield. In the opinion of Captain McGowan it was the handsomest sword the service has ever had. Captain Frazier designed the sword and chapeau, also the form and general features of the shoulder-strap, which was adopted in the service in 1855.

In the beginning of 1844 the similarity of the naval and revenue cutter uniforms again made trouble, resulting in an order being issued, January 24, 1844, authorizing the Treasury arms, surmounted by an anchor in silver, to be worn on each epaulet, and the same device, in gold, on the front of the cap-band. To secure the dies and cover cost of design captains were assessed nine dollars and lieutenants five dollars. Captain Frazier originated the idea, and carried it successfully to the satisfaction of the entire corps.

In March, 1845, the grade of chief engineers and assistant engineers were added to the service. Article VIII. of a circular issued by Secretary Walker provided that "The dress of the chief engineers will be the same as first lieutenants, omitting the epaulet and strap, and with the addition of the Treasury arms, embroidered in gold on each side of the collar. Assistant engineers same as third lieutenants, omitting the epaulet and strap, and with the addition of the Treasury arms embroidered in silver on each side of the collar."

In 1853, Secretary Guthrie, in an order dated October 7, 1853, authorized "Lieutenants of each grade in the revenue cutter service to be entitled to wear, in full dress, two epaulets instead of the one authorized by previous regulation. Undress uniform of captain: Strap on each shoulder, to be of blue cloth, with raised gold edgings on the sides, ends, and bars. In the centre a foul anchor and shield, with a star above the anchor, and one below the end of the shield, and two bars at each end inside of the strap." Lieutenants wore the same, with one bar less for first; second lieutenants had no stars, and third lieutenants wore a perfectly plain strap. The caps had a band of gold lace one and a half inches in breadth instead of two narrow stripes that had previously been worn.

This circular permitted the wearing of epaulets on both shoulders by lieutenants for the first time, and also introduced shoulder-straps bearing a device in lieu of gold lace. The chapeau was abolished during the summer of 1845, by Secretary Walker, and uniform caps were substituted, which have been retained, with various changes and modifications, to the present date.

The third remarkable uniform for which the revenue cutter service has been noted was authorized in a circular under date of March 15, 1871, with the signature of Secretary Boutwell attached. It provided for a swallow-tail coat of blue, rolling collar, and seven buttons on each lapel; cuffs closed with four small buttons, all of which bore the letters U. S. divided by the shield. Shoulder-straps and gold lace were thrown aside to make room for devices that at least could claim the distinction of being the poorest and ugliest known in the history of the service. The rolling collar bore "an embroidered foul anchor three-quarters of an inch long lying horizontally, with an oak-leaf one-half inch in length standing perpendicular to the shank of the anchor; and the letters U. S. R. M. (in old English) one-quarter of an inch in height, and forming an arc of eighty degrees around the upper half of the leaf, all embroidered in gold except the cable, which will be in silver. Two plain gold epaulets of pattern prescribed for lieutenant-commanders, U. S. Navy."

The vest was blue or white, with seven buttons; pantaloons, dark blue or white, with a black silk cord three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter down the outside seam. The sword, a straight, double-edge blade, dagger hilt, scabbard of black leather, mountings of yellow gilt, and belt of black glazed leather. The cap ornament was "a foul anchor in gold embroidery, vertical, and one inch in length, with the legend U. S. R. M. (in old English letters) three-eighths of an inch in height, forming an arc of eighty degrees around upper part of the anchor, all embroidered in gold. Undress: Dark-blue straight sack-coat, double-breasted, rolling collar, seven buttons on each lapel; cuffs plain; collar ornaments same as full dress; vest same as full dress; pantaloons same, except the silk cord." Lieutenants wore the same uniform, substituting bars for the oak-leaf, while engineers were distinguished by a four-bladed propeller, embroidered in gold. All grades, however, on collar and cap, displayed the old English lettered placard, or legend, as the circular termed it.

There are several versions ascribing the origin of this uniform to various causes and persons, one of which intimates that the old English collar plaster was forced upon the service through the arbitrary domination of one officer, who, when told that shoulder-straps and lace could not be abolished, devised the radical and ridiculous garb as above described. Happily for the service, a repetition of such an arbitrary exercise of individual power could scarcely be repeated, although it is by no means authentic that the uniform had its origin in any such manner. But whoever designed it is welcome to all the questionable honor and credit surrounding the transaction.

The regulation of 1871 had but a brief existence, many of the officers never providing themselves with the "legends" and lettered badges. On September 20, 1873, the objectionable features were re-

moved, and gold lace with shoulder-straps—as at present worn—were restored to the service.

The last uniform circular was issued October 5, 1878, and the cap ornament for all grades was made the same. Officers on waiting orders, or while suspended from duty, were prohibited from wearing their uniforms. Secretary Sherman authorized the same. The uniform of the service requires a thorough and systematic overhauling, with competent and tasteful authorities to provide for omissions and remedy defects. From various causes, the officers on any two revenue cutters, to-day, are scarcely dressed alike, and it is to be hoped that the subject will soon receive attention.

From the *Washington Star* the following description of a Confederate uniform coat is taken, and is well worthy of being classed among the remarkable uniforms that have been worn in this country:

"A gray coat has been hung in a case at the National Museum near the collection of relics of the Confederacy. This coat was a Confederate officer's coat, and though such garments were worn by thousands of men less than twenty-five years ago, they are regarded as rare curiosities. What became of all the old gray and butternut suits after Appomattox is one of the mysteries which those only can explain who have made a deep study of the average life and final destiny of a suit of clothes. The coat was presented to the museum by O. W. Barron, of Danville, Virginia, formerly captain of Company 'H,' Twenty-fourth Regiment Virginia Infantry. Captain Barron, in a note, which he sent with the coat, said, 'I bought this coat early in the year 1863, in Petersburg, Virginia, for one hundred and thirty dollars in Confederate money, and kept the coat constantly in the army with me in Pickett's division, until that command was nearly all captured at Five Forks, just a short time before the final surrender, and my colored servant who took care of my clothes, thinking I was killed, burned the balance of my baggage, and carried this coat to my father in Henry County, this State, where I got it on my return from prison at Johnson's Island. I seldom used the coat except on occasions of dress parade and reviews, or when sitting on courts-martial.'"

The cloth, which is gray, is not of very fine texture. It is a frock-coat, with cuffs and military collar faced with blue. The sleeves are embroidered with gold braid. There are no shoulder-straps, but instead three bars on the collar indicate the rank of the wearer. The buttons are similar to United States buttons, except there is no lettering upon them. They have embossed upon them the American spread eagle, with the Union shield upon its breast, and surrounded by a galaxy of stars.

H. D. Smith,
First Lieutenant U.S. Revenue Cutter Service.

FROM BARS TO STARS.

(Continued from page 295.)

VIII.—(*Continued.*)

THEN Glynmoore gave them the latest news, making them all happy by saying that the Fifty-fifth would shortly be ordered out of the Territory,—a rumor that had been extant for the past two years.

The following morning the troops were inspected, mounted and dismounted, and at the conclusion of this ceremony Glynmoore, in the stereotyped phraseology, informed the assembled group that if any one wished to see him he could be found at his apartments until six o'clock. He then visited the hospital, barracks, and stables, and found everything very neat and trim.

His first visitor in the afternoon proved to be the orderly sergeant of Bannock's troop. He was an old soldier, having been a bugler boy in the regiment when Glynmoore was still at the breast or bottle. He proceeded at once to business.

"Major," he said, "there is a man who comes into the men's quarters nearly every night after 'taps' and plays cards with the boys. He does not play a square game, major; he beats the boys out of their money. I have told him again and again that if I caught him there another time I would report him to the commanding officer or put him in the guard-house. But I don't like to do either."

"Why not, sergeant?"

"I can't exactly tell why, but I should like the major to see him."

"You want *me* to see him?" asked the surprised Glynmoore.

"If the major will be so good," replied the sergeant, "I will let him know to-night if the man comes, and then I will take him to a place where he can see the man and not be seen himself."

"Very well, sergeant," answered Glynmoore. "This is a queer proceeding, but I will gratify you this time."

"And the sergeant would ask the major to say nothing about it to any one," continued the mysterious soldier.

"Very well, sergeant," replied Glynmoore; "that will do."

Glynmoore spent a good part of the afternoon in writing up his report, which was a very flattering paper. Later, he dined at Major Buffington's, and during the evening made several calls. He had

gone to his chamber and had removed his coat preparatory to retiring, when a gentle knock on his front window, which was low, attracted his attention. Lifting the curtain, he saw the old sergeant standing outside. Raising the window, he asked what was wanted.

"If the major will come with the sergeant he can see that man now," was the reply.

"Very well; I will be out presently," answered Glynmoore, as he replaced his coat and threw a cape around him.

Together they went to the rear of "M" troop's barrack, and, stopping before a window, the sergeant asked the major to look in. There was no chance of being seen in the darkness without, and Glynmoore, from his position, had a fine view of the occupants of one corner of the room. A group of soldiers were gathered around a rude table which was covered with an army blanket, at which sat a man in citizen's clothes dealing faro. He was a man of middle age, with a heavy growth of black whiskers covering his cheeks and chin. A large moustache completely hid his mouth; an old felt hat was pulled down in front and shaded his eyes. As Glynmoore looked, the dealer raised his eyes to make some remark to one of the players, and as Glynmoore caught sight of it he involuntarily started. He kept his eyes riveted on the dealer and from time to time got a fair glimpse of his face. At length he said to the sergeant, who had remained at his side in silence, "Is there any way that I can hear that man's voice?"

"The sergeant might go inside and fool around a while, and then open the window," was the reply.

"Very well; that will do," was the answer.

The soldier disappeared and in a few moments Glynmoore saw him among the others around the table. Presently he made some remark, and, coming to the window, raised it to the height of a curry-comb, with which he supported it. He then sauntered back to the table.

Glynmoore stood patiently. Soon a dispute arose as to whose bet was on a certain card, and quite an animated discussion followed in which the dealer had a great deal to say. As the first syllable fell from his lips, Glynmoore mentally murmured, "'The mills of the gods grind slow.' At last I have you in *my* power."

His plan was almost instantly formed, and, turning, he saw the sergeant was at his side again.

"Sergeant," he said, "I wish you to go in there and tell that man that an officer wishes to see him at once. Then remain inside a few moments yourself. I will go around to the front of the quarters."

Scarcely had he reached the front of the building when he saw the dealer buttoning up his coat as he came out of the door. They slowly approached each other.

"You may as well remove those whiskers, Captain Bannock," re-

marked Glynmoore; "they do not deceive me, and I doubt if they do the men. This is a rascally business you are engaged in; but you are showing the men a trifle more mercy than you showed me."

"Showed *you?*" repeated the mortified, enraged, and astonished captain, who saw that it would be useless to deny his identity.

"Do you remember saying to me last night that you thought we had met before?" asked Glynmoore.

"Yes, I do," was the surly response.

"Well, have you placed me yet?" asked Glynmoore.

"No, I have not, and I don't care to," was the answer.

"I should fancy not," continued the inspector. "Let me aid you. I said just now that you showed those men more mercy than you showed me. You rob them of their money, to be sure; but you give them some little excitement and an apparent chance of winning something. *You stole my money!* You made my life a burden to me. You forced me to desert. You had me captured, tried, and sent to Leavenworth prison. Do you remember me now? I was known to you once as Private Slorne."

"*Slorne!* Great God!" This was all the captain could articulate, as he stood there before the man whom he well knew he had terribly wronged, and in whose power he knew himself to be.

"Before we go any further in this matter," said Glynmoore, "I wish you would tell me why you refused to give me my money that pay-day?"

Bannock hesitated a moment and then said, "I have been doing what you caught me at to-night for years. Gambling is a passion with me which I cannot curb. I was in debt to some of the men, and I had to take your money to meet my obligations. I had a run of very bad luck and could not get even, as I had hoped to; and having sworn that I gave you the money, I was prevented from doing so later. I hated the sight of you afterwards, and tried my best to make you desert. I should have let you go in peace, but I constantly feared exposure; so I thought Leavenworth the safest place for you."

"I think it would be a capital place for you," replied Glynmoore. "Now listen. I consider you too low, too vile, too contemptible for me to revenge myself upon, and then I have a great regard for your wife, whom I knew as a boy. But you are an injury as well as a disgrace to the service. Therefore I have this proposition to make to you. Have your resignation in the adjutant's office by noon tomorrow, or it will go hard with you."

With this Glynmoore sought his quarters and was soon in dreamland. But not so with Bannock. How can another describe his feelings? He was utterly surprised to find in the inspector an old Leavenworth prisoner; he was angry and mortified at being detected, and he was painfully apprehensive and nervous respecting the near

future. He knew that the man whom he had treated like a dog was giving him a chance to escape disgrace by allowing him to resign. But he had no trade, no profession save that of a soldier, and no money except what the government paid to him. He of course realized that if he was brought to trial the result would be still worse. All this flashed through his mind as he crossed the parade-ground and entered his quarters. He threw his false whiskers and felt hat on the hearth and touched a match to them. Next he opened his trunk and took therefrom a large quantity of letters and papers; these he hastily glanced over and then consigned them to the flames. He then put a revolver in his pocket, took a large drink of brandy, and left the house.

The next morning, as Piety was taking his troop to target-practice, the body of Captain Bannock was found in rear of the stables. There was a bullet-hole through his temple and a revolver at his side.

"I congratulate *Captain* Piety," said Appleton, when the twain next met.

Bannock's death gave Piety his promotion.

IX.

It matters not at all how universally unpopular, how very generally disliked, one may be, the sudden, unexpected news of such an one's death by suicide is invariably accompanied by a shock. Glynmoore experienced this sensation when, later in the day, he learned of the tragic episode. At the same time he felt that under the circumstances it was about the best thing that could have happened. It made him feel glad to remember that he had not been severe with Bannock. Even had he no old score against him he had been as lenient as his duty as an officer would permit of his being. He had no positive knowledge that any human being other than himself knew that the deceased officer and the mysterious faro-dealer were one and the same person. He had an idea that the old sergeant had an inkling respecting the card-player's identity. This thought led him to wonder if the old soldier, who was a corporal in the troop during his Slorne days, had recognized him. Neither by word nor by manner had the old trooper intimated that he had done so. But Glynmoore remembered how anxious the sergeant had been that *he* should see the man. Was it possible that Bannock and himself were both recognized by the sergeant and that the latter recalled the old Slorne affair? Glynmoore was really anxious to solve this question, but he wisely concluded to curb his curiosity. He resolved not to mention to any one having detected Bannock the previous evening; and he felt that with the latter dead nobody in the world knew that he and the deserter Slorne were one.

The histories of great criminals teach us that however grave may

be the crime committed one does not rest easily until the particulars are imparted to one selected as a confidant. To be sure, Glynmoore was guilty of no crime; but this turned-down chapter in his life had been of great annoyance to him, and never had the secret weighed more heavily than it did just after learning of Bannock's death. At times he had been tempted to tell his wife; but he realized that by so doing he would only transfer the burden to her. He was too generous to do this and too proud to let his wife know that her husband was once a deserter and a prisoner. But now he felt he could remain silent no longer. He *must* have one confidant. Piety was the man he selected.

"Captain Knox," Glynmoore said, as Piety entered his apartment in response to his summons, "I wish to converse with you on a purely personal subject. I shall ask no promise of you. I am satisfied that when I tell you that I wish you to consider every word I may say as strictly confidential, it will be sufficient."

"Certainly, certainly, major," replied Piety, who had not the remotest idea of what was coming.

"Night before last," continued Glynmoore, "Captain Bannock informed me that there was something very familiar about my face to him, and he felt that we had met before. Has a similar thought occurred to you?"

"No indeed," was the response.

"Look at me closely," said Glynmoore, "and carry your mind back to the time you were in Bannock's troop."

Piety fixed his keen little black eyes on the inspector and led his mind back to the old days at Camp Blazes when Bannock was his captain. But his scrutiny brought him no information. "I give it up, major," he said. "I cannot see that you bear any resemblance to any one I have ever known."

"And yet I was a private in 'M' Troop, and you were a member of the court-martial that tried me."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the thoroughly-astonished Piety.

"As a private soldier," continued Glynmoore, "I liked you. That is why I have chosen you for my confidant. A soldier is frequently a better judge of the character and real worth of an officer than is one officer of another. I say that I liked you, and I fancied that you felt some sympathy for me in my trouble. Was I wrong? I am Slorne!"

"*Slorne! Slorne!*" repeated the utterly aghast Piety. "But that cannot be, major. Slorne was sent to Leavenworth prison."

"Where I languished one year," responded Glynmoore. "I will tell you my story. You know my family by reputation. You know we are proud, rich, and hot-tempered. When I was seventeen years old I had for my associates men who were my seniors in years and my superiors financially. They were recognized as the leaders of the fastest set in New York. However, they were gentlemen. My father,

who was, and yet is, immensely rich, gave me a very handsome allowance; but it went only a little way with limitless poker games and nightly champagne suppers. I was constantly calling upon him for more. He bore it patiently much longer than I should have done had I been in his place. At length, after settling my debts and starting me square again for about the thirtieth time, he warned me fairly that he should not do so again. For a while I managed to keep within bounds; then I lost several thousand dollars at one sitting. I left a statement of my indebtedness enclosed in a letter to my father, in which I told him that I was going away for a while and not to try to find me. I assured him that I would do nothing dishonorable, and would from time to time let him know that I was alive. The very next day I enlisted under the name of Slorne. You know my career in the regiment. Considering the circumstances, I do not think I broke my promise to my father when I deserted. I weighed the matter, and finally concluded it was more honorable to desert than to cook for a thief. With proper respect for the '*de mortuis nil*' maxim, I may as well tell you that Bannock confessed to me last night that he stole my money. Well, I went to prison, as you know. I spent a year making shoes. You may fancy that it was not a pleasant experience; but my conscience was clear. I managed to let my father know I was alive; but he does not know to this day where I was or what I did during my absence. When I was discharged from Leavenworth I went straight to New York, and a few days later one would scarcely have recognized Private Slorne in the young man attired in Rock's clothes and a Knox tile. My father really wept tears of joy at my return, and at once settled a sum on me sufficient to make me independent for life. I had seen just little enough of army life to long to be an officer. I went to Washington, obtained a commission in the Seventy-first, and was a first lieutenant soon afterwards. I really do not know to whom I am indebted for this last elevation. I never sought it, have not earned it, nor did I expect it. But I have a great many influential friends in Washington, and I fancy it may be attributed to them. Now you alone know the true history of Major Glynmoore, *alias* Private Slorne."

"I am completely bewildered," said Piety, who had listened in silent amazement to Glynmoore's narrative. "It seems like a fairy tale. Your secret is quite safe with me. You are right, too, in thinking that I felt for you during your trouble. Appleton and I did the little we could for you. Do you think Bannock really had an idea who you are, or rather who you once were?"

Glynmoore hesitated a moment and then said, "You forget that I said he confessed to me last night that he kept my money."

"It is all 'too strange not to be true,'" quoted Piety as he withdrew.

An hour later Piety and Appleton were standing on their piazza watching the ambulance bearing Glynmoore drive out of the post. As it disappeared from view, Appleton said, "Well, he is not such a bad lot after all."

"I should say not," answered Piety. "If I had thought a moment the other day, when you spoke of him, I would have known by his name that he and none of his kindred had ever known any barefoot days."

"Yes," replied Appleton, "a name is a fair criterion to judge by; though there are exceptions even to this rule. But the theory that a person of aristocratic birth shows his lineage in the shape of his hand and foot is vile rot. Among the plebeian laboring natives of the mountain region of Virginia—many of whom are natural children, with no inheritance save poverty, ignorance, and a bar-sinister—I will show you the most perfectly-formed hand and the highest instep that can be produced in flesh and blood. Now, none of my ancestors—as far back as you please—were ever guilty of manual labor; and yet look at these knuckles and this hoof. There is not a man in the troop who could not flirt my glove or kick my boot off with the greatest ease. If I inherited these hideous members, my hand must have come from Providence and my foot from the base of the Big Horn."

"You may remember," replied Piety, "in the Guiteau trial, when the defense was endeavoring to establish the insanity of the assassin, many of the experts testified that nothing was hereditary."

"I remember that ghastly farce well," answered Appleton. "How future generations will laugh at our ignorance and fear when they turn to that trial! The only one of the experts who exhibited any sense or courage was that one whom the others dubbed the 'horse-doctor.'"

"I agree with you perfectly," replied Piety. "Every one, unless he were *non compos mentis*, knew that Guiteau was as crazy as a June-bug. But no jury would have dared to express such an opinion; nor could a judge have been found to render such a decision. Though I have greater respect for a late millionaire, from his remark, 'Damn the public!' than I have for all the wealth he amassed, yet we must admit—distasteful as it may be—that the public has considerable influence. Though, as you say, the Guiteau trial was a great farce, yet it sinks into utter insignificance compared with some of the many things future generations will laugh at when reading the history of this age. Only lately the highest tribunal in our country decided that it was right and proper for a man to be a judge in his own cause. It decided that one man could charge another with a certain offense, be the sole witness to establish what he charged, and also sit as a member of the court to try the accused; thus making him accuser, sole witness, juror, and judge in his own cause at one and the same time! Talk about the Inquisition after this! And this remarkable decision failed to provoke a

comment by the newspapers, so busy were the latter advertising different quack medicines and the extent of their circulation."

When Piety was once fairly started he was a terror, and this Appleton well knew. Not wishing to continue the conversation, the latter said, "If there is any time when a thimbleful of mescal is of actual benefit to a man it is when he feels so disgusted with things in general as I do now; consequently I shall take one."

With this they separate.

X.

Though Glynmoore was in a position which is regarded as a "soft" one by the officers of the line, yet he was far from being satisfied. He found it too inactive, and determined to transfer with some major of cavalry, if such a proceeding might be permitted. His father-in-law was socially as well as officially intimate with the President, and to this person he made known his desire as soon as he found the requisite cavalryman. Shortly afterwards we find our young acquaintance figuring as a major of the Eighty-eighth Cavalry.

About this time suicide seemed to be an epidemic in the army, and from officers of high rank this disease appeared to select its victims. Within a year Glynmoore was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and fifteen months later we find him a full-fledged colonel of the old Fifty-fifth. Piety, who was still a captain in the regiment, was the only one who knew the position the dashing colonel once held in the same organization. Appleton now signs himself "First Lieutenant," and the regiment at last has said "adieu" to the land of tarantulas and rattlesnakes.

But how fared it with Seabrooke during this interval? He returned to Washington alone soon after reaching Davenport from the hunt. The homeward journey did not remind him in the least of the outward trip. The days seemed tiresome and the nights long. But "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea;" and Seabrooke wound up at his old club, happy in the knowledge that he was loved by the only woman in the world who was dear to him.

Glynmoore's promotion to inspector followed soon after Seabrooke's departure from Davenport, and it was not long before he, with his wife and Miss Parker, turned up in Washington. Seabrooke saw his *fiancée* at least once during every twenty-four hours, and he looked forward with pleasure to the day which had been decided upon, and which society in general was gossiping about, as the period of a great coming event.

Two weeks prior to the day Miss Parker had chosen for that of her wedding, Seabrooke was seated in the reading-room of his club deeply interested in "The Hunting of the Shark." A "boojum" in the person of a club waiter approached him and handed him quite a large-sized

package and a note in a huge square envelope. Seabrooke laid the parcel on a table near by and then opened the missive. This is what he read:

"WASHINGTON, D.C., March 2, 18—.

"MR. SEABROOKE:

"I return herewith the things that you have from time to time given me. It is my wish *never* to see you again. I wish you to believe that this is entirely my own act. I have weighed the matter carefully and my determination is final.

"FLORENCE OTIS PARKER."

Seabrooke read this document over twice; then, seeing that he was quite alone in the room, he took it, together with the package, which he did not open, and dropped them both on the coals that were blazing on the hearth. He then called the servant and ordered a "R—— cooler," and a few moments later he might have been seen contentedly sipping the contents of a mammoth-sized tumbler which apparently consisted of cracked ice and a piece of lemon peel cut spiral.

Seabrooke accepted this blow—for a blow it was—philosophically, as he did everything else. He was somewhat of an optimist, as most persons are who have never experienced trouble or met with misfortune. But he would have been less than human had he not felt decidedly uncomfortable and in a measure provoked. As he was leaving the club shortly afterwards he was stopped by a friend and asked to take a hand at "hearts."

"D—n hearts!" was the reply. "My skin does not fit to-day. I am off for a long ramble."

Seabrooke told the truth; his skin did not fit him. As he strolled along towards Georgetown he could not lead his mind from that cruel, heartless epistle; nor could he cease to wonder what had caused this remarkable transformation in the young woman who so lately had professed to worship him.

"I really wonder what is back of it all?" he reflected. "I fancy one of those fellows she used to speak of at Davenport as first and fifth relief is the cause of my being relieved now. She might have done it in a less nasty way, however. It read as if she had copied it from some caddish 'Letter Writer.' It serves me right any way. I am not fit to be married; but I am just what I was when she first met me, and my whole life is as clear and transparent as her eyes. Of course I can have no confidant in this matter, but I may at least be frank with myself. And, come to think it all over, I'll be shot if she didn't meet me a good half-way. Women are certainly queer mortals. They will trust a man with everything,—yes, even with that which they should regard as most sacred,—if they fancy they love him. They will swear to him that they worship and idolize him, and him only. Then, when the freak seizes them, they will throw off the object of their late adoration as carelessly and with as little feeling as

they do a soiled glove. Then they are so delightfully consistent, too: they treat you like an invulnerable cad and at the same time they trust to your honor as a gentleman, that never, by word, hint, or glance, will you betray them. And it is very seldom that their confidence is misplaced. I cannot promise she shall never see me, for we are cards of the same pack and may be shuffled together at any time; but I will agree never to seek her or speak to her. It is bad enough, but it might have been worse. I am glad her rather erratic mind came to this conclusion before it was too late. I wonder if she will hold up her thumbs as inverted commas when she is repeating the sweet things she used to say to me to the new favorite? God knows I wish her nothing ill; but, upon my soul, I thought she was made of cleaner and finer stuff."

Continuing to commune with himself in this strain, Seabrooke walked rapidly on for some distance; then, seeing a tenantless cab approaching, he entered it and returned to his club.

Dexter Doane and his niece are seated in the library of the former's magnificent dwelling, and the uncle is speaking:

"I cannot comprehend your very peculiar action in the least, Florence. Seabrooke is an elegant gentleman; he belongs to one of the oldest families in the country, and years ago sowed the few wild oats that fell to his share. He would have made you an excellent husband. I fail to conceive what fault you can find with him. However, you might have acted less heartlessly."

"Do you think I would have been less unkind if I had told him that I had ceased to care for him?" was Miss Parker's reply.

"Yes, I do decidedly," was the answer, "if it is really the fact. As it is, you give him no reason whatsoever. You leave him to conclude that you in some way have found him *unworthy* to be your husband. This is quite another matter, and must, I should fancy, make a man feel exasperatingly nasty. It is the only low, common thing I have ever known of your doing, and I sincerely trust it may be the last."

"Did—did he say anything to you about it, uncle?" asked Flora.

"Not a word," was the reply. "All I know of the matter you have told me yourself."

"Do you think I would have acted less low, less common, had I said nothing, and have married him knowing I did not feel towards him as I ought to?"

"Pray do not appeal to me to decide such very delicate questions," answered Mr. Doane. "I know nothing whatsoever about this peculiar feeling you allude to. The old maxim that says 'Love is of man's life a thing apart' is strictly true so far as I am concerned. If it be 'woman's whole existence,' then all I have to say is that women should be regarded as objects of pity. But it seems to me that you

should have gauged this feeling and have learned its strength and its longevity before things had gone quite so far. It would have been far better had you followed the example of Miss Blackstone when she threw over Trevenon of the English legation."

"Why, what did she do, uncle?" asked Flora, showing some little interest.

"She sent for him just two days before they were to have been married, and told him to his face that she had lost every penny she had in the world, and that, of course, marriage was out of the question. Now that was neat and graceful."

"But it was not true," replied Flora.

"To be sure it was not, but he thought it was," answered Mr. Doane. "Some lies are more honorable than the truth, some are more charitable; hers was one of the latter. When she had told him, she cried a little and he kissed her and said 'twas 'beastly hard lines,' and all that. Well, her action prevented no end of annoying questions, for they remained the best of friends and are such to-day, though she married Lawton soon afterwards. It leaked out later that the real reason why she refused to marry him was because he ate syrup on his lettuce."

Flora responded, "But it would not have been necessary for her to have witnessed such a spectacle. She might have given orders that syrup and lettuce should not be in the house at the same time. I have a cousin who can quite understand her feeling. He told me once that if falling in love at first sight were a possibility, he was a living illustration of the fact. The young woman was visiting an invalid aunt at one of our ultra-fashionable hotels, where he was staying, and he was sitting at one of the small round tables which were scattered through the dining-room, when she entered. Though it was the first time he had ever seen her, yet he confessed to me that he was as much in love with her as a man could be with a woman before she reached her table. He met her that same evening, and with every word that fell from her tongue his adoration increased. About luncheon time the following day he sauntered into the dining-room. This insult to one's dinner he seldom indulged in, but he had a motive that day. His fate, as he then felt her to be, soon followed, and, giving him a pleasant smile and bow, she passed by to her accustomed seat. He immediately went to her and asked if she would not give him a seat at her table. She consented with pleasure, and he looked forward to a delightful hour. But soon a waiter placed before her a dish of raw oysters. These she at once attacked. To see these disgusting things slipping between the perfect coral lips which in fancy had commingled with his own was quite too much for him. The effect upon him was so intense that he was obliged to excuse himself. He left the table and, a few hours later, the city. He has never seen her since. He said to me lately that in

his opinion those who eat oysters, crabs, terrapins, or shrimps are as thorough savages as are the Indians who are styled Diggers. Now this was not vanity nor affectation on his part; and though he has lived in most of our principal cities and many of those of Europe, and belongs to several swell clubs, yet his antipathy against certain articles of food which are very generally regarded as delicacies cannot be overcome."

"Yes," replied Mr. Doane; "there is no accounting for different tastes and fancies. The Diggers and other Indians that we view with disgust do not consider wild turkeys or fish of any kind fit food for even their mongrel curs."

With this Flora rises and, crossing the room, kisses her uncle good-night,—a mark of affection and respect which she never forgets.

As Dexter Doane gazes into the fair face turned up to his her whole past life looms like a mirage before him. He recalls its unflecked purity, its entire exemption from worry, sorrow, and trouble, and its complete devotion to all that is good and beautiful. While he looks into her perfect eyes the vision changes. He sees himself suddenly stricken down with a fatal illness whose duration at the best is brief, and this lovely creature, with scarcely a relative and no protector, left to fight life's battle alone. He sees the loving, loyal heart that she has crushed, which would have been such a perfect and secure haven of rest for her. This is all seen and realized so rapidly that Flora even has not noticed any delay, as he bends and kisses her. As he does so he says,—

"Flora, you know that my happiness depends greatly on yours; I trust that yours does in a measure on mine. You would make me very happy if, when you go to your chamber to-night, you will look this matter well over and consider what you are throwing away. Remember, 'One isn't loved every day,' and if ever a man loved a woman Ralph Seabrooke loves you. If you have any valid reason, know of any just cause why you should not marry him, I am unconscious of it. I would urge you to do nothing against your conscience; this you know full well. But to ruin his life and mar your own for a freak, perhaps from pique or the jealous, invidious utterances of unscrupulous acquaintances, is to commit moral and physical suicide."

Mr. Doane had not failed to observe that all day the beautiful face of his niece had worn the impress of that heavenly, exquisite pain that so glorified the visage of Charlotte Corday; neither did he fail to notice that when she again raised her face for a kiss it had vanished. He felt hopeful.

Flora went to her chamber and unlocking an oxidized silver casket that stood on a small Eastlake table, took from it a locket. Seating herself in a comfortable rocking-chair, she opened the pretty mosaiced affair and gazed intently on its contents. It was the face of Seabrooke that looked back into her own. For an hour or more she sat in almost

the same position, deeply wrapped in thought. It appeared as if she were engaged in some mental struggle of no small magnitude. She was. But at length she determined on her action. With a look of relief she arose and, going to her writing-table, wrote on a plain white card, "Come to me.—F. O. P." This she placed in an envelope, which she addressed to Seabrooke at his club. To the servant who came in response to her summons she said, "Have this delivered to-morrow morning by ten o'clock."

When, on the following morning, Seabrooke took the little missive from his box he felt a peculiar and indescribable sensation as he recognized the familiar writing which he had every reason to think he would never behold again. He held it some time unopened, wondering what its contents might be. At length he broke the seal. "Come to me," he read half aloud. Fortifying himself with the customary "R—— cooler," he left the club and proceeded to the residence which one hour before he fancied he would enter never again.

Seabrooke was not kept long waiting. Flora was clothed in a gown of "pepper-and-salt" Scotch mixture which fitted her to perfection. One of those *chic* little breakfast caps which certain maids of Gotham and Athens so knowingly affect was perched upon her head. She mentally confessed that she dreaded the approaching ordeal; but she was not one of those who fear their fate too much. So with a calm determination and a little nervous smile she entered the room. She was more than astonished when Seabrooke strode forward in the old familiar way to greet her. She never loved him more than she did at this moment. Her task was not to be so hard as she had fancied.

"Then I am forgiven?" she asked, hiding her face on his shoulder.

With that quintessence of tact so natural to Seabrooke, and which cannot be acquired, he responded, "Forgiven! Why? For bidding me to do what I should have done any way? It is I who should ask forgiveness for not coming last night as usual. But I was in one of my very nastiest moods, not fit company for man or beast; certainly not for the dearest little woman in the world."

Completely bewildered, Flora said, "Did you not get my letter?"

"Certainly I did," replied Seabrooke; "here it is." And he produced the card bearing the summons.

"No, no," said Flora. "I mean a letter I sent you yesterday with—with—something else?"

"Would I have been in a nasty mood last night if I had received a letter and 'something else' earlier in the day from my darling?" asked Seabrooke, avoiding the untruth he had determined to tell should it become necessary.

"It is too queer, too remarkable for anything," answered Flora, immensely relieved to find her mad action was unknown, and yet annoyed to feel that her lover's precious gifts were in the possession of another.

"I think I know what that 'something else' was that my chicken sent me," said Seabrooke; "and as it miscarried I shall take it now." And he kisses her tenderly.

And so the morning is passed in the same old way, as if nothing unusual had occurred, and as if there had been no "little rift within the lute."

Much to the chagrin of "society," they were married one week later very quietly at Mr. Doane's residence. Witherell of the English legation, with whom Seabrooke had "been up the Nile," acted as best man, and Ethel Appleton, sister of our Arizona lieutenant, served as second for Flora. They sailed from New York the following day, and for a season were quite the life of the American colony at Paris.

XI.

Another year rolls by. Six months after Glynmoore accepted the colonelcy of the Fifty-fifth he was ordered to Arizona to accomplish what his predecessor—a greatly overestimated man—had shown himself utterly incapable of doing,—the subjugation of the Apaches. With the exception of the few officers of this regiment who had acquired some prominence and unenviable notoriety by their uninterrupted and continuous service and constant exposure to danger at West Point, New York City, and Chicago, the officers and men of the old Fifty-fifth were not novices in Indian warfare. They knew and had confronted the Apaches in earlier days, and Arizona, with all its cañons, basins, buttes, *acequias*, and dry river-beds was familiar to them. Their knowledge and experience greatly aided Glynmoore, who accomplished his task so quickly and so thoroughly that the government felt almost compelled to recognize his valuable services in some substantial manner. This it promptly did. One month after the close of hostilities the President selected him to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Brigadier-General ——, and as a brigadier-general commanding the Department of Mescal, with his head-quarters at Wildtown, we find our old acquaintance.

It would be well if some older officers, when selecting their personal staff, would choose so wisely as did Glynmoore. During the *régime* of a predecessor the personal staff of that patriot was noted individually for vulgarity, dishonesty, unscrupulousness, and general roughness. Like their chief, they considered cleanliness a trait of effeminacy, and neatness was regarded as a semblance of vanity. They would enter a drawing-room in the same manner that a corral boss would a mule's stall, and their table etiquette would have been improved had they patterned after the Apaches. In reference to this little party one officer said to another, "The last time I saw one of the aides he was being dragged to the calaboose by a Tucson constable

Another of the staff committed suicide to avoid disgrace. Another behaved so scandalously that he was obliged to leave the United States; and, according to rumor, the other is not spoken to by an officer of his regiment."

Was the semi-barbarous state in which many officers and citizens lived and appeared at that time due to the example set by this prominent but degraded coterie? It has been written that if Milton and Shakespeare had lived among savages as savages they would have died. However this may be, the advent of Glynmoore with his staff, composed of officers who were born and bred gentlemen, occasioned a complete transformation in the different garrisons and settlements. His former service had demonstrated the fact that clean hands could strike a stronger blow for victory than did those which seldom came in contact with soap and water; and he did not regard it as an essential qualification for the office which he filled to appear at his head-quarters with his beard tied with a soiled piece of red tape or an old shoe-string, and greasy canvas clothes substituted for a neat uniform. These traits were symptoms of a vanity and affectation to which he was foreign.

In his last engagement with the Apaches, prior to his promotion, Glynmoore received a bullet in his head. It was fired from a revolver, and, though at close quarters, the ball seemed to be what is termed spent: it simply cut the scalp and dented his skull. Glynmoore paid little attention to it at the time, but at length it gave him so much trouble that he applied for a long leave of absence and went abroad. As he said "farewell" to Piety, he remarked, "I should not complain if I may never return; for few who have stood behind the bars of a deserter have stood under the stars of a general."

He and Adèle met with Seabrooke and Flora at Nice, and the joy attending this reunion may possibly be conceived. They were "doing" the Continent together when last heard from, all as supremely happy and contented as they deserve to be.

Piety is still a captain, and Appleton, who lost his staff appointment with Glynmoore's departure, now figures as adjutant of the Fifty-fifth.

Major Adams and Frank North have long since crossed the Dark River. Forts Adobe and Phillips have been vacant for years. But the "flavor of the old time" may still be extracted from Inspector Funk, who may be found any morning at about eleven o'clock with his nose buried in a mug of Mrs. Noodle's tea.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

(FROM COLBURN'S UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.)

In the three kingdoms there has probably been no disciplined body of men so prominently before the public for the last eight or nine years as the Royal Irish Constabulary. While from the one political party it has met with unstinted praise, nay, even adulation, from the other the members of this great force have been subject to ceaseless attack, sometimes on their character, from politicians whose chief weapon is a vituperative and unscrupulous tongue, at others from those ardent partisans whose opposition takes the more solid form of stones and blackthorns. But through it all, praise or blame, flattery or calumny, the Royal Irish Constabulary has done its duty consistently and impartially, neither cajoled by flattery nor deterred by calumny.

In Ireland, where the force is recruited from the various ranks of the people, where its organization is everywhere present, and where there is hardly a family unconnected with it in some way, it would perhaps be idle to offer such particulars and remarks as this article contains. But in England, where, notwithstanding the publicity under which the Irish Constabulary has done its work of late years, so little is known of its constitution, its duties, its life generally, some information on these points may be interesting.

Like most great organizations, the force has been evolved out of small and imperfect beginnings. From 1814 and thereabout, when the police in Ireland[1] "consisted of mere flying columns of semi-disciplined *gendarmerie*, ruled each in a despotic fashion by a chief magistrate at his good will and pleasure," to 1867, when Her Majesty graciously awarded the title of *Royal* to the perfectly-organized body of some twelve thousand men who had just dealt very summarily with the Fenian rising, the changes in every respect were manifestly numerous and important. With these, however, it would be uninteresting to my readers to deal, except to remark that in 1835 the force practically acquired its present shape, under the influence and direction of the well-known Mr. T. D. Drummond, a man of very great ability and energy.

[1] Curtis's "History of the Royal Irish Constabulary."

I might, perhaps, illustrating the contrast between things now and then, and showing how in the early part of the century the quaint eccentricities of an individual might permeate the force he commanded, quote the description by an eye-witness of a body brought into an Irish county town to perform the various duties connected with the assizes:[2]

"I was standing [he says] at an assize time in Maryborough, near the hotel, when I heard the sound of horsemen rapidly approaching, and suddenly a body of forty horsemen came sweeping round the corner at full trot, scarcely giving me time to get out of the way. They drew up opposite the hotel, under the command of a Major Nicholson, who was commandant of so much of the Peace Preservation Force as were then in the province of Leinster. This officer wore a dark-blue jacket, closely braided in front with round black silk cord and small black buttons, red cuffs and collar, red and gold lace girdle, and tall beaver cap and feathers, with Turkish, crescent-shaped cimeter. Of the men, ten wore scarlet cloaks over their uniform, reaching down over their horses' tails, brass helmets and plumes, 'Waterloo' on the helmets. Ten were in hussar uniforms, with loose jackets over the shoulder, hussar saddles, with sheep-skins, etc. Ten others wore a uniform which I cannot now describe, but sitting on pads behind them were *voltigeurs* with short rifles resting on the thigh. These *voltigeurs* were made to dismount and remount occasionally by their eccentric commander. This motley force was brought in for duty, attending the judges, escorting prisoners, etc. They were mounted on splendid horses of the weight-carrying hunter class, and at that time perhaps the finest horses in the world of that description were in this country."

This is, indeed, a contrast to the guard of honor of forty or fifty men who to-day, in their well-cut black uniform, armed with the short carbine and sword-bayonet, and drilled to perfection, salute the judges on their arrival at an assize town, and then laying aside their arms, perform the various other duties connected with the assizes; or to the half-dozen mounted police who in their smart, workmanlike uniform afford the necessary cavalry escort.

The Royal Irish Constabulary is at present composed of the inspector-general, the deputy inspector-general, three assistant inspectors-general, of whom the commandant of the depot is always one, the town inspector of Belfast, thirty-six county inspectors, a doctor and barrack-master, both residing at the depot, ninety first-class district inspectors, ninety second-class district inspectors, forty-five third-class district inspectors, two hundred and sixty head constables, some two thousand four hundred sergeants and acting sergeants, and some nine thousand six hundred constables. Of the non-commissioned officers and constables, two hundred and thirty-six are mounted, some fifty or so being at the depot and the remainder scattered about through the country in the more important head-quarter towns.

The inspector-general, deputy inspector-general, and one of the assistant inspectors-general, besides the commandant, reside in Dublin, and have their offices in the Constabulary Department, Dublin Castle.

[2] Curtis's "History of the Royal Irish Constabulary."

The inspector-general is responsible to the government for the general efficiency of the whole force. Through him the government issues its directions. He inspects the depot and the head-quarter stations of both counties and districts occasionally. For this purpose the men of the sub-districts, or out-stations, as explained hereafter, are brought into their respective head-quarters. The deputy inspector-general and assistant inspectors-general resident in Dublin aid the inspector-general in his many official duties; power being given to them to act for him in certain matters criminal, financial, and disciplinary. They also inspect the force throughout the country; their inspections being made similarly to those of the inspector-general, and counting as though made by him.

The commandant of the depot resides in the quarters provided for him there, and is responsible to the inspector-general for the discipline and general efficiency of the permanent staff, mounted and infantry, under his command, and also for the training of cadet officers and recruits in the drill and various police duties they have to acquire before being allocated to country districts. By virtue of his office as commandant, he is also assistant inspector-general, and as occasion arises acts in that capacity, both in the Constabulary Office in Dublin Castle and in inspecting the country force. He is assisted by the adjutant, who is his right-hand man, just as is the adjutant of a regiment to the colonel.

The doctor resides at the depot, and looks after the physical welfare of those there, but he has continually to make journeys to different parts of the country where men are dangerously ill either from sickness or injury.

The barrack-master also lives in Dublin, and performs the usual duties of a barrack-master, with some others peculiar to the constabulary. He has the relative rank of county inspector, and is selected from the first-class district inspectors.

The town inspector of Belfast is senior to any county inspector, and receives more pay. He is responsible to the inspector-general for the discipline of the Belfast force, and for the proper performance of the police duties there, also for the peace of the town.

Each county inspector, as his rank denotes, has charge of a county, or of a riding where the larger counties are divided into two parts. He is responsible to the inspector-general for the peace of his county, for the drill and discipline of officers and men under his command, and for the proper knowledge and performance of their duties. He is the channel of communication between those under him and his superiors, and must conduct all official correspondence. As he has to forward many returns of various descriptions, and also the financial accounts of the constabulary under his command, he is allowed the service of several clerks who are specially selected from the ranks of

the non-commissioned officers and men. He must be able to ride, as he has occasionally to do so. He must visit the scene of, and make personal inquiries into, every outrage of a serious character committed in his county, and must take charge of any force collected to prevent or put a stop to any disturbance of the public peace. He must reside in the assize town of his county, and must inspect, in uniform, each barrack under his command, once in every three months. As the size and population of the counties vary considerably, the number of men under his command will vary in proportion. Each county has, however, its fixed strength of officers and men, but this, on emergency, can be increased, the cost of the increase being borne locally. The county inspector is liable to transfer from one county to another, according to the exigencies of the service.

For constabulary purposes every county is divided into districts, varying in area according to local circumstances, but each having its fixed strength. A district inspector of the first, second, and third class is in charge of each of these, and is generally responsible on the same lines as the county inspector. He is obliged to reside in the town laid down as the constabulary head-quarters of his district, such town being usually the most important and the most central. He must inspect, in uniform, each barrack in his district once every month by day, and each barrack within eight miles of his head-quarters once every three months by night. He must, however, inspect his own head-quarters barrack monthly. He must attend all the petty sessions of his district, and personally conduct the important cases. At all fairs where the number of men collected to preserve the peace exceeds fifteen, he must attend to take charge. He must visit the patrols by day and night, at unexpected hours and in unexpected places, throughout his district. He is bound to keep a horse of his own, for which he receives a forage allowance. He must be capable of performing duty on horseback, such capability being tested by a certain number of turns of duty done this way every three months. To those officers of the force who hunt, the possession of a horse is a pleasant necessity. They can use the animal as they like, and there are many good men to hounds in the Royal Irish Constabulary. There are not a few, too, who make their taste for horses a profitable matter. To some of the older officers, on the contrary, and particularly to some of those promoted from the ranks, the ownership of a horse is by no means an undiluted joy, and the quarterly terms of horseback duty are like recurring nightmares.

The division of the district inspectors into three classes merely marks differences of pay and seniority. The most important districts are, as a rule, given to the most experienced and capable officers. A district inspector can be transferred to any part of Ireland at any time, at the public expense, according to the exigencies of the service, but he is generally left for three or four years in the same district, particularly

if he is a married man. He can, however, obtain a transfer at his own request and expense after one year's service in a district, if the inspector-general has no objection; but in that case, he cannot again apply for a transfer until after two years' service in the district he asked for. He cannot serve in any county where he or his wife is related.

Each district head-quarters has a head constable attached to it. He is the first in rank of the non-commissioned officers, and must be a man of long service and experience, whose promotion to his rank has been gained by industry, intelligence, and steadiness. He assists the district inspector in his office work, and must be capable of conducting it entirely in his absence. He is the connecting link between the district inspector and the sergeants and constables, and exercises a supervision over the two latter ranks. He may be transferred, either within the county or to any part of Ireland, for the good of the service or at his own request. In the latter case the transfer will be at his own expense.

As every fourth vacancy among the district inspectors is filled from the ranks of the head constables, it need hardly be said that every recruit who enters the Royal Irish Constabulary has a fair prospect before him if he is smart and steady and works hard.

Again, for constabulary purposes, every district is divided into sub-districts, in each of which is a police barrack, with a party of from four to ten men, according to circumstances, under the charge of a sergeant. These sub-districts take their names from the chief town, village, or hamlet within their boundaries; and it is here usually that the constabulary barrack is situated. These barracks, or out-stations, as they are also called, are, as a rule, ordinary houses that have been rented by the government, and adapted for police purposes. They are kept well whitewashed, unless the nature of the building prevents the process, and are distinguished by a painted iron constabulary badge, or the harp encircled by shamrocks and surmounted by the crown, placed on the porch, if there is one, or in a conspicuous position over the front door. The small gardens or surroundings attached to them are kept neat and tidy, in marked contrast to the too frequent slovenliness of Irish houses; and often, if the sergeant or men have floricultural tendencies, present a very pretty appearance in the summer. Sometimes, where there is no house available, the government builds a barrack, and in these cases no trouble or expense is spared to make it complete and comfortable in every particular.

The sergeant in charge of an out-station is responsible for the drill and discipline of his party, for their clean appearance, for their knowledge and proper performance of their duties, and for the peace of the locality. He conducts the office work, and makes such reports as fall to his duty through his officer, and is himself the channel of communication between the constables and the superior ranks of the force. His

task is often a difficult one, requiring tact, discretion, and firmness. He must have considerable literate capability, as the returns he has to furnish are numerous, and often intricate; while his reports must be clear and well expressed. He must be a man of self-reliance, capable of dealing with emergencies as they arise, as he and his party are often many miles distant from the head-quarters of the district; and, thus isolated, he cannot gain access to his officer for advice or consultation on every occasion. He has to conduct most of the cases at Petty Sessions that occur in his sub-district, and as these cases are often defended by solicitors, and the Irish country attorney is proverbially ready and acute, he must be prepared to discuss points of law with acuteness and readiness himself. Being in charge of the barrack he, of course, arranges the patrols, and tells the men off for their various duties. The sergeant is liable to transfer similarly to the head constable.

I come now to the lowest rank in the force,—the constable. He must keep himself clean and smart in appearance, have his arms and accoutrements always serviceable and in good order, and carry out the orders of his superiors. He must patrol the sub-districts, acquire a perfect local knowledge of all the persons, houses, and places within it, serve summonses, execute warrants,—perform, in short, all the ordinary duties of a policeman. But, in addition to this, he has often to leave his sub-district and join a detachment for duty at assizes, elections, evictions, National League or other meetings, and even at times convert himself into a sort of sea-policeman, and cruise on a gunboat among the islands off the coast with the purpose of suppressing the manufacture of potheen, or illicit whisky. To these duties he goes usually with a light heart, for they offer a pleasant break in the monotony of the sub-district work. He meets old comrades, forms new friendships, sees fresh phases of life, and widens his experience generally. Sometimes, unfortunately, under the influence of the contrast between these more lively scenes and the quiet routine of his out-station, he is tempted to drink more than is good for him, and gets into official trouble. But on this I will touch elsewhere.

In his leisure hours at his out-station, the constable who wants to get on in the force will continue his education by study, and will acquire a thorough knowledge of the regulations, and of such acts of Parliament as affect his duties. If he is intelligent, active, willing, and steady, he soon makes his mark with his sergeant and district inspector, and may look forward to having his name placed on the "promotion list" in from seven to ten years after joining the force, provided he passes the necessary qualifying examination in police duties. For very exceptional ability shown in the detection of crime, or for any marked coolness and courage in circumstances of danger, he will get what is known in the force as a "favorable record." On the other hand, when punished for drunkenness, insubordination, or any other serious

offense against discipline, he will get an "unfavorable record." The former favors his prospect of promotion, as the latter militates against it.

Having endeavored to give a general idea of the constitution of the force, and an outline sketch of the position and duties of the various ranks that compose it, I will now show how it is recruited, both as regards officers and men. As already indicated, the vacancies among the district inspectors are filled in two ways: 1, from the cadets; 2, from the head constables,—*i.e.*, by promotion from the ranks.

I may remark here, that though there is a fair sprinkling of Englishmen among the officers of the force, who enter as cadets, there are exceedingly few in the ranks. This is a curious fact, and in marked contrast to the various English constabulary organizations which are recruited a good deal from Irishmen, who seem to have an instinct under discipline for keeping other people in order, though they cannot instinctively discipline themselves. There is, so far as I know, no bar to an Englishman entering the force as a constable, and it might be imagined that the out-door, somewhat exciting, life, with fair prospects as regards pay, promotion, and pension, would present many attractions.

The following is taken from the official constabulary list:

"ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY OFFICE, DUBLIN CASTLE,
"1st December, 1888.

"REGULATIONS

"*Under which gentlemen are to be admitted as Cadets of Royal Irish Constabulary.*

"I. The candidate for a cadetship in the Royal Irish Constabulary will be required to be at least 5 feet 5 inches in height, and to pass the medical examination of the Surgeon of the Force. He must be in good health, and free from any physical defect of body, impediment of speech, defect of sight or hearing, and also from any disposition to constitutional or hereditary disease, or weakness of any kind, and must be in all respects well developed.

"II. The candidate must be unmarried, and between the age of 21 and 26 years.[3] If a candidate can show especially qualifying service as an officer in the army, navy, or in a police force, he may be admitted up to the age of 28.

"III. The candidate will be required to produce a certified copy of the registry of his birth, or some other satisfactory proof of his age, and a certificate of his moral character from the clergyman of his church in the parish in which he resides, or from two magistrates of the county.

"IV. Every gentleman on being *nominated* for a cadetship will receive intimation of the day on which he ought to present himself at Dublin, to go through a competitive examination with other candidates for the appointment. The examination will be conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners.

"The candidate who is placed *first* by the Civil Service Commissioners will, on his nomination being confirmed by the Lord Lieutenant, be ordered to the depot. But previously to his entering on his course of instruction there, some person on his behalf must become answerable to the Commandant of the Depot that such cadet, in addition to his regulated pay, shall receive a sum at the rate of £50 per annum until his appointment to the office of district inspector.

[3] The sons of constabulary officers, whose names are on the inspector-general's list of candidates, are permitted to enter at the age of nineteen.

"V. The following will be the subjects of examination, and the maximum number of marks for each subject:

Arithmetic	150
Separate addition	50
Orthography	150
Handwriting	150
Intelligence in dictation	100
English composition, including epistolary correspondence	200
Précis	150
Geography, especially that of the British Isles	150
British History	200
Latin or French (candidate permitted the option)	200
Elementary Principles of Law—as treated in Stephen's Commentaries on the Laws of England (10th edition), vol. i. Introduction; Book I.; Book II. introductory chapter entitled, "as to property in general;" vol. iv. Book VI.—chapters i. to xii. omitting sections 1 to 8 of chapter vii.	150
Law of Evidence—Digest of the Law of Evidence, by Sir James Fitz-James Stephen	150
Total	1800

"VI. The cadet will be borne on the strength of the reserve as a sergeant, but will be allowed to occupy the quarters, wear the undress uniform, and perform the duties of an officer.

"VII. The cadets will be appointed to the rank of district inspector as vacancies offer, according to their standing, proficiency, and conduct.

"VIII. But cadets, being only in a state of probation, will not be considered as permanently attached to the force until they attain the rank of district inspector, and they are clearly to understand that if in the interim His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant should be pleased to dispense with their services, in consequence either of unfavorable reports received of their conduct or proficiency while at the depot, or of their character and position previous to their joining it, they are not to expect or require any reason to be assigned for their removal from the establishment, on which account it will not be *obligatory* on a cadet to purchase uniform, or to incur any other expense consequent on his belonging to the force.

"By Command of the Lord Lieutenant.

"A. REED, *Inspector-General.*"

To obtain a nomination for a cadetship, the practical method is to make an application to the Chief Secretary for Ireland and then back it up with the best influence procurable with the existing government. The nominations are in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, and the nearer one can get to these powers, directly or indirectly, the greater the chance of success. There are, however, occasional examinations confined to sons of officers of the force, and the nominations in these cases rest with the inspector-general. Since the nomination is secured, the rest lies with the industry and aptitude of the competitor and the view the civil service commissioners take of his capacity as tested by their examination. As a rule, no examination

is held except there are three or four vacancies, and generally there are from three to six nominations for every vacancy.

Though the list of subjects given above does not appear very formidable in these days of stiff competitive examinations, it is more difficult than it would seem at first sight to compete successfully. Owing to many of the candidates in the present day being graduates, often with high honors, of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, or some other less important university, the standard among successful competitors is high on the average. Thus not only is a thorough and accurate knowledge of each subject a necessity, but the candidate must be also capable of expressing on paper what he knows in an intelligible and intelligent form.

Having obtained his nomination and competed successfully in the examination, the cadet joins the depot to begin his new life and acquire his new duties.

Many of my military readers must know the Royal Irish Constabulary depot in Dublin. It is situated near the city end of the Phœnix Park, between the Zoological Gardens and the Eastern Park gate, and is a spacious and handsome building, healthily and pleasantly placed. The fine timber and green pastures of the park run up to the iron railing which encloses the parade ground. Across the valley of the Liffey are seen in the distance the lovely Wicklow Mountains, with their aspect ever varying under the atmospheric influences that render Irish scenery at once so beautiful and so pathetic.

The buildings of the depot occupy a space of some four acres, and include good houses for the accommodation of the commandant, adjutant, doctor, and riding-master, quarters for the officers in charge of the four companies, cadets' quarters, officers' mess quarters, sergeants' mess quarters, a canteen, cooking-houses, wash-houses, out-houses, constables' barrack-rooms, stables for officers' horses and horses of the troop, a spacious riding-school, and lecture-rooms for the instruction of cadets and recruits. There is also a convalescent hospital. A library and recreation-room are provided for the in-door amusements of the men, and a ball-alley for out-door exercise. In the Phœnix Park, about a quarter of a mile from the barracks, a very fine cricket ground with a handsome pavilion has within the last few years been also made for officers and men.

The officers' mess quarters are particularly worthy of notice. They contain a remarkably spacious, well-proportioned mess-room, anteroom, breakfast-room, and billiard-room, besides the necessary offices, and situated at the back of these are two tennis-grounds, one of asphalt, the other of grass.

From the foregoing description it will be easily seen that both officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary are more comfortably quartered in Dublin than their half-brothers the soldiers. Indeed,

these latter, as they march to a field-day on the Fifteen Acres from the typhoid-stricken Royal Barracks, or the odoriferous Ship Street, must often envy the verdant surroundings and fresh air that make the Constabulary Barracks so pleasant.

The depot serves a twofold purpose. In the first place, a force of four hundred sergeants and constables of over two years' service, divided into four companies, each under the command of a district inspector, is maintained there under the title of "The Reserve." But as this force can be drawn on when there is a necessity for extra men in any disturbed portion of the country, it is seldom at its full strength at the depot. It is never, however, so depleted as not to provide a sufficiency of old hands to intermingle with the recruits, and give them by example the benefit of their experience. Of course the drill and permanent staff are never sent away, and the band only under great necessity.

In the second place, the depot is the training place for cadets and recruits, who, as they join, are attached to one or other of the companies. Life at the depot presents itself in two aspects, military and civil. The general military routine is almost exactly similar as regards parades, guards, fatigues, etc., to that of a regiment in barracks. The civil part of their business is learnt in the school-rooms, where for three hours daily, except on Saturdays, and, of course, Sundays, the cadets and recruits are instructed in law and police duties.

Besides the reserves and recruits, there is the troop, some sixty strong. This branch of the force is under the care of the riding-master, who ranks as a district inspector. The present riding-master, whose stalwart form and ringing voice are well known in Dublin, is an ex-cavalryman. Under him the troop has attained great perfection; and the recruits who are taken from the infantry constables after two years' service, and under certain conditions of age and weight, are particularly smart.

The Royal Irish Constabulary performs no duty in the city of Dublin, which is under the care of the Metropolitan Police—a distinct organization. The depot is not, as any of my readers who have lived in Dublin knows, without music. The parade between 10 and 11 A.M. is enlivened by the band daily. Forty-two strong, conducted by a very able and experienced band-master, and well supported by the force, both in town and country, the constabulary band has obtained a great reputation in Ireland. It has several times in late years played in London, Glasgow, and Manchester, at the exhibitions held in those cities, but of course these have been very exceptional cases, as it cannot well be spared from the depot. Every Friday evening throughout the summer it plays for two or three hours in the barrack-square. As the public are on this night admitted into the square, and seats provided, many a hard-worked Dublin citizen, with his wife and daughter, takes advantage of being able to visit the beautiful Phœnix Park and listen

to high-class music at the same time. The officers, sergeants, and constables take the opportunity of inviting their friends up in considerable numbers on these occasions, and offering such hospitality as the depot can afford.

I must now return to my cadet, whom I left on the eve of joining. On his reporting himself to the adjutant, he is taken before the commandant and sworn in. He then usually obtains a few days' leave, in which to get his cadet's uniform and furnish the quarters to which the barrack-master allocates him. This done, his work begins, and it is by no means light. He has to attend three drills daily, of an hour each, and three schools of instruction in law, police, and financial duties, of similar duration. He must, of course, acquire his drill from the initiatory goose-step, and in that stiffening process which, under the title of "extension motions," is such torture to the beginner; he receives no more mercy from the drill-sergeant than the recruits in the squad with whom he takes his instruction.

Besides the drills and schools, the cadet must also work in the privacy of his own quarters in making himself acquainted with the disciplinary and financial regulations of the force, and in practicing the theoretical filling of the numerous returns and forms that are used in connection with different phases of constabulary duty.

After a short time he is handed over to the tender mercies of the riding-master. If, as is often the case, he is accustomed to horses, the cadet enjoys his progress through the riding-school; but the inexperienced in this respect have rather a rough time. If falls are frequent, accidents are luckily few, and soreness and stiffness are generally the worst results.

If there is a vacancy, the cadet is promoted to the rank and pay of third-class district inspector, without the allowances, however, which do not begin until he goes to the country, in about six weeks' time after joining. Sometimes a considerable period elapses without a vacancy occurring, and cases have been known where a cadet did not get his promotion for a year. As a district inspector, or "young officer," as he is then called in distinction to the "reserve officers," the work of instruction continues, but he takes his turn of duty as orderly officer.

The cadet is an honorary member of the officers' mess, but on his promotion he becomes a permanent member on payment of £4.

At the end of from six to eight months the commandant reports to the inspector-general as to the cadet's knowledge of his drill, finance, and police duties; also of his general fitness to take charge of a district. He is then minutely examined on all these points, and, if he passes satisfactorily, is appointed to a district.

I have detailed the cadet's work at the depot, and shown it to be heavy, but it must not be supposed that there is no relaxation. If

he is socially inclined, he can go to dances as often as he wishes, for Dublin is proverbially gay and hospitable. If he is a cricketer, he can play in as many matches as he can get leave for; and the two excellent lawn-tennis courts spoken of before provide ample facilities for that more modern and less elaborate game. There are no restrictions placed upon him in his leisure hours, and if he is going on satisfactorily with his work he can get an occasional day's leave of absence.

Before following the young officer to his station in the country I must turn to the recruits.

The recruits are chiefly taken from the farmer class, though, of course, the cities and towns provide their proportion. Very great care is exercised in their selection. The candidate must be over eighteen years of age, not less than five feet eight inches in height, and thirty-six inches round the chest. He must first of all obtain a recommendation from the magistrates and clergymen of the district where he lives, and then present himself to the district inspector. This officer, after making careful inquiry into the antecedents, and satisfying himself as to the general fitness as to height, age, etc., of the candidate, tests his education by giving him a piece of dictation to write. In the event of his orthography being fairly good, he is told to present himself at the county inspector's office on the day fixed for the further examination of recruits throughout the county. Here he will be measured and examined by the local constabulary doctor, and then again write a piece of dictation. The result of the examination, together with various particulars as regards height, physique, general appearance, are then forwarded to the commandant of the depot, who, from all these details, classes him as first-class A 1, first, second, or third class. It very rarely happens that the third-class candidates have to be drawn upon; but it did occur for a short time in 1882, owing to the influence used by the agitators to prevent recruits joining the force. However, a state of affairs where the boycotter by his own action became the boycotted was not likely to last long, and at the present time, and for a considerable period back, only first-class A 1 candidates have been called up to the depot. I need thus hardly point out that the recruiting for the constabulary is not only carried on easily, but the candidates are so numerous and so well qualified that the task of selection almost presents a difficulty.

On being called to the depot, which happens after a time varying with the vacancies that occur, the recruit goes through the course of drill and instruction that I have before indicated. In about six months' time, according to the exigencies of the service, when he has learned his drill and, theoretically, his police duties, he goes back to the county—but never to any county where he has relatives—a smart, well-set-up, soldierly-looking man in a neat black uniform resembling that of a rifle regiment.

The discipline at the depot is exceptionally good. It might be thought that young lads coming from remote parts of the country to a lively city like Dublin, and allowed rational freedom, would frequently fall victims to the temptations of a town. But the commandant only holds an orderly-room twice a week for his command of from four to six hundred men, and the cases are not only very rare, but are generally of the most trivial description. Sometimes there will be no orderly-room for a week or more. Perhaps the most frequent offense is that of being five or ten minutes late for roll-call, and the palpitating recruit, having given the usual excuse of having been with friends in whose company the time slipped by so rapidly that he did not notice the lateness of the hour, is generally cautioned; and the caution has sufficient effect. Often, in his perturbed gratitude, the recruit will forget the usual disciplinary "Sir," in thanking the commandant, and substitute "Your Honor," and not infrequently "Your Reverence."

The Irishman has a natural instinct for drill, and the recruits at the depot pick it up very rapidly and well. I am sure that if any of my military readers saw a battalion drill there, they would pronounce it a very creditable performance for recruits of a few months' training. If one wanted to be hypercritical, I should say it is the least bit heavy, and would be much improved by an additional spice of briskness. It is not easy, however, to put dash and briskness into the drill of big, heavy men in a short time. There is always great steadiness, and the manual and firing exercises are performed with much smartness and precision. The men are armed with the Snider carbine and sword-bayonet in addition to the more peaceful baton.

On being allocated to a district in the country, the young officer, before taking charge, spends three weeks at the county head-quarters. Here he first makes practical acquaintance with the work of an office, and also with the routine of inspections, etc., by accompanying the district inspector in the discharge of his duties.

He then takes charge of his district. Naturally, for a considerable time, he is a good deal dependent on his head constable, but the fact of his being at once saddled with the responsibilities of his position sharpens his wits and teaches him his business. Of course, there are always some men more capable and quick than others, but in from a year to two years the young officer becomes quite worthy of his salt, if he possesses any grit.

And now he has a very pleasant life, and one which many a hard-working business man might envy from his office stool. His pay and allowances are quite ample enough to enable him to live comfortably, and living is cheap in most parts of Ireland. His work is not, except at times, particularly heavy, and is of a very varied character; he has a horse, which is his own, to use absolutely as he likes; he is hospitably received by the gentry of the locality, so much so that in some sta-

tions, if sociably inclined, he need rarely dine at home; and if he has sporting tendencies, he can usually get as much shooting and fishing as he has time for.

The office work in an average district does not take more than two or three hours daily—often much less—except at the end and beginning of the month, when the monthly returns and accounts have to be forwarded. Though the district inspector must attend his office by 10.30 A.M., he can get over his work much earlier if he likes; as soon, in fact, as he can get his post. Then he is absolutely free, and can go where he likes and do what he likes, within twenty miles of his station; though, of course, his whereabouts must always be known in case anything turns up.

The out-door duties, visiting scenes of outrage, inspecting stations, taking charge of detachments for the preservation of the peace, are merely pleasant pastime to a healthy, cheery, active young fellow a little over twenty. Even the risks of being stabbed with a red-hot pitchfork, blinded with boiling meal or water, or stretched with a brick, are not without their charms for the young enthusiast in his profession; though when a man has a wife and family he looks on these things differently.

Irish ways are sociable, and Irish girls pretty and attractive, so the constabulary officer, as a rule, gets married young. It is a good thing for him to have the restraining and sympathetic influence of a woman, more particularly in some of the out-of-the-way stations. He has often a good deal of leisure time on his hands, and there is a percentage of idlers in every Irish town. Where there are idlers there is whisky drinking; and where there is that there is ruin. The older stamp of constabulary officer was rather noted for his hard head; but the making of one hard head means the marring of a good many soft ones, and promising careers have been frequently spoiled by the curse of whisky. The difference between the habits of the present day with regard to the bottle, and the increased culture of the modern type of district inspector have altered matters in this respect a good deal, and a capacity to hold strong liquors is no longer looked on as a necessary part of a police-officer's qualifications.

Promotion is not rapid in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and is almost entirely by seniority up to the rank of a county inspector. A district inspector usually remains three or four years in the third class, eight or ten in the second, and the same in the first class. He may thus expect to become a county inspector in from twenty to twenty-five years' service. Before attaining this rank he is put to the humiliation of having to pass an examination. It is popularly supposed in the force that this examination is not held for the real purpose of testing an officer's capacity for his duties, because, it is naturally argued, that capacity has been far more practically tested by his record during his

twenty and more years' service. I presume that when a district inspector from any cause is unfitted for the position of county inspector, the most euphemistic way of conveying the unpleasant fact to him is by telling him he "has not passed his examination" for that rank.

The general life of the county inspector resembles that of the district inspector, only that he has less pleasure, more work, and wider responsibility. In the constabulary, higher rank means always increased work; and the hardest-worked man in the whole force is probably the inspector-general, in his office in Dublin Castle. I have often heard some of the higher officials lament the dead and gone days when, as district inspectors, they could polish off their office work in an hour or two, and ride away to hunt with that elastic, buoyant, exuberant feeling of happy youth that is worth more than all the gold in the Bank of England or the highest satiated ambition.

In the matter of leave the constabulary, both officers and men, are very well treated. Officers are granted fifty days in the year and men thirty. Once a week officers can also get twelve hours' leave, which does not count against them when there is no particular duty to interfere. This is a very pleasant privilege and a good deal used, as it enables an officer to be away for a night which otherwise he would not be allowed to do. The men can also get an occasional eight hours' leave which does not count against them.

The recruit on joining his country station has, like the young officer, to put into practice all that he has learnt in theory at the depot. This is by no means as easy as it might seem, and it is a year or two with him also before he is worth much as a policeman. His life is pleasant enough, the chief objection seemingly to it being that his lot is often cast in very remote, or, as the Irish call it, "backward" places. But this does not affect him much in many cases after all, for as there is a fair probability of his having been drawn from some equally remote locality, he is often merely going to a place and to associations similar to those to which he has been accustomed. His average patrolling work is some six hours in the twenty-four. This may seem little in comparison to the eight hours' beat-duty usually performed by the metropolitan policeman, but then the Royal Irish constable is never out of uniform when off duty; he is liable to be called on at any moment; he cannot go far or remain long away from his station, and sometimes on detachment duty, in disturbed places, he is working for twelve or fifteen hours daily for weeks together.

A patrol never consists of less than two men. In the day-time the senior of these is armed with a revolver, the junior carrying a baton only. In disturbed districts by day, and everywhere at night, the patrol is fully armed, the senior with a revolver, the others with carbines. The duration of a patrol varies from three to six hours, of which a portion is always spent in ambush. And on a cold, wild

winter's night an ambush in a wet ditch is no pleasant task. Many outrages, no doubt, have been prevented by the fear of those two or three dark, armed figures springing suddenly on the scene from their hiding-place, but too often the Intelligence Department of the Moonlighters is so well organized that they can carry on their cowardly work with probable impunity.

The comforts of a constable in barracks are not of the most luxurious order. His bed consists of a straw-filled palliasse on an iron bedstead, and the usual regulation coarse sheets and blankets. The day-room furniture consists merely of a table and forms, as in a soldiers' barrack. A sergeant has his own rooms, which he can furnish as he likes. The party at a barrack mess themselves, one of the men acting as messman for the period of a month. The food, though of course simple, is generally good, and the average cost of each man's messing is about £1 15s. monthly. It will thus be seen, when reading a little later of the pay and allowance of the force, that a constable, if thriftily inclined, can save a good deal of money.

The members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, as a rule, are very highly thought of by, and very popular with, the country people, notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary by politicians who wish it were otherwise. They are almost invariably addressed as "Sir" or "Mr.," and are welcome wherever they go. In times of disturbance, at the instigation of fanatic agitators, this good feeling towards the police is temporarily lessened, but on the withdrawal of the agitators pleasant relations are soon resumed. I should like some of the English Radicals, who represent the Irish constable as a bloodthirsty monster, armed with deadly weapons, going about dealing death and destruction, chiefly to women and children, to take a quiet walk with a patrol through any average district in Ireland, north, south, east, or west. I should like them to take this walk, observing everything accurately but saying nothing,—supposing such reticence possible in the English Radical. They would be astonished at the warm welcome the constables receive, and could not fail to be convinced that the respect with which they are treated is the result, not of fear but of the consistent high character of the force. But this is not the English Radical's way of gauging the relations between people and police in Ireland. He hurries to some place where agitation, carefully fomented previously by his Irish brother-politicians, is rife, and where it would be strange if, considering the language used by Nationalist Members of Parliament, any feeling save that of hatred were entertained towards the constabulary. Here he undoubtedly sees strained relations, which are solely the result of the action and speech of his Irish allies. He promptly accentuates this state of affairs by cheering for the Plan of Campaign, by singing—in imperfect tune and in an English accent—"God save Ireland," in the middle of the night, and by insulting the

police and the magistrates on every possible occasion. Perhaps in breaking the law he gets hurt by a baton, or subjects himself to three months' imprisonment. With this, as a rule, he is satisfied, and he goes back to his fellow Radicals to thrill them with blood-curdling details of what the police do and what the people suffer; and his own exploits bear a not unimportant part in the narration.

Discipline throughout the ranks of the constabulary is wonderfully good, more particularly considering the isolation of many of the stations. Intoxication is the offense which brings most grief to the constable, this generally occurring when he is engaged on some duty in contrast to his usual routine, and where he meets with unusual temptation. Cases of insubordination are rare, and when they do occur, generally arise out of some incompatibility of temper among the members of a party at a barrack. The "lawyer" is to be found, unfortunately, in this as well as in every other profession; and wherever he is stationed, he breeds discord and unpleasantness. Eventually, however, he is almost sure to come to grief and has to leave the force, having served just long enough probably to make him as useless in any other capacity as he was as a policeman. The most frequent offenses against discipline are of an unimportant character, such as overstaying leave for a short time, delay in returning off duty, neglect of duty in minor points, etc. When a member of the force has committed an offense against discipline, he is called on to "admit" or "deny" the charge. If he admits it he is dealt with accordingly, if he denies it he is tried by a Court of Inquiry, consisting of two officers of some standing, provided there is a *primâ facie* case against him. A district inspector is tried by two county inspectors, a sergeant or constable by two district inspectors. The court merely finds a verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty" on the sworn evidence. In no case does it award punishment; this is left to the inspector-general. A district inspector is punished by dismissal, reduction on the seniority list, or by an "unfavorable record" being put against his name. A head constable or sergeant is punished by dismissal, or an "unfavorable record," and a constable by dismissal, fine not exceeding £3, or an "unfavorable record."

The constable, unlike the officer, who can marry at once, has to serve seven years for his Leah; and he must then obtain authority to enter into matrimony,—a permission which is dependent on his character in the force. The married men are allowed to sleep out of barracks in the proportion of one married to four single. If they exceed this proportion, they are allowed the privilege by turns for periods of three months each.

In 1882, when the Ladies' Land League took up the work of the suppressed League, and carried it on with a delightfully feminine, reckless irresponsibility, some of the more advanced local branches

endeavored to boycott the Irish constable in the matter of the tender passion. The following resolution, well calculated to strike maiden and policeman with dismay, was to my own knowledge passed at full meeting and entered with due solemnity in the minute book of the League in a small town in the south of Ireland:

"Any member of the —— Ladies' Land League who shall be so degraded as to be seen speaking to, or as to allow herself to be courted by, a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, shall for such want of patriotism be immediately expelled from this society."

It was said at the time that the younger and prettier members of the branch failed to see why politics should interfere with love. Open disapproval would, however, have been dangerous, so the matter had to be accepted with mere tacit disgust. The acid patriotism of the secretary, a spinster shop-keeper of singular plainness, who probably had never had a tender nothing whispered in her ear, and the possession of a comfortable publican spouse by the dignified president, enabled them not only to resist, but put them probably in a position to be unassailed by temptation. But young, violet-eyed, soft-hearted Norah Coyle, with her mere hazy, undefined nationalism, could not so easily give up her handsome, stalwart constable-sweetheart. A stolen interview under the budding trees that were just beginning to thicken the evening spring duskiness of the unlit street, unfortunately discovered, led to her being offered up, a saddening example on the altar of patriotism. Poor girl! Brought up before a crowded meeting, her tremulousness and tears were of no avail. Her expulsion was proposed by the dignified president, seconded by the acid secretary in a speech of extra acidity, and passed with a fictitious unanimity by the shrinking members. Her epitaph is written in the minute book in the shape of the resolution for her expulsion.

It is a difficult matter to boycott Cupid, however, and the constabulary did not suffer very heavily.

I now come to a matter that will, perhaps, only interest my professional readers,—*i.e.*, the pay and allowances of the men and officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary. In dealing with this, I will begin with the lowest grade and go up the scale.

A recruit under six months' service is paid £39 per annum. A constable of over six months' and under four years' service, £54 12s.; over four and under seven years', £57 4s.; over seven and under nine years', £59 16s.; over nine and under twelve years', £62 8s.; over twelve and under fifteen years', £65; over fifteen and under twenty years', £67 12s.; over twenty years', £70 4s. An acting sergeant gets £72 16s. yearly; a sergeant of under four years' in that rank, £75 8s.; of four years and over, £80 12s. A head constable of under three

years' service in that rank is paid £91 per annum; of over three and under six years', £97 10s.; of over six years, £104.

The allowances, etc., of the non-commissioned officers and constables are as follows: Boot allowance, 2s. 2d. monthly per man; arms and straw allowance, for keeping the arms in repair and filling the palliasses with straw, 9d. per man monthly; lodging allowance for married men of over ten years' service, 4s. 4d. per month. On the other hand, there is a deduction from the single men of 4s. 4d. per man monthly for barrack accommodation.

For every night that a head constable is absent from his station on duty, he gets 4s. 6d. extra pay; and a sergeant or constable similarly absent gets 3s. 6d. A head constable is allowed 1s. 9d. when absent from his station for ten consecutive hours, except on the ordinary duties of his district, and 1s. 3d. for eight hours' absence. A sergeant or constable is similarly allowed 1s. 6d. and 1s. respectively. A head constable receives 1s. 3d. marching money for every eight miles marched on the same day when the place marched to is outside his own subdistrict; and a sergeant or constable receives 1s. under like circumstances. Each man receives an allowance for making up clothing, sufficient to cover the expense of having his uniform made by the tailor. There is also a fuel and light allowance granted to each station which covers the expenses incurred in this respect. There are special allowances granted to men in particular employments, which it is not worth while to go into. When a man travels by public conveyance he gets the actual expense that is incurred.

A third-class district inspector receives £125 pay per annum. His allowances are as follows per annum: Forage allowance, £50 for private horse, and 1s. 8d. per diem for cavalry horse; servant's allowance, £45; stationery allowance, £2; lodging allowance, £21 5s. 10d.; office allowance, where there is no room in barracks, £10; allowance for paying pensioners, 3d. per man per quarter; 15s. for every night spent away from his station on duty; 5s. for every consecutive ten hours' absence from his station, except on the ordinary duties of his district; 9d. per mile, where there is no public conveyance available, when he has traveled outside his own district and beyond a radius of twelve miles from his station.

A second-class district inspector receives £165 per annum for the first five years' service in that rank; afterwards £180. If in receipt of "good service pay," an extra emolument for special service rendered, he gets £12 per annum extra. His extra pay and allowances are the same as those of a third-class district inspector with the exception of the lodging allowance, which is £27 10s., increased after five years' service in the rank to £30.

A first-class district inspector of less than three years' service in that rank receives £225 per annum; of from three to six years', £250;

of from six to twelve years', £275; of twelve years' and over, £300. The "good service pay" of this rank is £30 per annum. The extra pay and allowances are similar to those of the lower ranks, except that his lodging allowance is £37 10s. per annum for the first three years' service in the first-class, and £40 annually after that.

A county inspector receives £350 for his first year's service in that rank. His pay is then increased yearly by £20 per annum until he has completed six years' service. The "good service pay" of the rank is £50 per annum, and the lodging allowance the same. He is allowed 9d. per mile for every mile traveled on duty outside a radius of six miles from his station. His stationery allowance is £8 per annum; office, fuel, and light allowance, £18 5s. per annum. His extra pay when absent from his station is the same as that of a district inspector, and his forage allowance ditto.

The commandant of the depot and the town inspector of Belfast each receive £600 a year, with various allowances very much similar to those of a county inspector.

The assistant inspectors-general receive £700; the deputy inspector-general, £1000; and the inspector-general, £1500 per annum. These officers are allowed £1 for each night's absence on duty, and the usual mileage.

Officers and men in the force become entitled to pensions on a scale laid down by acts of Parliament, after a certain number of years' service. Under the latest acts dealing with this subject the pensions are not so good, proportionately to the pay, as they used to be. Of late years the tendency has been to increase the pay and allowances and lessen the pension of members of the force, but on the whole no complaint can be made.

It has often been said that the Royal Irish Constabulary is too military in its constitution and character. If by this is meant that the men should not be armed, and should not live together in parties, I can understand the argument, though I do not admit its force. If it is allowed that the men should be armed, and for the proper preservation of the peace of the country should live in barracks, surely a military organization which teaches them the proper use of their weapons, and effectively enforces discipline, is requisite. It is contended that the military side of the constabulary life tends to destroy its efficiency as a police force, but I think this view is not supported by facts. There is, I believe, no police force in the world that is so intimately acquainted, theoretically, with its duties, and so capable of dealing efficiently with crime under its ordinary aspects. I have often heard former officers of the Irish Constabulary, who have left it to join some English police force, favorably contrast the intelligent knowledge of the Irish constable of his duties with that of his English brother-policeman; and I think that anybody who has lived in Ireland can bear testimony to the

ability, devotion, and fidelity which he brings to his police work. There is, I believe, an idea among some portion of the English public —an idea that the Nationalists have endeavored to spread—that the Irish constable spends most of his time in being drilled, but as a matter of fact, once he leaves the depot, his daily drill does not average ten minutes.

I will not enter into a technical description of the uniform of either officers or men. Officers wear a tunic with pouch belt, sword, etc., on their most important duties, and a patrol jacket on inspection and other duties about their districts. They wear a helmet with the tunic, and a forage cap with the patrol jacket; but on duty, where disturbance of the peace is apprehended, the helmet is worn with the patrol jacket, as it is some protection from the stones that fly on such occasions.

Speaking generally, the uniform of both officers and men resembles that of a rifle regiment, except that the officer's patrol jacket has five tags on it instead of braid.

In conclusion, I would remark that if a soldier was put in command of one of Her Majesty's ships, the navigation of the vessel would hardly be as efficiently conducted, notwithstanding the competency of his subordinates, as though a sailor was in authority. Similarly, if a sailor took command of a cavalry or infantry regiment, neither the regiment nor the public would look on such a state of affairs with much approval. There is a world of truth in the old saying, "Let every cobbler stick to his last." Yet up till quite recently the chief appointments in the Royal Irish Constabulary were given to soldiers, notwithstanding the fact that there were officers of the force, of capacity and experience, fully qualified to fill these posts, who had earned, too, their promotion by long and excellent service. Lately this anomaly has, to the great satisfaction of all ranks, been rectified. It has been conceded that the profession of a policeman is one that should stand, like others, by itself, and that a man who is intimately acquainted with all its details is more fitted to command a police force than a soldier whose experience has lain in quite a different direction. Not only is this the case in Ireland, but I have lately noticed that the same idea is spreading in England.

The present inspector-general of the Royal Irish Constabulary, Sir Andrew Reed, is a man who has always endeavored to impress on those under his command that the profession of a policeman stands by itself, and is useful and honorable. He himself has reached his present position from that of a cadet of the force. He is intimately acquainted with the force in every possible way. He is a striking testimony to the truth of what I assert, that the right man to command a police force is one who thoroughly knows by experience—that only really efficient teacher—the working of the organization to which he belongs. Disci-

pline was never better, duty never more efficiently performed, and the general character of the force never higher than under his sway. I trust that he will live long to enjoy his recently-earned, well-deserved honor of knighthood; and I am confident that under his command the Royal Irish Constabulary will maintain in the future the reputation for loyalty, fidelity, efficiency, and good conduct it has gained so honorably in the past.

"P. O. LISMAN."

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE bi-monthly publication of the *Military Service Institution* for July presents the usual well-selected reprints, translations, and military notes, in addition to five valuable original papers, the first of which, by Lieutenant Wagner, of the Sixth Infantry, upon the subject "An American War College," is of unusual importance and interest. It would seem, even to the non-military mind, to sum up in a masterly way the points of a much-discussed subject. There are many considerations involved in raising a school "from a kindergarten to a veritable war college," and each of these the writer meets and discusses in a satisfactory manner, while still preserving conciseness. After disposing of the question as to what should be done with the officers found deficient in their studies at the school, Lieutenant Wagner proceeds to say, "The name of each graduate of the school should be marked in the Army Register with a star, or with some other indication of his graduation. This seems particularly desirable in the case of officers promoted from the ranks or appointed from civil life. The letters 'M. A.' after the name of each graduate in the Army Register give some indication of his qualifications; but there is nothing to show whether an officer who enters the army through other gates than those of West Point is a man of the highest scholarly and literary attainments, or a man who merely knew enough to squeeze through the limited examination required for his appointment. Every officer who graduates at the Infantry and Cavalry School has a good military education; and it is nothing more than justice to him that the fact be known to all who see his name in the official list." After an urgent plea that the number of officers detailed from each regiment be increased, and giving cogent reasons therefor, he says, "A number of officers of the National Guard might be instructed at Fort Leavenworth, the details being apportioned throughout the United States according to population; or, better, perhaps, according to the strength of the organized militia of each State. The appointments of militia officers as student-officers at Fort Leavenworth should be made by the governors of the States, the appointments to hold good for two years, and to be made through the Secretary of War, as the appointment of cadets is now made by members of Congress. The States should make provision for the payment to each of their

student-officers, while at the school, of a salary equal to that of a second lieutenant in the regular service. Each officer of the National Guard, while on duty at the school, should wear the same uniform as a second lieutenant of the army, receive the same allowance of quarters, be entitled to the same obedience and respect, and be subject to the regulations of the school and the rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States. He should be unmarried, not less than twenty-one nor more than thirty years of age, and should be a graduate of some institution of learning of a grade not lower than a high school." In conclusion the article states, "But it is not too much to hope that the preparation of officers for the duties of war may yet be considered quite as important to the nation as the punishment of enlisted men for the misdemeanors of peace; and it is not, perhaps, extravagant to believe that the time will come when the seed planted at Fort Leavenworth will have grown into a great tree, and the honor of having established the Infantry and Cavalry School will be regarded as an additional leaf in the chaplet of the great man whose deeds include the March to the Sea and the masterly campaign in the mountains of Georgia."

Naval Constructor Hichborn's article upon wooden sheathing to carry copper has everywhere attracted attention, and has recently been translated for the *Revista Marittimo.*

The English *Army and Navy Gazette*, in a notice of the new edition of M. Edouard Durassier's "Aide-Mémoire de l'Officier de Marine," quotes from the preface: "A mere knowledge of the naval resources of one's own country, and the best mode to make use of them, is a very incomplete education for an officer. It is quite as important that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the strength of possible enemies. An enormous advantage is possessed by him who knows the weak as well as the strong points of his adversary; who knows how and when to strike, as well as the nature of the blows he has most to dread and avoid."

After noticing M. Durassier's list of ships of all nations, the *Gazette* goes on to say, "To the best of our belief, M. Durassier's manual is the only source whence any information as to the particulars of our" (the English) "torpedo boats can be obtained;" and then the journal proceeds to contrast their own sources of information with the French aide-mémoire.

"We cannot too urgently direct the attention of the British officer, be he naval or military, to this unrivaled account of the strong and weak points of the littoral of all European countries—except France. The depth of water, the soundings and shoals, the fortifications, with the number and calibre of their guns and the exact spots

where a landing of troops could most easily be effected, are all described with a minuteness of detail that leaves nothing to be desired, except, perhaps, in some cases that the detail should have been a little less minute. The information made public does the highest credit to the Intelligence Department of the French Admiralty; and if similar knowledge as to the coast defenses of that country—the only one omitted in the hand-book—is not speedily forthcoming from our own Intelligence Department,—why, it will redound precious little to its credit.

. . . "But it is probably the same old story,—the spirit of red tape and officialism that appears to pervade the individuality of everybody who sits long on an Admiralty stool. The Intelligence Department of the United States is bound by no such trammels, and, ever among the foremost in capable and valuable work, will not long allow American officers to be without a translation of M. Durassier's work, to which probably Captain Chadwick will supply the missing chapter about France."

While upon the subject of littoral defense, we may refer to Captain Sampson's paper in the last quarterly number of the *Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute*, entitled "An Outline of a Scheme for the Naval Defense of the Coast."

It is a professional paper of the first rank, published in a professional journal, but so written that every layman can understand it; and we think that the various chambers of commerce of our cities could not do better than to circulate Captain Sampson's views broadcast for the information and education of the people at large upon this most pressingly important subject.

Captain Sampson remarks, in his introduction to the subject, "In the matter of coast defense this nation has been for thirty years at a standstill, while others have been steadily advancing, so that now we find ourselves far in the rear. Thirty years ago the plans in progress for home defense were quite equal to those of any other nation, and though the numbers of our forts and ships were insufficient for the defense of our coast, both were in quality excellent. Our forts were of the most approved construction, some of them possibly upon too large a scale and unnecessarily expensive; while for our ships and their armament, they were without superior. The rebuilding of our navy has been slow, because the use of steel for naval ships is a new industry; but under the stimulus produced by the demands of the naval service, the capacity of our ship-yards, both public and private, will be rapidly increased, and production of material and experience in its use will quickly accumulate."

If our people could only be made to grasp the ideas contained in this paper, their representatives in Congress would be quickly roused

from their narrow-minded and selfish courses, and forced by their constituents to a consideration of this important subject.

When we consider that England has already decided to build, within the next four years, no less than ten additional battle-ships, forty-two cruisers, and eighteen torpedo gunboats, we see that our work in that direction is very trifling, especially as these vessels are to be added to a navy already the most powerful in the world. Eight of the battle-ships are to be of fourteen thousand tons' displacement, with a speed of nearly eighteen knots; while two are to be of nine thousand tons' displacement. This addition to the English fleet will cost one hundred and eight million dollars.

It is reported that the whole of the German cavalry is to have the lance, and (*a propos* of arms for mounted troops) an officer of rank in the Egyptian army writes to one of the French military journals, "As to the sabre usually carried by the European cavalry, we do not hesitate to condemn it *in toto;* it is just sufficiently curved to prevent one from using it by thrusting, and its thick blade is useless for cutting. It is only fit to give hard knocks, like a club, and, indeed, it is not as good as this latter weapon, being more fragile. . . . Whatever be the form of sword adopted, it ought to have the scabbard lined with wood, to prevent dulling of the blade; and there should be an entire change in the mode of carrying it. If the cavalryman loses his horse in battle, the long sword suspended from his waist prevents his full action on foot, and is of little use to him, either against a man who is mounted or a foot-soldier armed with musket and bayonet. The only arm, then, which is of real use to him is the revolver. We could wish that, in place of the sabre suspended from a waist-belt, it could be hung to the pommel, with the scabbard passing under the left stirrup-leather, after the manner of the Mexican rancheros."

Then, after comments upon the noise and inconvenience of the usual sabre and scabbard, especially when the latter is of metal, the writer goes on to say that with a carbine two hands and a well-trained horse are required to enable a mounted man to fire with effect. "This is not the case with the revolver, which the rider can use freely with one hand." "As the revolver is then the only arm upon which the cavalryman can rely when his horse is killed under him, the weapon should be carried at the waist, and not in any holster," etc.

Here, from a distant source, comes an adhesion to the views of Captain Hall, of the Fifth Cavalry, whose paper on "Revolver Shooting," in the *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association*, was alluded to in our notes for July.

In the midsummer number of that journal the revolver finds another vigorous advocate in the author of "The Pistol versus the Sabre for Light Artillery;" while, in "Cavalry War Lessons," Gen-

eral Rodenbough groups for his readers some of the most picturesque and thrilling encounters of that arm of the service, when Pleasonton, Buford, Gregg, and the devoted Farnsworth met Stuart, Fitz-Hugh Lee, and other gallant Confederates. Speaking of Buford, and his fight at Gettysburg, he says, "Yet Buford seems to have had no doubt as to the proper thing to do. He was the first Union general on the spot, and he recognized, as others did at a later moment, the natural advantages of the ground for defensive purposes, and made his arrangements to hold it. This spirit he imparted to his brigade commanders, and that night warned them that 'the enemy will attack in the morning.' As the Comte de Paris says, 'This first inspiration of a cavalry officer and a true soldier decided, in every respect, the fate of the campaign.' It was Buford who selected the battle-field where two armies were about to measure their strength."

One of the most interesting and important additions ever made to the British navy is the twin-screw steel torpedo-ship "Vulcan," which was launched at Portsmouth last summer. Though not the heaviest in tonnage, she is the largest vessel ever launched from a government dockyard. "She is intended to accompany a fleet to sea, and to carry a large equipment of torpedo-boats and their gear, mining and countermining stores, etc., and to form a floating workshop for the necessary repairs to such. She will carry, in addition to the usual ship's boats, no less than nine second-class torpedo-boats, some of which may be replaced when desired by special boats recently designed for mining and countermining work."

The British Admiralty is having made five of the latest pattern Maxim guns, to take the Martini-Henry cartridge; and, as soon as possible, they are to be tried on shipboard. If the authorities find that the new guns may be adopted without any fear of breaking down, it is intended to order two hundred and fifty of the automatic guns, and to eventually supersede, with them, all other machine-guns now in use in the British navy.

Last March a squad of the Third Dragoons, of the Russian army, under Sub-Lieutenant Olsène, was ordered from Moscow to Tver, and back, upon an experimental forced march. The account we have seen does not state whether they rode picked horses or not, but it does state that men and horses were in ordinary campaigning equipment. The first day they made forty-five kilometres, the second day fifty-nine, and the third day sixty kilometres. Passing the night at Tver, about ninety miles from Moscow, they started for the latter city again the next morning, making the distance in two marches,—the first day eighty-one kilometres, and the second day ninety-two kilometres, equivalent to three hundred and thirty-seven Russian *versts*.

The Russian cornet of cavalry, Assiéev, early last summer rode from the banks of the Dnieper to Paris in thirty-three days, a distance reported as two thousand six hundred kilometres. Cornet Assiéev belongs to the Twenty-sixth Regiment of Dragoons, and left Lubna (in the Department of Poltava) on the 29th of April, and arrived at Paris on May 31. He started with two horses, one belonging to the government, the other (a half-bred horse) his own property. He passed through Kiev, Limberg, Cracow, the north of Bohemia and Bavaria, Darmstadt, Treves, Luxembourg, Longwy, Montmédy, Reims, and so to Paris. At first he made fifty kilometres per day; but when he reached Austria and Germany he often made eighty kilometres, and in France he made from eighty to ninety per day. His last day he rode one hundred and ten kilometres.

He rode the horses alternately, and at different gaits during the day, and arrived at his destination in perfect health and his horses in good condition.

The *Esercito Italiano* gives an account of a forced march performed by the Tenth Regiment of Bersaglieri, stationed at Cremona, the object being to ascertain whether this regiment of rifles, camped at a distance of ten kilometres (or about six and one-half miles) from a supposed field of battle, could cover the distance in one hour. They marched without knapsacks, but ready for battle. This regiment covered the distance of eleven kilometres (about seven and one-sixth miles) in one hour and thirteen minutes, or at the rate of six and one-third miles per hour. After a halt of half an hour, the regiment returned home in an hour and a half, without a halt, thus covering the distance of twenty-one kilometres (or about fourteen miles) in about three hours. On the arrival of the regiment at Cremona the soldiers were in such perfect condition that they marched past at the double-quick without any effort.

Not long ago a trial of patrol dogs was held in Berlin, to test the safety and reliability of the conveyance of messages by these animals. The trials were made with six dogs, but besides these there were two bicyclists, for the purpose of ascertaining whether messages could be conveyed quicker by dogs or by cyclists. The latter were started first, and two minutes after the dogs were sent off, and were the first to reach their destination.

A few months ago there was inaugurated (at Syra, the great port of call of the Grecian Archipelago) a statue of the celebrated Admiral Miaoulis, who commanded the Greek navy in its famous struggle against the Turks. Miaoulis was originally buried at Piræus, near the monument to Themistocles, and many of our naval officers must have

seen his tomb. In Howe's "Revolution of Greece" it is stated that Miaoulis "commanded with such coolness, courage, and prudence that he became the terror of the Turks, and was so irreproachable in character that even in Greece, where the people are so suspicious of their leaders, no voice is ever raised against Miaoulis." In song and story he ranks among the people with Marco Bozzaris, although we have heard more of the latter on account of the spirited poem of Halleck's, which so many of us have spouted at school exhibitions.

A daily paper lately remarked that the large number of regular officers detailed to visit militia camps during the past summer, as inspectors, furnishes a proof of the closer relations between the professional and the citizen soldiery. The War Department desires to be called upon for this purpose, and, whatever the pressure of other duties, manages to find officers enough to supply all calls. It sends, too, thoroughly competent inspectors, whose suggestions on the spot will be valuable and whose elaborate reports will give the adjutant-general's office useful information while pointing out to the militia possible improvements. Occasionally, in a most rare exception, a difference of opinion arises, as in Connecticut a year or two ago, in regard to the functions of the army officer thus detailed; but the general sentiment is well illustrated by the words with which the Governor of Wisconsin recently announced the assignment of Captain Joseph Hale and Lieutenant Philip Reade, both of the Third Infantry, to duty in the Wisconsin encampments: "The assurance of a most cordial and fraternal welcome is tendered to these officers, and the hope is expressed that they may find their visits as pleasant to themselves as they are certain to be profitable to the guard." Such visits doubtless produce greater uniformity in the troops of the various States by bringing them nearer to the regulations and customs of a common model.

Colonel Sir William Butler, in his "Life of Charles George Gordon," says,—

"While Gordon was thus living obscurely at Gravesend, monotonously following the professional routine of service at home, but finding in the labor which his work among the poor imposed upon him material and occupation for the employment of his wonderful energy, the world had emerged from two great phases of strife,—the war between the Northern and Southern States of America, and the war of Germany against France. From each of these wars, so different in their causes, their courses, and their consequences, two vast forces had come to life, both utterly unforeseen by the specialists in politics, and both big with consequences to the future, the extent of which no man can even yet guess. In the Old World and in the New two immense military powers had suddenly made themselves apparent,—one despotic,

the other democratic; one stretching across Europe from the North Sea to the Adriatic, the other touching the Atlantic and the Pacific; both bent on consolidating and securing themselves; and both conscious of possessing a reserved strength which was equally based upon the acknowledgment that the first fruit of the earth belonged to the peasant.

"But although the final effect upon the world of these two great powers still remains to be discovered, the immediate lesson taught by them was easy enough to read. When Cromwell uttered his famous formula of war, 'Trust in God and safe-keeping of powder,' the safe-keeping of the peasant was an axiom of statecraft equally accepted. It needed not to be spoken; but when the new dispensation arose, and that division of a nation's labor was made which Mr. Ruskin has defined as 'the brave men fighting and the cowards thinking,' the old foundations of the peasant and the plow, upon which prince, peer, Parliament, and people all rest, became lost, and as these old-world truths sank out of sight, so there arose the idea that the soldier's part was to be a fighting one and nothing more. It was to scrape clear the old foundations again, to tear away the weeds and rubbish of two centuries of chatter and chaffer, that the moral of the great slaving-fight in America and the great territorial fight in Europe pointed. True, there were in these conflicts wonderful revelations of new powers of destruction, new tactics in the battle-field, new possibilities of numbers, and new developments of organization; but above and below all there lay the old, old fact of leadership and serviceship, the captain who was a thinker as well as a fighter, the soldier who was a tiller of the soil before he was a killer of men.

"How we in England learned the lesson of these two wars may best be judged from the present position of the population of England, about eighty per cent. of which is resident in cities; and from the other fact that shortly after the conclusion of the second war, and while we were apparently much in earnest about reorganizing our military strength, the most active spirit of our times,—the man possessing the largest share of leadership, who had alike shown extraordinary aptitude for cool calculation and for daring; the man whose human sympathies, keenly alive to the wants of every class in the national scale below him, and nobly honest and straight in his dealings with those above him, made him indisputably the national sheet-anchor in times of danger,—this man was permitted to bury himself, in very weariness of that feeling which he himself described as 'being chained to the barrack square, seeing if the men's belts and gloves were well pipe-clayed,' in the most distant depths of a savage continent, his life for six years to become the chance of every accident which climate, treachery, or hostile natives might bring about."

The last entry in Gordon's journal, at Khartoum, December 14,

1884, was, "I am quite happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty."

Silent manœuvres have been practiced by the Russian cavalry for some time, and they are now made obligatory by regulation. They are practiced exclusively for marchings and changes of direction during a march. To call attention, the commanding officer of the battalion raises his sabre at arm's length above his head, and then, by fixed signs, indicates the direction, the gait, change of direction, deployment, etc.

A correspondent of the *Revue du Cercle Militaire* writes from Constantinople, "The cadets of the superior military school have finished their graduating examinations, and ninety-nine have been admitted to the army,—viz., thirteen to the staff, sixty-six to the infantry, and twenty to the cavalry. At the same time twenty have passed the special school for engineers."

In Turkey military education is commenced at an early age, often as young as twelve years. A young Ottoman who desires to embrace the career of arms spends seven years in the preparatory military schools, of which there are many throughout the empire. Then he passes to the War School at Constantinople, where he spends two years, coming thence with the grade of lieutenant, either in the cavalry or infantry. Those who wish to enter the staff corps remain at the War School two years longer, from which, if successful, they emerge with the grade of captain. Those who prefer the artillery or "génie" have to then spend two more years at the Engineers' School.

The War School has five buildings at Pancaldi, above Pera, and was reorganized by French officers during the reign of Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid. It has suffered little change since that time. The young cadets study hard, and are said to be quick and retentive, comparing favorably, for zeal, intelligence, and acquirements, with any cadets. Some are sent to Germany to complete their studies, but this is not due to any excellence in standing at the War School, but to Imperial favor. Formerly such cadets were sent to France, but of late years Germany is the fashion.

The most prominent of the *muchirs*, or marshals, of the Ottoman army, to whom the chief commands would fall in case of war,—such as Ghazi Ahmed Mouktar Pacha, Ghazi Osman Pacha, Redjeb Pacha, Ahmed Eyoub Pacha, Tewfik Pacha, and others,—are all graduates of the Turkish War School.

Unfortunately, the graduates of this school form a small minority in the Ottoman army, where most of the officers have risen from the ranks; and, although devotedly brave and excellent men, it is not uncommon to find even general officers of this class who cannot read or write.

Everything relating to the Samoan Islands has interest for us now, and we may therefore allude to a ceremony which took place at Brest in June last, being the solemn reinterment of the remains of the Chevalier de Langle, who commanded the "Astrolabe" in La Pérouse's expedition, and who was killed by the natives of Manoa, in the Samoan group, in December, 1787. The military, naval, and ecclesiastical authorities united in a grand function; the remains being deposited in a vault near the grand altar of the Church of St. Louis, with the following inscription:

"Here repose the remains of Chevalier Paul-Antoine-Marie de Fleuriot de Langle, Captain in the Royal Navy, Chevalier of the royal military order of St. Louis, Chevalier of the order of the Cincinnati of the United States, member of the Royal Marine Academy of Brest, commandant of the Frigate 'Astrolabe' in the voyage of discovery commanded by the illustrious La Pérouse. He was killed on the 11th of December, 1787, by the natives of the Samoan Islands. His remains were discovered, after the lapse of a century, by the efforts of Monsignor Vidal, a missionary in the Islands, and were brought home by order of His Excellency Vice-Admiral Krantz, Minister of Marine. His grandchildren have erected this tomb in 1889."

In the *Overland Monthly* for August there is a most delightful article upon "The Gentle Apache," by A. G. Tassin, which places them in an entirely different light from that we usually receive from those who know them. The writer had command of twenty-five "stalwart bucks," principally Sierra Blancas, and made a lengthened scout, primarily to hunt "Old Ju," a Chiricahua marauder, and secondly, to hunt relics of the occupation of the land by the mysterious race which preceded the Apaches. He had some rare experiences, and found much that was valuable in the eyes of the learned men of the Smithsonian. But he did not find "Old Ju," for the reason that "Zig-win," his first sergeant, happened to be a brother-in-law of that redoubted chief, as the writer discovered long after his return from his unsuccessful scout.

The *Reichswehr* states that in Germany the number of recruits which each locality has to furnish to the army and navy is fixed, not by the number of the male population which has the legal age for military service, but is based upon the number of the whole population. The proportion which exists between these two numbers is very variable, and results in considerable differences in the blood-tax which has to be borne by different regions of the empire. Thus, for every one thousand men of ages from twenty to thirty there are drawn in Westphalia thirty-eight recruits annually; in the Rhenish provinces, thirty-nine; in Hanover, forty-one; and in Silesia, fifty-two. These figures are the average resulting from the comparison of the last ten years,

and prove that the weight of military service falls heaviest upon the poorest provinces.

An English service journal says, "Prussian officers intending to visit the Paris Exhibition have been requested to send in their names to their respective colonels, and have received some very precise instructions as to their behavior while in the French capital. The object of this is to prevent the said officers from getting into scrapes or quarrels while in Paris. Under Count Munster's directions a manual has been drawn up giving the officers a list of the hotels, restaurants, places of amusement, and money-changers' offices which they may patronize, and all places not mentioned in this list are to be avoided. Every officer on coming to Paris is to report himself at the embassy and state his place of residence, and he is not to change his residence without giving notice to the embassy. In general, the officers below the rank of major will not be allowed to remain in Paris more than one week unless employed in special investigations; and it is requested that officers will not travel and alight at the same hotel in parties of more than two. A strict recommendation has been added that no officer shall remain in any café or restaurant after midnight. These are sensible regulations, considering how easy it might be for some of the young hot-bloods of the Prussian army to get into scrapes in Paris."

We cannot say that England is not warned against the designs of Russia in the East when we read the following extracts from an article translated for *Colburn's Magazine*, from the Russian of Major-General Sobolev, which traces the development of the policy of Russia in Central Asia since the Crimean War, and thence coming down to the comparatively recent war between Russia and Turkey. It says, "Russia was exhausted by the war, but she emerged from it victorious. Turkey was terribly weakened, and her secret allies availed themselves of this weakness with a readiness of mind seldom seen; Austria took Bosnia and Herzegovina, whilst England seized Cyprus, and subsequently possessed herself of Egypt. The Russian government deliberated, definitely and with due discrimination, on the subject of England's relations with us, and lost no time in taking a series of resolute measures in the direction of Central Asia. . . . Merv, about the inviolability of which the English had taken such trouble, voluntarily surrendered to the Emperor of Russia in 1884. The echo of the Russian victories reverberated throughout India, and the population of the peninsula transmitted from mouth to mouth reports of the might of the White Tsar. The prestige of the British rule suffered a great shock, and the English were seriously alarmed." . . . "The first of these measures was the construction of a railway from the Caspian Sea to Merv, Bokhara, and Samarcand. This is the beginning of the end, and the end evidently consists in the future campaign of the Russian troops in India." . . .

"History teaches us that the greater part of the enterprises which had the conquest of India for their object were crowned with success. History unfolds to us the causes that led those expeditions to such results. What has been repeated periodically, almost from century to century, in the course of two thousand years, cannot be otherwise than repeated on the occasion of a new enterprise by a mighty military power. From history we learn, too, that the people which was in stable possession of Central Asia, and at the head of which stood a resolute monarch, in command of well-organized troops, could not withstand the temptation of visiting India. . . . Cyrus, Darius, Alexander, Uguz-Khan, Arshak, Nushirvan, Mahmoud of Ghazni. Mahomet Guri, Genghis-Khan, Tamerlane, Baber, Nadir-Shah,—there we have the names of those leaders of men who successfully availed themselves of the strategical position in Central Asia, and did not hesitate to make their way through Afghanistan, and over the mountain ranges that guard India on the northwest and west." . . . "The stronger Russia is in Central Asia, so much weaker will the English authority be in India, and so much more accommodating will they be in Europe." "Our forward movement in the direction of India is being accomplished slowly, unlike the rushing torrents as the Asiatic peoples advanced; but, on the other hand, it is more deliberate, more stable. This movement is accelerated by the British themselves; they seem to push us on and hurry us. The approach of the Russian might on India, as has been said, may easily end in an open conflict between ourselves and England, a conflict extremely dangerous to the latter. If, by the good sense of the governments, this conflict be averted, another danger may be in store for the English,—a rising in the country, or even disorder in her Indian army. The inhabitants of India, dissatisfied with the British rule, look hopefully at the approach of the Russians, as is testified by the English themselves. They desire this approach, seeing in it one of the means of freeing themselves from the heavy foreign tutelage. It is, of course, no affair of ours to disabuse them. On the contrary, it is to our advantage to encourage them in this frame of mind, which is so full of danger for our rivals. The English are too eager to show their hatred of Russia, and the population of India, almost to a man, knows that England and Russia are both preparing for the great struggle." . . . "We suppose that the establishment of amicable relations between Great Britain and Russia is only possible by means of a sincere agreement based on mutual advantages. In return for the guarantee of the British possessions in India depending, in many respects, on Russia, the latter is entitled to demand the guarantee of the Black Sea. In this sense alone is a settled understanding possible; outside of this understanding, England will be in constant danger of having India wrested from her."

EDWARD SHIPPEN,
Medical Director U.S.N.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

"THE UNITED SERVICE" for September (Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.) contains a valuable article on "Army Reform," by Major W. H. Powell, U.S.A.; a well-written, sensible, and thoroughly well-seasoned paper on "Our Naval Policy," by Lieutenant Richard Wainwright, U.S.N.; and the continuation of an interesting account of our "Old Uniforms," by Lieutenant H. D. Smith, of the Revenue Marine Service. Major Powell's article is full of good ideas and sound suggestions.—*New York Tribune*, August 21.

The Mercantile Ship-Building of the World.

(*From London Nautical Magazine.*)

IN a recent issue,[1] when reviewing the "Mercantile Ship-Owning of the World," we promised to perform a similar duty in connection with the ship-building industry, and this we now do with the assistance of statistical tables that have been specially compiled from the two last annual issues of the *Universal Register*, published by the Committee of "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping." In all the tables the tonnage given is, in the case of sailing-vessels, the net register, and in that of steam-vessels the gross register, vessels under 100 tons being excluded. As in our limited space we can only point out some of the more salient points, our readers will find some additional interest in comparing the figures herein given with those in an article on the same subject in the August (1887) number of the *Nautical Magazine*.[2]

[1] June, 1889, *Nautical Magazine*, pp. 445–457.

[2] *Nautical Magazine*, vol. lvi. pp. 662–669.

TABLE I.

Showing the Aggregate Number and Tonnage of all Vessels built in the respective Countries enumerated during the years 1887–1888.

	1887.		1888.	
	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom	329	477,107	484	776,993
United States	68	38,673	73	38,198
Germany	27	23,111	37	39,994
British colonies	39	12,220	68	17,106
France	12	10,251	14	10,721
Russia	14	3,432	7	1,713
Sweden	13	3,095	15	4,068
Denmark	5	2,485	5	5,721
Norway	6	2,328	19	11,433
Greece	9	2,253	15	3,086
Italy	9	1,252	8	1,798
Netherlands	2	717	3	5,156
Austria	2	570	5	5,038
Other countries	4	2,285	12	5,478
Totals	539	579,779	765	926,523

Our first table shows the total number and tonnage of all vessels built in the various countries of the world of and over 100 tons during the years 1887 and 1888. It is of some importance to be able to gauge accurately the actual increase in *mercantile* shipping, due to the construction of a new tonnage; and we find, from the foregoing table, that no less than 765 vessels of 926,523 tons were built during the past year,—an increase, as compared with the previous year (1887), of 226 vessels and 346,744 tons. As has already been seen, this result is far in excess of the requirements of the world, due to the loss, breaking up, etc., of vessels, only 563,941 tons being removed from the various national registers of merchant navies, while 926,523 tons of new vessels were constructed in 1888. We refrain from any comment, at this time, on this comparison. A satisfactory feature in these ship-building returns, from a national point of view, is the large proportion of tonnage that is constructed in the United Kingdom. In 1885 the percentage of tonnage built by home ship-builders was 72.01 of the entire output of the world. The following year there was a slight retrogression to 70.98 per cent., while

in the year 1887 there was a marked advance to 82.29 per cent., which was fully sustained last year, despite the great activity of ship-builders, which might have caused orders to be placed abroad, the percentage rising to 83.86. Germany, which promised in 1886 to be a competitor of some moment, had a relatively small output in the year 1887, and even during last year its output of 39,994 tons falls short of that of the year 1886, when German ship-builders constructed 48,778 tons. The United States of America, on the other hand, has not had such great fluctuations, although it has failed to share in the increased activity, the outputs of the last two years both falling short of that of the year 1885.

In the British colonies ship-building cannot be said to be flourishing. With the decadence of timber-built vessels, there has not been a corresponding development in iron and steel ship-building. Possibly the time will come, but the greater cost of labor in partially-developed and virgin countries militates against success in manufactures. It may be interesting to see at a glance the fluctuation of the tonnage constructed in British colonies during the last four years:

In 1885	there were	34,946	tons.
" 1886	"	25,705	"
" 1887	"	12,220	"
" 1888	"	17,106	"

Despite the bounties on French-built tonnage, and on vessels owned in that country, ship-building across the Channel can only be described as languishing, the results of both 1887 and 1888 conjointly falling short of the tonnage constructed (24,162 tons) in 1885. Norway has indeed surpassed France during the last year, and stands fifth on the list of ship-building countries for extent of work accomplished in 1888. There has evidently been a great revival in this northern country's ship-yards, as its output in 1887 only entitled it to the ninth position. Austria, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Greece, Italy, and minor ship-building countries, all had greater activity in ship-building in 1888 than in the previous year, Russia alone showing a falling off.

TABLE II.

Showing the Number and Tonnage of Steam-Vessels in the various Countries built during the years 1887 *and* 1888.

	1887.		1888.	
	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom	268	406,112	422	699,613
United States	26	18,711	28	15,496
Germany	19	15,029	33	33,834
France	7	9,225	10	9,623
Sweden	11	2,381	11	2,973
Denmark	3	1,829	4	5,502
British colonies	8	1,421	18	4,865
Austria	1	470	3	4,318
Norway	1	419	4	2,742
Netherlands	1	321	2	4,149
Italy	...	.....	3	1,095
Russia	...	.....	2	630
Other countries	1	1,753	8	3,815
Totals	346	457,671	548	788,655

The great bulk of the increased activity in the construction of sea-going vessels during last year was due to the demand for steam-tonnage. Out of the aggregate increase in tonnage built of 346,744 tons, no less than 330,984 tons was absorbed by steam-propelled vessels, and, as might be reasonably anticipated, seeing the premier position that the United Kingdom occupies as "the ship-building country," the greater part of this increase, viz., 293,501 tons, was contributed by its ship-builders. It would appear as though the remarks on foreign competition in our previous article[3] had borne fruit. It was then our unpleasant task to note that whereas in the year 1885 the United Kingdom ship-builders constructed 78.9 per cent. of the total steam-tonnage of the year, in 1886 they only built 76.69 per cent. In the following years there has been a marked improvement in this respect, the corresponding figures for 1887 being 88.73 per cent., and for the last year 88.7 per cent.

The increased use of mechanical appliances of the latest and most improved designs has no doubt largely assisted our ship-builders in making good lost ground, and it is to be hoped that in the future they will never be found lacking in this respect. In individual instances there is still room for improvement. All ship-builders have not adopted the many labor-saving tools and appliances that may be advantageously employed, but it is a noteworthy fact that those

[3] August, 1887, vol. lvi. pp. 65, 678–679.

who show the most enterprise in this respect have secured the greatest shares in the present activity. It is also noteworthy that we owe a large proportion of the work accomplished in the ship-building establishments of Great Britain and Ireland to foreign orders. British ship-owners have not been alone in increasing their fleets. During the year 1888 there were 67 steam-vessels, of 110,908 tons, constructed of steel, for ship-owners abroad, and nine iron steam-vessels of 9662 tons, or an aggregate of 88 steam-vessels of 138,935 tons. Germany is in reality the second ship-building nation of the world, although its output fluctuates. The great increase for the past year, shown in Table II., shows that last year there was more than twice the steam-tonnage constructed in Germany than in the immediately preceding year. The ship-builders of that country also succeed in obtaining outside orders, having built steel steamers in 1888 for Denmark, Russia, and Brazil. Surely, however, British ship-builders can compete with them in any market, and if they only looked as keenly after new markets as their rivals, German competitors would be compelled to restrict their operations to building vessels for owners of their own nationality. Evidently modern ship-building is, under present circumstances, not destined to flourish in the United States of America. The same policy that cripples its ship-owning dwarfs its ship-building, and in a year of great activity it has to report a decrease in its output of steam-tonnage. Our neighbor, France, is scarcely in a better position. Sweden is practically stationary, in comparing the last two years, and actually has retrograded, if the figures of 1886 are taken as a basis, when 12 steam-vessels of 4596 tons were constructed in that country. The remaining countries relatively show considerable increases, and it is somewhat remarkable to find Denmark building an iron screw-steamer for German owners. Sweden also built two steel steamers to Russian orders, and France one steel steamer for South American owners. Even the United States of America found one outside customer, building a wooden screw-steamer for Hawaii. Before leaving Table II. it may be interesting to point out the average tonnage (gross register) of steamers built during the last two years,—in the whole world and in the United Kingdom. In 1887 the average tonnage for all steam-vessels was 1822 tons; in 1888 it rose to 1439 tons, an increase of 117 tons. In the United Kingdom the average steam-vessel constructed was, in the earlier year, 1515 tons, and in the latter 1657, an increase of 142 tons.

TABLE III.

Showing the Number and Tonnage of Sailing-Vessels in the various Countries built during the years 1887 *and* 1888.

	1887.		1888.	
	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom	61	70,995	62	77,380
United States	42	19,962	45	22,702
British colonies	31	10,799	50	12,241
Germany	8	8,082	4	6,160
Russia	14	3,432	5	1,083
Greece	9	2,253	15	3,086
Norway	5	1,909	15	8,691
Italy	9	1,252	5	703
France	5	1,026	4	1,098
Sweden	2	714	4	1,115
Denmark	2	656	1	219
Netherlands	1	396	1	1,007
Austria	1	100	2	720
Other countries	3	532	4	1,663
Totals	193	122,108	217	137,868

It will be seen from the above table that, as compared with the previous year, there was an increase of 24 sailing-vessels and 15,760 tons constructed in the year 1888. This is a change, although scarcely to be called decided, as compared with preceding years. In 1885 there were 354 sailing-vessels of 288,177 tons built in the world, in 1886, 269 sailing-vessels of 205,526 tons, so that it will be seen that the results of last year, 217 sailing-vessels of 137,868 tons, fall far short of the returns of two and three years ago. Less than half of the increased tonnage was contributed by ship-builders in the United Kingdom; Norway even had a greater increase, doubtless owing to the construction of a number of wooden vessels. The United States of America and the British colonies absorb a large proportion of the remainder, while Germany, Russia, Italy, and Denmark have decreased outputs in this department. Of the sailing-vessels constructed in the United Kingdom

three iron and nine steel vessels of 18,365 aggregate net tons were built for foreign ship-owners. Austria built one wooden sailing-vessel for Greece, and Japan another for a British colony.

The average tonnage of sailing-vessels is less in the two last years than in the preceding period. In 1885 it was 814 tons; the next year it fell to 764 tons, and in 1887 to 682 tons, rising but slightly last year to 685 tons. The corresponding figures for sailing-vessels built in the United Kingdom are as follows:

1885	1307 tons.
1886	1378 "
1887	1163 "
1888	1248 "

TABLE IV.

Showing the Materials of which the Sailing-Vessels and Steam-Vessels were built in the years 1887–1888.

	1887.		1888.	
	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.
Iron	121	109,326	106	75,382
Steel	259	418,701	451	780,496
Wood	154	50,684	203	68,300
Composite	5	968	5	2,345
Totals	539	579,779	765	926,523

There are two striking features in this table: first and most important, the large proportion of steel-built tonnage; and next, the relatively large increase in timber-built vessels. The adoption in mercantile vessels of the modern material known as mild steel may be said to date from the year 1879, and at the end of ten years upward of four-fifths of the vessels built in twelve months are constructed of it in preference to all other materials. In 1885 only 30.3 per cent. of the tonnage built in that year was constructed of steel. In the following year the proportion rose to 45.4 per cent., and in the year 1887, with a bound to 72.2 per cent. Last year's statistics reveal a further advance to 84.2 per cent., but it remains to be seen if, with its drawbacks of increased liability to corrosion, mild steel will continue to hold the high position it has attained as a material for ship-building and boiler-making. Possibly it may only give place to a more perfect material, which will combine with its great ductility and high tensile strength practical immunity from corrosion. As it is, we would not be surprised if some reaction in favor of iron were to set in. Not a few ship-owners are beginning to doubt the wisdom of using mild steel now that the requirements of "Lloyd's Register" have been made more stringent. Some cases of inherent weakness of hulls, due partially to the reduction of scantlings, have also been revealed. It may be of interest to know that the adoption of steel in ship-building is not by any means confined to the United Kingdom. Every ship-building country enumerated in our tables, save Greece and Italy, participated in its use. In Germany, out of 87 vessels of 39,994 tons, 31 vessels of 36,289 tons were built of mild steel, and in the United Kingdom 395 vessels of 713,705 tons, or over 90 per cent. of the total home tonnage built. France stands third on the list as a steel ship-building country, having constructed eight steamers of 9295 tons of the modern material. Denmark ranks fourth, with three steamers of 4868 tons; Austro-Hungary fifth, with two vessels of 4522 tons; and the United States sixth, with two vessels of 4208 tons. As already indicated, the following countries also contribute their quota to the steel-built tonnage of 1888,—viz., Holland, Sweden, a British colony, Russia, and Norway. Under the head of other countries, one steel steamer of 1764 tons is also recorded. The great relative increase of wood ship-building has been mentioned. From Table V. it will be seen about one-fifth of the timber-built tonnage is accounted for by steam-vessels:

TABLE V.

Showing the Materials of which Sailing-Vessels and Steam-Vessels were respectively constructed during 1888.

	Sailing-Vessels.		Steam-Vessels.	
	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.
Iron	18	24,359	88	51,023
Steel	43	58,944	408	721,552
Wood	155	54,310	48	13,990
Composite	1	255	4	2,090
Totals	217	137,868	548	788,655

The larger number of these 25 steam-vessels of 8421 tons were constructed in the United States of America, 16 of 3518 tons in British colonies, and in unenu-

merated countries, 7 steam-vessels of 2051 tons. The building of wooden sailing-vessels was more widely distributed. The United States of America again heads the list with 22,702 tons; the British colonies are second with 10,992 tons, Norway third with 8691 tons, Greece fourth with 3086 tons, Germany fifth with 1663 tons, the United Kingdom sixth, there having been only 9 sailing-vessels of 1282 tons built of wood by home ship-builders during last year, —*i.e.*, over 100 tons net register. The remaining countries stand in the following order,—viz., France, Russia, Sweden, Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Denmark. In other countries, 4 sailing-vessels of 1663 tons were constructed of wood. The distribution of iron ship-building continues to be general, the United Kingdom, however, largely distancing all other countries with 78 vessels of 60,486 tons, fourteen of which were sailing-vessels, the United States of America standing second with only 1 steam-vessel of 2867 tons. These analyses of the respective countries and the materials employed in ship construction emphasize the fact that the ship-building of the American continent relies almost solely upon timber as the staple material; if it were not plentiful and of low value the United States and British North American ship-building would be practically *non est*. Greece is the only enumerated country in which no iron vessels were built last year, timber being the only material used.

A few lines will suffice for composite ship-building. In the United Kingdom there were 2 steamers of 1520 tons constructed on this system; in Sweden 2 vessels of 439 tons; and in a British colony 1 steamer of 886 tons.

In drawing this article to a close, while it is eminently satisfactory to have to record such great activity in ship-building as is evidenced by the foregoing tables, remembering to what a great extent it means better times for masters and workmen, still, as there is a silver lining to every cloud, so there is a background to every picture, and a skeleton in every cupboard. The activity of last year is being, we believe, eclipsed by that of the current one, and what does this mean? We leave our readers to say, having no desire to be ranked as pure pessimists. It would, however, conduce to the general welfare if prosperity did not come in leaps and bounds. It leads to so much improvidence, more or less in all classes, although we fear most of all among the hardy toilers in our ship-building yards, engine-shops, iron- and steel-works, etc. Would that every one would remember to provide for a rainy day! Unfortunately, both those who depend upon capital and upon labor are slow to learn this important lesson.

An English sailor was one of a detachment sent on shore on the storming of a fortified place, to assist the artillery. They were in turn covered by a body of grenadiers. Jack saw one of these fall, left his gun, and examined the body. Finding no life in it, he exclaimed that he would take the dead man's place, and forthwith seized his gun and accoutrements, and, lying down in his place, commenced firing at the enemy. He discharged his piece six times, each time bringing down his man. Finally he was wounded and carried on board of the hospital ship to have his leg amputated. He was then told that he would be tried for deserting his post and taking upon himself duty beyond his orders. "But, your honor," said he, "I killed six of them." "That may be, but you fled from your quarters." "Then, please your honor," said Jack to his captain, "forgive me this once, and I will kill no more of them."

At the battle of Camperdown an English marine named Covey had both legs shot off, and it became necessary to amputate still higher. Upon being told that this would probably finish him, he said, "Well, never mind; I've lost my legs, to be sure, and, mayhap, may lose my life; but we have beat the Dutch, my boy, we have beat the Dutch; this blessed day my legs have been shot off, so I'll have another cheer for it! Huzza! huzza!" He recovered, and lived many years after this.

The Ogre of the Nineteenth Century —A Fable for the Times.

I.

In the olden days of wild romance,
As antique legends tell,
Of the evil-eye and the witches' dance
And the midnight tolling bell,
When the were-wolf howled in the forest shades,
And ghastly hunters swept the glades,
And elf-rings marked the dell
Where swarmed the spiteful fairy folk,
Plotting beneath enchanted oak
Some mischief-breeding spell;
When malice alone could tempt to roam
From his cavern haunts the goblin gnome
From treasures guarded well,
And slimy, hideous shapes were seen
Where mermaids combed their tresses green,
Rocked on the billows' swell;
When the bravest trembled if he found
His bewildered feet on enchanted ground,
Like the death-doomed in his cell;
When darkness and terror ruled the land,
And fierce wild passions gave command,
As antique legends tell;
Then giant ogre castles stood
In the dim forest solitude,
Or desert stern and gray,
Or perched like fortress on the rocks,
Defying storm and earthquake shocks,
Or frowned o'er the grand highway,
With snares well set and an eager eye
To mark the unwary passer-by
And seize him for his prey.

Alas! for the maiden gathering flowers,
Tempted to enter his fairy bowers;
Or child in sportive glee,
Lured by the gilded butterfly,
Where his nets in cunning ambush lie,
Hidden so warily.
Alas! for the gallant hunter bold,
The pilgrim weary, faint, or cold,
Chance led to wander near.
The pitiless ogre, fierce and grim,
Seized and fettered them limb to limb,
And thrust in his dungeon drear.

These are the tales so wild and fell
That fanciful antique legends tell.

II.

Now light has flooded land and main,
There dawns a brighter day;
Blind Superstition, with all her train,
Has cowering fled away.
Still the ogre lives, his castles rise
With turrets towering to the skies
As proudly now as then;
But open wide the deep-arched gate,
He dwells in hospitable state,
Not crouching in his den
Like spider grim the livelong day,
Patiently waiting heedless prey;
Policy obsolete,
When harnessed lightning vies with steam,
And pompous pretense marks a scheme
That with success would meet.

He grasps the spirit of the age
And moulds it to his will,
Like heartless Magian calm and sage,
With philosophic skill;
Spreads his iron nets from shore to shore
Then waves his wand of magic power,
Dark and malignant still.
Tumultuous frenzy fires the crowd,
With shouts of admiration loud
All rush in frantic haste,
Eager to join his swelling train,
Each muscle to the utmost strain,
Some vaguely destined point to gain,
Wild at a moment's waste.

The ogre passes through the land
Like sovereign prince with escort grand,
Throned on a coach of state;
His panoply of gorgeous sheen;
Such infernal splendors ne'er were seen
As now on the ogre wait.
O'er his lines with lightning's speed and wrath,
Crushing through all that obstructs his path,
Sweeps his relentless way,
As heathen Juggernaut heedless rolls,
Rapacious, making bodies and souls
His unresisting prey.

One by one the victims meet their doom,
Till the demon fancies a hecatomb;
One unearthly shock and then
A terrific crash, a mighty bound,
And the slaughtered victims strew the ground,
Lifeless and mangled men.—

The heir, the pauper, the clown, the sage,
Infancy helpless and hoary age,
  The subtle and scheming brain,
Beauty and worth and wisdom, pass
To inglorious death a mingled mass,
  A motley heap of slain.

The monster views his work awhile
With grim, complacent, satiate smile,
  Then crawls into his den,
Bruised and disabled from the fray,
To nurse his wounds till the coming day.
  And a band of stalwart men—
While widows and orphans wail the slain—
Essay his crippled limbs to chain.
  Oh, shame, what mockery!
For lo! he rouses fresh at morn,
Bursts the weak bonds with grin of scorn
  And fierce derisive glee,
Sounds his defiant whistle shrill,
And on his way more fiendish still
  Rushes triumphantly.

O Law! where is thy boasted might?
  Is it but idle breath?
Will the stern majesty of Right
  Bow terror-struck to Death?
Wild fascination rules the hour,
Still sways the dark enchanter's power,—
  All ranks from high to low.
The ogre spirit o'er all is rife,
Strange recklessness of precious life
  One only can bestow.
Secure in power with pride elate,
Rules the inexorable fate,
  Pliant and willing slaves;
Like whirlwind marks his way in wrath,
Strewing wild horror on his path,
  Filling the earth with graves.
Oh, when shall Sorrow's voice be heard,
And the people speak a mighty word,
  Now heedless, dumb, and still?
Where shall the chivalrous knight be found
Who shall lead the ogre firmly bound
  Subdued to work his will? V.

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THE UNITED SERVICE

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NEW SERIES.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Soldier or Granger? By WILLIAM H. POWELL, Major U.S.A.	445
II.	The United States Revenue Cutter Service. By H. D. SMITH, First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service	454
III.	An Incident of Fredericksburg. By WILLIAM C. BARTLETT, Captain Third Infantry	467
IV.	The Mobilization of the Fleet. By P. H. COLOMB, Rear-Admiral R.N.	472
V.	Chronicles of Carter Barracks. By H. W. CLOSSON, Colonel U.S.A.	482
VI.	The English Naval Manœuvres. By RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, Lieutenant U.S.N.	500
VII.	Some Military Reminiscences of the Rebellion. By GEN. T. J. JORDAN	508
VIII.	Among our Contemporaries. By EDWARD SHIPPEN, Medical Director U.S.N.	522
IX.	Service Salad	538
X.	Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States	546

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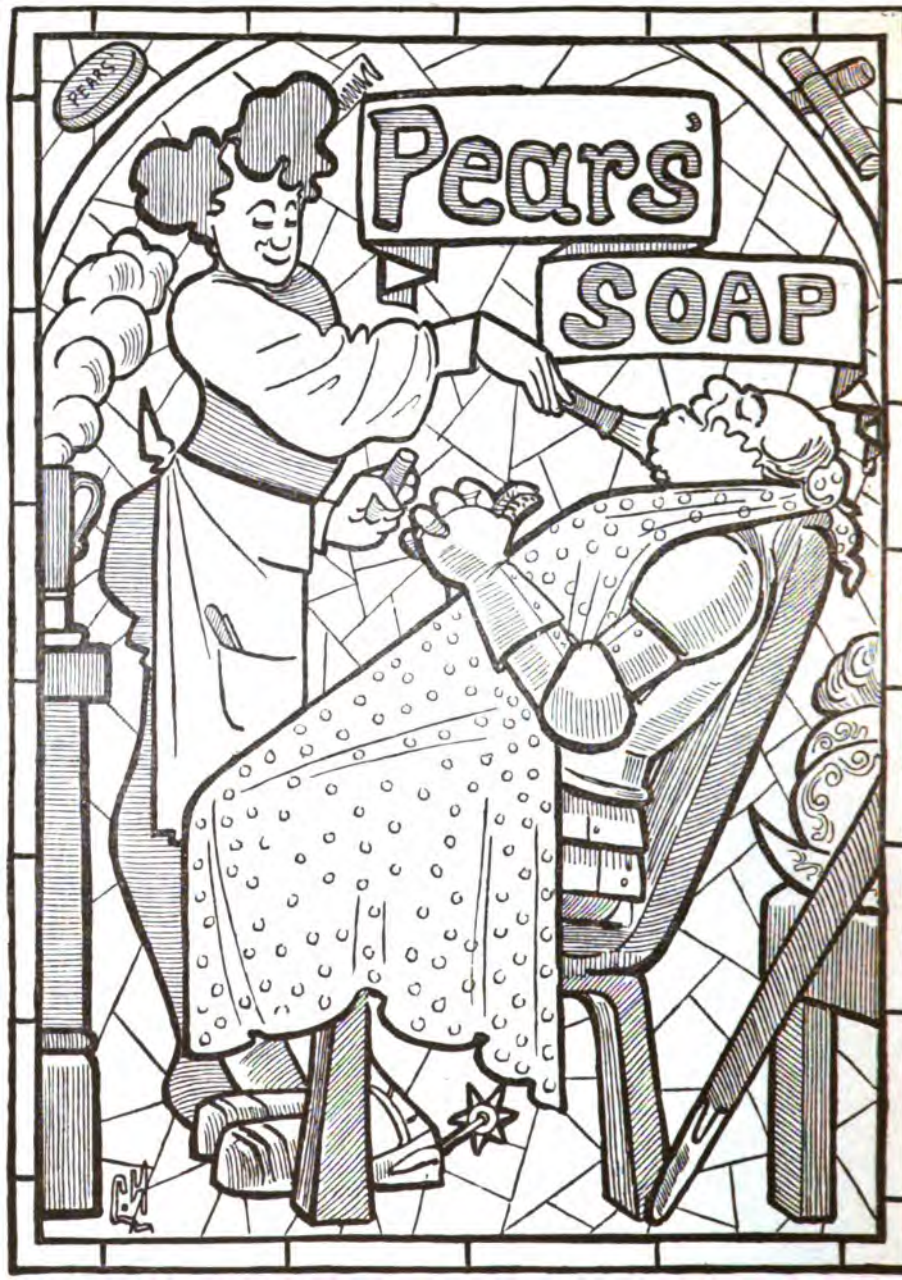

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THE

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NOVEMBER 1889.

SOLDIER OR GRANGER?

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way."

I DO not remember now whether it was the study of Pope's "Essay on Man," or the reading of one of Cooper's novels that created impressions on my mind which caused me to sympathize with the Indians, but ever since my student days I have regarded them with more than passing interest, and I cannot refrain from lifting up my voice or from taking up my pen in their behalf whenever I think they merit such action.

I have been in places where I was afraid of them, dear reader,—places where they would have "lifted my hair" with the greatest pleasure imaginable to themselves; and there have been with me in those places some near and dear to me who would have become victims of their atrocities had the Indians been able to accomplish their desires,—but, notwithstanding all this, I had then, and still have, great sympathy for them; and I never was more sorry in my life than when I was compelled, by the necessities of war, and in the execution of an order, to burn an Indian village, rich with robes and skins, knowing that such an act rendered a portion of humanity over whom we exercised a control homeless and destitute.

I am not one of those individuals who think it unbecoming a soldier to show a little humane feeling, particularly to an enemy over whom we have possessed an advantage in the shape of arms, intelligence, and numbers ever since the United States became a nation; and, by a utilization of those advantages, have crowded him from the shores of the

Atlantic and from the sunny slopes of the Pacific—wiping out nations as if they had been but myths in our way—until we have forced him into a comparatively small compass upon what has been regarded as the most barren portion of our country. Even this must be taken from them in some way, the government being forced to do it by the force of circumstances.

I was present at the making of, and a witness to, several treaties made with the Indians at Fort Laramie twenty years ago, and I have had to blush at the lack of faith of the government when it came to the test as to whether the white man or the Indian should give way. Of course it had to be the Indian; "the progress of civilization demands it," was the cry: but it was the verdant pastures and rich gold-fields embraced in their domain that were hungered after. As "might" made "right" in this case, civilization advanced.

Treatied with as civilized powers, dictated to as conquered tribes, and dealt with as irresponsible wards, it would seem as if the officers of the government did not know exactly what relationship to establish with these people, and I have often wondered what the policy of the government was in the past and what it is to be in the future. We, as a nation, make a great to-do about a few uncivilized tribes on some lonely coral reefs in the Pacific Ocean, when a foreign power aspires to assume control of the people, because we have some sort of a treaty with them; but let me ask what the United States would have done on the American Indian question if the Indians had been so located that a foreign power could have interfered and quietly reminded us that it would be better if we kept our treaties sacred and let these people manage their own affairs? Had this been the case I do not think the Indians would have been troubled very much with "boomers" or "squatters."

I have heard these Indians, in council with representatives of the government, plead for the graves of their ancestors, and for the land of their birth, until it was enough to make one sick at heart.

By the census of 1880 we had sixty-five thousand civilized or taxed Indians, while those not taxed, or of tribal organization, and by law excluded from the census, numbered some two hundred and fifty thousand souls. The latter are, at the present time, in a comparatively uncivilized state, and supposed to be furnished by the government with food, clothing, etc. Various attempts have been made to turn the attention of these tribal organizations to agriculture, but all in vain. Whatever cultivation of the soil has been made has been, as a rule, by the women, who bear the burden of all labor among these uncivilized tribes. They are not a producing people, however; they are warlike in nature, and are very fond of all the paraphernalia of war.

It has been an oft-quoted maxim, that one cannot "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," and I believe that you can no sooner make a

"granger" of an Indian than you can manufacture the former; certainly not of the young men ambitious for honors, nor of the old men who have been used to an entirely different mode of life. Then why not educate them to our ways by employing them in that which is the most acceptable to their instincts and tastes?—that is, make soldiers of them. When we wish to trail an enemy or a bandit we find it very necessary to employ a few Indians as scouts; and we would not do that if they did not possess the qualifications of soldiers.

Every year there are a number of young men arriving at the age when it is necessary for them to prove themselves capable of becoming warriors. For this purpose many tribes still go through their bloody ordeals. Among the most rigorous of these is the ordeal of suspension, as practiced by the Mandan tribe. The candidates for the honor of becoming warriors are, on a certain day in the year,—having been first wasted by four days of abstinence from food, drink, or sleep—mutilated in a terrible manner. The master of ceremonies, armed with a double-edged knife, purposely blunted and notched, pinches up an inch or so of flesh of the shoulder or breast, and pushes the knife through it, between his finger and thumb and the body of the candidate. The knife is then withdrawn and a wooden skewer forced through the aperture. This operation is repeated on the other shoulder or breast, on each arm just below the shoulder and below the elbow, upon each thigh, and upon each leg just below the knee. While this operation is being performed the candidates do not allow the slightest symptom of pain to escape them, and they even invite the spectators to watch their countenances, so as to ascertain that they betray no signs of suffering. Upon the verdict of certain chiefs depends the consideration in which they will be held in after-life, and no man has the chance of being appointed the leader of a war party if he has been seen to flinch during the ordeal. As soon as the candidate has been fixed with the skewers, two rawhide ropes are lowered from the roof of their grand ceremonial tepis and hitched around the skewers on the breast or shoulders. To the others are hung the weapons of the candidate, while to those of the lower arm and leg are suspended buffalo skulls. A signal is then given and the poor wretch is hauled up into the air, where he swings suspended only by the two skewers, sustaining not only his own weight but that of the heavy skulls, his feet being some six or eight feet from the ground. In order to produce greater agony one of the chiefs commences to turn the candidate with a long pole, and continues turning him faster and faster until, by fainting, his voice falters and then fails, and he hangs a still and apparently lifeless corpse. When the chiefs are satisfied, a signal is given to the rope-holders, and the senseless man is lowered to the ground and the skewers removed. Just as he falls he is permitted to lie, no one daring to touch him, for he has put himself under the protection of the Great Spirit, and to help him would be a

sacrilege. It is a point of honor with the initiates to recover as quickly as possible from their swoon, and the chief warriors all watch them narrowly on this point, inasmuch as rapidity of recovery is a proof that the individual is strong and capable of enduring the hardships which every war party is nearly certain to undergo before its return.

Among all tribes of Indians some such ordeal is required before the young men can be dignified with the title of warriors; and when once admitted to that distinguished consideration they are restless to prove their prowess, which generally consists in scalping an enemy or stealing horses by entering the enemy's domain and running them off, thereby taking the risk of being killed.

It is needless to conjecture how many white men would become soldiers if they were compelled to suffer these tortures in order to prove themselves worthy to bear the fatigue and endure the privations of a soldier's life.

Those who know anything of the Indian character are well aware of their fondness for pomp and show; know also that the Comanches, Cheyennes, and Sioux are celebrated for their horsemanship, while almost every Indian is noted for the rapidity with which he overcomes long distances on foot. These men are taught in their homes that which requires nearly two years of service to teach our soldiers. Then why would they not be of service to the government in organized bodies?

Foreign governments find it to their advantage to employ a certain number of the natives of the countries they hold in power as soldiers. Why should not the United States government do likewise, and give something for these idle hands in our midst to do, instead of encouraging their idleness, which only means mischief? The old men of the various Indian tribes are content to sit down and eat the government food; but it is different with the young men. They desire to imitate their ancestors, particularly after some ceremonious occasion, when they hear their fathers and grandfathers relate the exploits of their lives. It would be less expensive for the United States to keep in service, as part of the regular army, two regiments of foot soldiers and two of mounted troops, recruited from among the Indians, in which these growing young men could be enlisted, than to maintain them in idleness. Should one of them serve his five years as a soldier and go back to his tribe, he would be comparatively a civilized human being, and the influence of that going and coming would in a few years be immeasurably felt in the tribe to which he returned.

These people need to be taken from the sphere of life in which they have existed since childhood, and employed in something which is tasteful to them, as well as being civilizing in its character, thereby furnishing them the means of cultivating a desire for a higher plane of existence.

The tribal Indians are not made to understand or feel any interest in our government further than as a supply department for their backs and stomachs. There are some noble qualities in the Indian character as well as in that of the white man, and through the influence of a soldier life these qualities would naturally be developed and they themselves be made to feel that they were a part and parcel of the government. Some little inconvenience would be experienced for a few years on account of their lack of knowledge of the English language; but they are excellent imitators of tactical manœuvres, and would soon pick up enough of the language to enable them to drill and fight well, as was evidenced some twenty years ago by the writer.

It was a bright sunny morning in the year 1869, at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, while the guard was being mounted, that some one came riding into the post with the news that several thousand Indians had suddenly dropped into the Platte valley the night before and were then about three miles off, on their way to attack the post. A range of rather high bluffs at this point separated the Platte from the Laramie River, about two miles from the fort, and behind this ridge, it was said, the Indians were congregating.

The commanding officer put everything in order for a warm reception, as the Indians were said to be led by Red Cloud, the noted Sioux chief, who boasted that he had never held a council with the white men, and had never been within the domain of the whites. When, during the previous year, he had been asked to come in and make a treaty, he defiantly rejected the proposition, and demanded that the military posts of "C. F. Smith," "Phil. Kearney," and "Caspar" be abandoned, as they were upon his lands, and he would not "talk" until it was done. The government concluded it was best to give up these forts, and that whole section of territory was virtually abandoned to the Indians until after the campaign of 1876, when the Custer massacre took place. It was well known also that American Horse, the chief who led the war party in the Fetterman massacre, belonged to Red Cloud's band, and therefore precaution was necessary. Accordingly, the guard was ordered to remain on the parade-ground at rest, two 12-pounder howitzers were run out and placed in a commanding position, and all the enlisted men were ordered to retire to their barracks and be ready to seize their arms at a moment's notice.

Anxiously we watched the bluffs. Soon small black specks appeared at intervals above the crest of the ridge. We knew what this meant; it was the heads of their vedettes, peering over the ridge to take a survey of the place, probably to ascertain if the news of their coming had been announced, and if it had caused any excitement that they could observe.

For some minutes this was all that could be seen; then each object began to grow larger, as they exposed more of their persons to view,

until a well-developed mounted skirmish-line stood out in bold relief. No warrior advanced beyond the other; they seemed to act by word of command. The skirmish-line covered at least half a mile each side of the road to Fort Fetterman. Presently, in regular order, the skirmishers began slowly to descend the hill. Then there appeared above the crest of the bluffs small bodies of about twenty men each, at regular intervals, some two hundred yards in rear, acting as supports to the skirmish-line. When these supports had half descended the hill, a solid black column appeared in the roadway, with flankers thrown out on each side. No troops could have moved with more regularity, or have been tactically better handled than these Indians. The sight was beautiful to look at, and reminded us of old war times, with apparently the same amount of prospective danger, for there were over three thousand Indians in view.

As the column approached closer to the post it was discovered by our field-glasses that the centre of the column was composed of women and children, mounted and afoot, on each side of which rode mounted warriors in a solid mass along the length of the column, four or six abreast. Then we knew that the visit was a peaceful one, and it proved to be so, for Red Cloud, with about two hundred of his principal chiefs, rode into the post (the remainder of his people having been halted some five or six hundred yards outside), and some days afterwards a treaty was signed, which has been kept faithfully by the old man ever since.

I have merely related this incident to show that, even in their barbarous days, they possessed strong tendencies towards soldierly qualifications, imitating in their movements the tactical manœuvres of our own troops, which their leaders had evidently seen executed in some of their encounters with the cavalry.

The physical endurance and great daring which, as a rule, Indians possess, being the result of early training, renders them peculiarly fit for a soldier life. In the years of 1867–68–69 there was a battalion of Pawnees (bitter enemies of the Sioux nation) in the employ of the government, who rendered excellent service under the command of Major Frank North. These Indians, taken in their uncivilized state from their tribe for the purpose of operating against the Sioux nation, were easily managed, and soon dropped into the ways of the white soldier as regards their method of warfare; and when it came to having messages carried through a hostile country, or the rapidity with which they traveled on the most meagre diet, or the faithfulness with which they performed any duty intrusted to them individually, there were but few white soldiers that could equal them.

The first that I saw of these men was in the summer of 1867. I was in command of Fort Morgan, Colorado, at the time. I happened to go to my front door rather early one morning, and upon opening it

was startled by seeing a nearly nude Indian standing there, with water dripping from his hair and running down his copper-colored body. He untwisted the plaited hair of his scalp-lock and took therefrom a piece of paper, which he handed to me, pointing at the same time to the South Platte River, on the banks of which the fort was located. The note was perfectly dry, and its contents informed me that General Augur was on the other side, on his way to Crow Creek to locate the city of Cheyenne, and that he desired to get over to visit the post, if I could send him a boat. The river was nearly half a mile wide at this point, was a perfect flood, running like a mill-race, and the Indian had swam it, with the note tied up in his hair to prevent it from becoming wet. This feat can be appreciated when it is known that two men could not row a small boat across without drifting a full mile below the point they started from.

It would not be difficult for young officers to learn to communicate with all Indians by means of the sign language (for which purpose Captain Clark's book on the Indian sign language would be an excellent text-book), and if promotion to Indian regiments was offered to those who acquired it the most readily, it would not be long before regiments could be put in such shape as to vie with the others of the army.

As to desertions, I do not believe there would be any, for those Indians who have been employed as scouts at various times by the government take especial pride in showing their certificates of discharge. There might be an unusual number of furloughs wanted for a few years, as they are especially fond of visiting; but that, with time, would soon right itself. Desertions have become so numerous in the army as to make it a matter of public interest to know the causes. These are apparently many, and as varied as it is possible to make them. It is the experience of older officers that the men are better fed, better clothed, better housed, have less real hard labor to perform, are better paid, and have more freedom of action than they had twenty years ago, and yet the desertions have increased three- if not fourfold. One cause for this may be in the fact that there is too much freedom in civil life for the restraint necessary to preserve discipline in a military life. The men we get in the army, owing to our system of recruiting, are not the young men who are brought up under home influence and trained to obedience, as is the case in our smaller towns and in the country; but are generally from among the roughest element of our great cities, having become rough from the fact that they would not yield to the influence of their original surroundings, and have run away from their homes to avoid the discipline there enforced. It is different with the Indian. He is early trained to both filial and tribal obedience, and is inured to hardship from his very birth. This hardship, as he grows to manhood, is to a great extent self-imposed, in

order that he may show himself as being considered worthy of being a defender of his tribe.

The English government, notwithstanding the several mutinies that have taken place in India, deem it best for their purposes to employ native troops. Russians make good use of their Cossacks, and this wild band are never so happy as when a portion of them are detailed for duty at the capital of their country, where they behave with all due decorum. The French use the Algerines and the Egyptians the Arabs. We enlist the negro, and have found him to be a good soldier. Then why not have the Indian? We demoralize them by keeping the young and active men in a state of dependence, when we could so easily make them self-supporting in the way most suitable to their early training.

There was an objection to such a course in the early days of our independence, because their method of warfare could not be controlled, and we did not have them so exclusively in our power as at the present time; but these reasons can no longer exist. Many an outbreak has been occasioned by the restlessness of the youths growing up to manhood with nothing to do. Let us furnish that something. While we are giving the children an education in a small way, the question of occupation for the young men will, sooner or later, become an important factor in our Indian policy.

There is no one who respects, more than the American Indian, the power of government. The power of the United States government is embodied in its army; and until the army was sent to subjugate them, the various tribes ignored the efforts of the civil officers to bring them to terms. Therein exists the chief trouble of breaking up their tribal relations. Chieftainship entails discipline, and discipline makes the soldier.

By the introduction of the Indian element into the army the Interior Department would experience less difficulty in negotiating with the various tribes. Not only would the Indians learn to speak the English language, but the officers placed over them would in a short time acquire the sign language, and be able to interpret correctly, thus doing away with the half-breeds and "squaw"-men, who interpret just as it suits them. If it should please them to interpret what they think is correct, they have no education and are, therefore, unable to express themselves in the terms used by educated persons. So much difficulty was experienced in this respect by the Indian Commission, of which Messrs. Felix Brunot and John Campbell were members, in 1870, that they deemed it the policy of the government to offer facilities to officers of the army to learn the Indian languages.

After the above had been written, the following dispatch appeared in the daily papers, and I add it to the article to show how necessary it is that something should be done to encourage the youthful aspirants

for warriorship, without resorting to bloodshed to put an end to semi-religious rites that have existed among these uncivilized tribes ever since the first page of American history was written:

"FORT CUSTER, MONT., Special Telegram.—Troops 'B,' 'E,' and 'G,' First U. S. Cavalry, and a detachment of Crow scouts, under the command of Major Carroll, left this post to-day for the Tongue River Agency, to assist Agent Upshon in preventing the Sioux and Cheyennes from holding a sun-dance to-morrow, and to turn the Sioux back to the Pine Ridge Agency. Trouble is anticipated, as the Indians cling to the traditions of the sun-dance with a hold that weakens only in the presence of levelled carbines. This dance is a heathenish rite, at which the young braves attest their courage by submitting their bodies to be hacked and mutilated by the knives of their elders, mortal wounds being frequently inflicted in this way."

I can only add, that the best way to stop all this is to make United States warriors of them, when the only torture they will have to submit to will be that devised by the Medical Department, of vaccinating them on the calf of the left leg.

WILLIAM H. POWELL,
Major U.S.A.

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE CORPS.

PART I.

ONE hundred years ago the United States Revenue Cutter Service was established, and for a century, under the auspices of the Treasury Department, has continued to discharge the duties, which have increased steadily in scope and importance as well as character, until the original conception necessitating the creation of the service has almost been lost sight of.

Alexander Hamilton's commission as Secretary of the Treasury bore date of September 11, 1789, and it will be seen that he at once proceeded to obtain all possible information with a view of creating a system by which the coast-line would be under surveillance, and illicit trading rendered perilous and uncertain.

The following is the first document of the kind written by the Secretary, and was issued as a circular to the various collectors of customs:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
"NEW YORK, October 2, 1789.

"SIR:

"You will doubtlessly have observed that it was in the contemplation of Congress to employ boats for the security of the revenue against contraband. I shall be glad to have your ideas of the expediency of employing them in your quarter, and (if any appear to you necessary) of the number and kind you deem requisite, their armament and probable expense. Should any have been in use under the State regulations, I desire they may be continued, and that I may be advised with accuracy of the nature of the establishment.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
"*Secretary of the Treasury.*"[1]

To Captain Barney the Secretary wrote as follows:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
"NEW YORK, October 29, 1789.

"The ideas contained in your letter appear to me solid and judicious. As far as my reflections have gone they coincide very much with the views you entertain of the matter. At present nothing more can be done than to collect the informa-

[1] "Life and Correspondence of Alexander Hamilton."

tion for some proper plan to be submitted to Congress at their next meeting; no power being at present vested anywhere for making the requisite arrangements. Let me request you to continue to furnish me with whatever hints may occur to you relating to the security of the revenue."[2]

At the next session of Congress, on the 23d of April, 1790, a bill was presented, section 5 of which was worded as follows:

"Section 5. This section contemplates a provision of boats, for securing the collection of the revenue, but no authority to provide them is anywhere given. Information, from several quarters, proves the necessity of having them; nor can they, in the opinion of the Secretary, fail to contribute, in a material degree, to the security of the revenue much more than will compensate for the expense of the establishment, the utility of which will increase in proportion as the public exigencies may require an augmentation of the duties. An objection has been made to the measure, as betraying an improper distrust of the merchants; but that objection can have no weight when it is considered that it would be equally applicable to all the precautions comprehended in the existing systems; all of which proceed on a supposition, too well founded to be doubted, that there are persons concerned in trade, in every country, who will, if they can, evade the public duties for their private benefit. Justice to the body of the merchants of the United States demands an acknowledgment that they have, very generally, manifested a disposition to conform to the national laws, which does them honor, and authorizes confidence in their probity. But every consistent member of that body knows that this confidence admits of exceptions, and that it is essentially the interest of the greater number that every possible guard should be set on the fraudulent few, which does not, in fact, tend to the embarrassment of trade."[3]

The following is submitted as a proper establishment for the purpose:

"That there be ten boats, two for the coasts, bays, and harbors of Massachusetts and New Hampshire; one for the Sound, between Long Island and Connecticut; one for the bay of New York; one for the bay of Delaware; two for the bay of the Chesapeake (these, of course, to ply along the neighboring coasts); one for the coasts, bays, and harbors of North Carolina; one for the coasts, bays, and harbors of South Carolina; and one for the coasts, bays, and harbors of Georgia. Boats of from thirty-six to forty feet keel will answer the purpose, each having one captain, one lieutenant, and six mariners, and armed with swivels. The first cost of one of these boats, completely equipped, may be computed at one thousand dollars.

"The following is an estimate of the annual expenses:

"10 captains, at 40 dollars per month	$4,800
"10 lieutenants, at 25 do. do.	3,000
"60 seamen, at 8 do. do.	5,760
"Provision	3,000
"Wear and tear	2,000
	$18,560

"The utility of an establishment of this nature must depend on the exertion, vigilance, and fidelity of those to whom the charge of the boats shall be confided. If these are not respectable characters, they will rather serve to screen than detect fraud. To procure such, a liberal compensation must be given, and, in addition to

[2] "Memoir of Commodore Barney," page 160.

[3] American State Papers.

this, it will, in the opinion of the Secretary, be advisable that they be commissioned as officers of the navy. This will not only induce fit men the more readily to engage, but will attach them to their duty by a nicer sense of honor."[4]

On August 4, 1790, the following appears:

"In addition to the expenditures of the Civil List establishment for the year 1791, there will be certain expenses arising to Government from the following objects:

"For the establishment and support of ten cutters. Deficiency in the appropriation heretofore made for building and equipping ten cutters, it appearing that some parts of the United States will require vessels of a larger size than were contemplated; also a further sum, which is necessary to provide a large boat for each cutter $2,000

"Pay and rations, in conformity with the Act of Congress, viz.:

"10 masters,	at 30	dollars per	month	$3,600.00
"10 first mates,	" 20	do.	do.	2,400.00
"10 second do.,	" 16	do.	do.	1,920.00
"10 third do.,	" 14	do.	do.	1,680.00
"40 mariners,	" 8	do.	do.	3,840.00
"20 boys,	" 4	do.	do.	960.00
"54,750 rations, at 9 cents				4,929.50
"Wear and tear				2,000.00
				$21,327.50
"For boats, as above				2,000.00
"Total				$23,327.50"

Captain Barney received a letter from Tench Coxe, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, written at the request of Secretary Hamilton, in which a desire was expressed to have his "ideas on the best mode of conducting a cutter or two in the bays and sea adjacent to Capes Henry and Charles, and to be furnished by him with the names of some proper persons to command and officer them." The letter, as a whole, reads as follows:

"NEW YORK, August 19, 1790.

"SIR:

"From some conversation I have lately had with the Secretary of the Treasury, I find he is desirous of obtaining your ideas on the best mode of conducting a cutter or two in the bays and sea adjacent to Capes Henry and Charles—as also of being furnished with the names of some proper persons to command and officer them. I am very certain that if such a station should be acceptable to you, Mr. Hamilton would give your name every support in his power with the President of the United States. That you may be enabled to judge both for yourself, and others whom you will venture to recommend to a station that requires *so much integrity, firmness, and naval skill*, I do myself the pleasure to inclose you an abstract of the law, and am, with regard,

"Sir, your obedient servant,

"TENCH COXE.[5]

"JOSHUA BARNEY, ESQ.,
"Baltimore, Md."

[4] American State Papers.

[5] "Memoirs of Commodore Barney," page 160.

Captain Barney declined the appointment, but furnished several names for positions in the revenue cutter service.

The Secretary wrote to President Washington at length on the subject:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
"NEW YORK, September 10, 1790.

"SIR:

"The public service appearing to require the early establishment of the boats or cutters for the protection of the revenue, agreeably to the provisions made by the legislature in their last session, I do myself the honor respectfully to submit to you what has occurred upon that subject.

"Cutters from forty to fifty feet keel being deemed by experienced persons the most eligible, my inquiries have been directed to the terms on which a boat of that size may be built in the port of New York. From the information received, there is reason to expect that ten of those vessels may be procured for the medium sum of one thousand dollars each, provided due care and economy are used in their equipment. To avoid dissatisfaction, it may appear best to build them in different ports of the Union. One may be procured in New Hampshire and another in Massachusetts, for the coast eastward of Cape Cod; one in Connecticut, for Long Island Sound and the coast adjacent to Rhode Island; one in New York, for the bays of New York and Amboy, and the coast adjacent to Sandy Hook; one in Philadelphia, for the bay of Delaware, and the coast adjacent to Capes May and Henlopen; one in Norfolk and another in Baltimore, for Chesapeake Bay and the coasts adjacent to it; one in North Carolina, for the sounds and coasts of that State; one at Charleston, for the bays and coasts of South Carolina, and one at Savannah, for the coast of Georgia.

"Should this arrangement meet your approbation, the utility of the establishment leads me to request your permission to carry it into immediate execution; or that you will be pleased to direct such other as may appear to you preferable. There not being sufficient light with regard to characters for officering the cutters destined for the Eastern coasts, particularly Massachusetts, I have written private letters to the collectors of Boston and Portsmouth on the subject. When their answers arrive, the persons who appear to have most in their favor, from New York inclusively, westward, shall be noted for your determinations." . . .

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON TO SECRETARY HAMILTON.

"MOUNT VERNON,
"20th September, 1790.

"SIR:

"In answer to your letter of the 10th instant, relative to the establishment of the boats or cutters for the protection of the revenue, I have to observe, that if there appears to exist a necessity for equipping the whole number therein mentioned, the arrangement for building and stationing them seems judicious, and is to me perfectly satisfactory.

"It is my wish, that your inquiries respecting proper characters to command these vessels, may be extended to the States south of Virginia. Mr. Lear can furnish you with the list of applications already made. Two persons, with nearly equal recommendations, have offered themselves, from Philadelphia, Captains Montgomery and Roach. There are several respectable names subscribed in favor of each of these persons; some of them, I believe, in favor of both; such is the facility with which, on certain occasions, recommendations are granted. It would seem, however, that they are both qualified; but, in favor of the former, it is stated, that he now fills a subordinate station in the revenue, which he accepted with a view of being brought into notice when such an appointment as that which he now solicits should be made.

"Captain Barney was not at Baltimore when I passed through the city, nor could I learn with certainty whether he wished to receive the appointment or not. But I was informed that he had written, in answer to an intimation made to him by you or one of his friends, on the subject, whence I suppose his wish may be collected.

"There is a Mr. Richard Taylor, of this State, an applicant for one of the appointments, who, from my knowledge of him, appears to be a proper person, both as to character and experience in the profession. Remarking to you that the advantage which might accrue from their superintendence seems to suggest the propriety of nominating the commanders before the vessels are put on the stocks, you have my permission to carry the arrangement for building the boats or cutters, stated in your letter, into immediate effect, to such extent as in your judgment shall seem necessary for the public service."

SECRETARY HAMILTON TO PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

"NEW YORK, September 29, 1790.

"SIR:

"I have been duly honored with your two letters of the 18th and 20th of September.

"Inclosed you will be pleased to receive a list of such characters as, from the documents furnished by Mr. Lear, from my inquiries, and from the intimations contained in your letter of the 20th, appear to stand, upon the whole, fairest, for the command of the revenue boats; except for the stations of North Carolina and Georgia, concerning which there is no satisfactory information.

"Captain Montgomery is said to have, on some accounts, greater pretensions to respectability than Captain Roach (though both are represented to be men of merit), and *something like* claim to preference from situation.

"Mr. Gross is submitted on the recommendation of Captain Barney, who mentions favorably both him and a Mr. David Porter, naming Gross first, but without expressing a preference of either.

"The Vice-President put into my hand, a day or two ago, the inclosed letters concerning Captain Lyde; but as Williams, who is recommended by Governor Hancock, is also warmly recommended by General Lincoln, the evidence in his favor may be deemed to preponderate.

"The manifest expediency of the previous nomination or appointment of the persons who are to command the boats, to oversee the building and equipping of them, will suspend the further execution of the business till your pleasure, as to the persons, shall be signified.

"The subaltern officers can be appointed at greater leisure, for which purpose I am collecting information, as I am also doing in respect to commanders for the two boats destined for North Carolina and Georgia; but I presume the others need not be delayed on this account."[6]

Applications for commissions were numerous, affording the Secretary ample material from which to make selections for the various grades, and the greatest care was exercised in the *personnel* of the service. John Foster Williams, whose dauntless courage as an officer in the Massachusetts State navy during the Revolution had won for himself the esteem of his fellow-townsmen, was one of the first to receive a commission signed by Washington. It bore the date of March 21, 1791, and he was assigned to the superintendency of the cutter "Mas-

[6] "Life and Correspondence of Alexander Hamilton."

sachusetts," building at Newburyport. He did not secure the position, however, without meeting with distinguished rivals, among whom was Captain Samuel Tucker, an officer who had served with distinction in the Continental navy. The close of the Revolution left him in possession of a handsome fortune, but a series of misfortunes stripped him of his hard-earned wealth, forcing the war-worn veteran to solicit from the hands of the government he had assisted to establish relief in his hour of adversity. His application was worded as follows:

BOSTON, 1st of October, 1790.

"SIR:

"Understanding there are to be built a number of Federal cutters, for the service of the United States, I humbly offer myself a candidate to serve in one, if your Excellency thinks me worthy. I served through the whole of the late war, without any kind of impeachment whatsoever, as captain. If you please, inquire my character, and afterwards, if your Excellency thinks me worthy to command, I shall be ever happy to serve. And I am, sir, with profound respect,

"Your most obedient, very humble servant,

"SAMUEL TUCKER.

"To the President of America."

He also wrote to Vice-President John Adams, General Knox, Secretary of War, and to the Secretary of the Treasury, urging his claims, but failed to receive the commission he solicited. Secretary Hamilton replied:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,

"December 4th, 1790.

"SIR:

"Your letter of the 10th ultimo has been received. The President of the United States having made the appointment of the commander of the cutter to be built in the State of Massachusetts, prior to your application, and your name not having been brought forward to him, either by your friends or yourself, it was too late for this vessel. Should any other boat be stationed on your coasts, and should your name be submitted to the President, he will duly compare your merits with those of any other candidates that shall be then before him, and will decide, no doubt, as justice and the public interest shall require.

"I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

"CAPTAIN SAMUEL TUCKER, Marblehead."[7]

The old veteran called on General Lincoln, collector of the port of Boston, who received him courteously, adding the information, "That there is only one cutter for this State, and there were more than one hundred applicants for her." Tucker spiritedly replied, "If there were a thousand, mine is the only just claim, because I served the public through the whole of the last war without the least impeachment whatsoever, and think it very hard treatment for a private State officer to supersede me in any public command where honor was to be gained."

[7] "Life of Samuel Tucker," page 179.

Captain James Montgomery received a commission and was assigned to look after the interests of the "General Greene," building at Philadelphia. He appears to have had a number of influential friends.

David Porter, grandfather to the present admiral of the navy, was appointed a first lieutenant in the revenue cutter service, March 21, 1791. He was promoted to captain, vice Gross, July 1, 1792. During the Revolutionary struggle Porter had commanded a privateer sloop fitted out in Maryland, and two years afterwards he was in command of the ship "Aurora," mounting ten guns, belonging to Boston. He was a thorough sailor, a brave man, and a stanch patriot. He was stationed on the revenue cutter "Active," at Baltimore, until 1807, when he resigned and entered the navy as a master.[8]

Captain Richard Taylor enjoyed a high reputation, and was specially commended by Washington for an appointment. He was commissioned as captain March 21, 1791, and placed in command of the cutter "Virginia," stationed at Norfolk. Richard Taylor was early identified with the Virginia State navy of the Revolution, and in 1776 commanded a squadron of small vessels in Hampton Roads, for the purpose of rendering assistance to the troops in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, Williamsburg, and Upper James River. He commanded the schooner "Liberty" afterwards, and with that vessel surprised and captured, in the Rappahannock, four vessels of the enemy. They were merchantmen named the "Olive," "Lark," "Susannah," and "Speedwell." In September, 1776, Captain Taylor was ordered to the West Indies, in company with other State cruisers, to bring back supplies for the army. In October, 1779, he commanded the schooner "Patriot," and while cruising on the Virginia coast fell in with the "Lord Howe," an English privateer schooner. They were off the Capes, and the action commenced with great spirit on both vessels. For some time the result was extremely doubtful, with both crews exchanging broadsides at less than pistol-shot distance. Captain Francis Bright, also of the Virginia State navy, commanding the brig "Northampton," was at anchor under Smith's Island. Hearing the heavy report of the guns, Bright got underway and soon joined in the conflict, which was at once decided in favor of the flag of Virginia. Captain Taylor afterwards commanded the schooner "Tartar," in which vessel he sustained a severe action with the enemy in Lynhaven Bay. In this affair he was severely wounded. As an officer of the revenue cutter service he enjoyed the favor and friendship of Washington, who viewed him with special warmness.

Captain Francis Bright was commissioned June 25, 1795, and his reputation as an officer of the Virginia State navy ranked with the highest for bravery and efficiency. As commander of the revenue cutter "Virginia, No. 2," a new and improved vessel, built in 1797,

[8] *Southern Historical Register.*

he bore a creditable part in the quasi-French war. He died at Norfolk in 1810.[9]

Captain Elisha Hinman entered the service as captain March 13, 1798. He had given up a large and lucrative business in the West Indies at the breaking out of the Revolution that he might serve his country in her hour of need. He entered the Continental navy, commanded several vessels, served under Hopkins, and was finally captured by two English frigates while in charge of the "Alfred." He effected his escape from a British prison, crossed the Channel to France, returning to America, where he again entered into the struggle. His wife, a native of New London, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of the day. General Benedict Arnold, previous to his treason, was almost daily a guest at the hospitable board of Captain Hinman, and he found time to linger in the drawing-room graced by the presence of the fascinating hostess. When Arnold entered New London at the head of a British army, he took up a position, alone, in front of the Hinman mansion, saluting that lady, who stood by an open window an attentive spectator of what was transpiring in her immediate vicinity. A smile of sardonic triumph wreathed the lips of the traitor as he watched the smoke rolling up from the doomed homesteads of his countrymen. The roar of guns and shouts of the opposing forces swelled the hideous tide of battle, carrying with it terror and dismay to the fleeing inhabitants. A sharp, suspicious click reached the ears of the musing traitor, causing him to turn quickly in his saddle. No one was near but Mrs. Hinman, who still retained her position of observation. Little did the recreant soldier dream of the peril he had so narrowly escaped. The patriotic lady, urged on by her indignation, had caught up an old flint-lock musket left at the house the day before by a straggling foot-worn soldier. The weapon was leveled full at Arnold's head, and the trigger pulled; but his hour had not come, his cup of degradation had not been drained, and it was ordained that the once brilliant, chivalrous, dashing officer should die in a foreign land, shunned, deserted, and despised by even those whose gold had lured him to his downfall. The musket missed fire, the lady barely having time to conceal it as Arnold, with lowering brow, rode on and disappeared.[10]

John Foster Williams was appointed captain of the cutter "Massachusetts" March 21, 1791, and in point of reputation and professional attainments had no superior in the service. As early as 1768 he was master of a brig, and engaged in the trade between Boston and London. In April, 1776, he was commissioned as commander in the Massachusetts State navy, and was ordered to the command of the sloop "Republic," mounting twelve guns and manned by sixty men. He

[9] *Southern Historical Register.*

[10] From documents loaned the author by descendants of Captain Hinman.

soon succeeded to the command of the brig "Hazard," in which craft he met the British vessel "Active," capturing her after a stubborn action of thirty-seven minutes. His next command was the ship "Protector," of twenty guns, one of the finest vessels in the employ of the State marine. It was in this ship that Edward Preble—afterwards so celebrated in the annals of our naval history—received his first impressions as an officer, having received an appointment under Captain Williams as an acting midshipman. George Little was first lieutenant, who afterwards was commissioned as captain in the United States navy, March 4, 1799. It was in the "Protector" that Captain Williams had his celebrated engagement with the English ship "Admiral Duff," which vessel during the engagement blew up. The "Admiral Duff" was originally an old East Indiaman of eleven hundred tons, and with great care had been fitted out as a letter-of-marque. She carried thirty-two guns and had a complement of one hundred and fifty men. Shortly afterwards the "Protector" had a running fight with an English 32-gun frigate, in which the honors were easy. Captain Williams was finally captured by the "Roebuck" frigate, and remained a prisoner in Plymouth prison, England, until the close of the war. The last vessel commanded by the gallant captain was the revenue cutter "Massachusetts, No. 3," built in 1803. He died June 25, 1814, aged seventy, and a street in Boston was named after him.[11]

By far the larger proportion of officers selected to hold commissions in the revenue cutter service were drawn from the scattered and disbanded forces that had made up the *personnel* of the Continental and various State navies. There was A. V. Morris, who afterwards entered the navy and reached the rank of commodore; Hugh G. Campbell, who died at Savannah with the same rank; Welch, who had served as executive officer under Foster Williams; Nicholas, Parker, Fisher, Wood, Dorsey, George Price, Chapman, Latimer, Payne, Purkett, Daniel McNeill, Dudley, Traves, and a host of others, who had served with faithfulness and distinction in many a hotly-contested engagement with King George's forces. Certain it is, that in founding what is now termed a civil branch of the government, the appointing power of 1790 placed a high estimate upon the fighting records of the men they selected to hold commissions.

Before the close of July, 1791, the service was fully organized and ready for duty. The vessels were stationed and officered as follows:

Revenue cutter "Scammel;" station, New Hampshire.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
Hopely Yeaton	Master,	March 21, 1791.
John Flagg	First mate,	March 21, 1791.
John Parratt	Second mate,	March 21, 1791.

[11] From documents on file at State Department, Boston, Mass.

Revenue cutter "Massachusetts;" station, Boston, Mass.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
John Foster Williams	Master,	March 21, 1791.
Hezekiah Welch	First mate,	March 21, 1791.
Nathaniel Nicholas	Second mate,	March 21, 1791.
Sylvanus Coleman	Third mate,	March 21, 1791.

Revenue cutter "Argus;" station, New London, Conn.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
Jonathan Maltbie	Master,	March 21, 1791.
George House	First mate,	March 21, 1791.

Revenue cutter "Vigilant;" station, New York, N.Y.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
Patrick Dennis	Master,	March 21, 1791.
Elias Boudinot	Second mate,	March 21, 1791.
Richard V. Morris	Third mate,	March 21, 1791.

Revenue cutter "General Greene;" station, Pennsylvania.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
James Montgomery	Master,	March 21, 1791.
Isaac Roach	First mate,	March 21, 1791.
Benjamin Rue	Second mate,	March 21, 1791.

Revenue cutter "Active;" station, Maryland.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
Simon Gross	Master,	March 21, 1791.
David Porter	First mate,	March 21, 1791.
William Thomas	Second mate,	March 21, 1791.

Revenue cutter "Virginia;" station, Virginia.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
Richard Taylor	Master,	March 21, 1791.
John Lurty	First mate,	March 21, 1791.
John Parker	Second mate,	March 21, 1791.

Revenue cutter "North Carolina;" station, North Carolina.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
William Cook	Master,	April 25, 1791.
Joseph Wallace	First mate,	April 25, 1791.

Revenue cutter "South Carolina;" station, South Carolina.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
Robert Cochrane	Master,	May 8, 1791.
Hugh George Campbell	First mate,	June 10, 1791.

Revenue cutter "Diligence;" station, Georgia.

Officers' Names.	Rank.	Date of Commission.
John Howell	Master,	May 20, 1791.
Frederick Fisher	First mate,	May 20, 1791.
John Wood	Second mate,	May 20, 1791.[12]

The following description of the cutter "Massachusetts" will give the reader a general idea of the character of the first vessels built for the revenue cutter service:

[12] American State Papers.

"BOSTON, July 23, 1791.

"SIR:

"Agreeably to your orders, I here send you a description of the cutter 'Massachusetts,' built at Newburyport, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the year 1791. She has one deck, two masts, her length is sixty feet above her upper deck. Her depth eleven feet eight inches, her breadth seventeen feet eight inches. She measures seventy tons 43/95. She is a squared-sterned schooner, has quarter badges and an Indian head. She has a long quarter-deck and a deep waist. You will observe that the cutter is much bigger than I contracted to have her. This is caused by her being much deeper that is mentioned in the contract. When Captain Williams went to inspect her, I wrote to the builders and permitted them to make any little alteration in finishing her, diverse from the plan given them, which Captain Williams should direct, but so as never to augment the price of the vessel. The first wish Captain Williams expressed was to lay the deck eight inches higher than in the original plan. With this request the carpenters complied, hence the vessel is much bigger than was expected or wished for. The builders, notwithstanding my letter to them directing that they must not do anything which should increase the price of the vessel, had hope, as they now say, that an allowance would be made them. Now, finding this to be impossible, they propose to build another vessel of the size first contracted for and receive this back when the other shall be fitted for the sea. I hope they will pursue their present intentions, for this vessel is bigger than is necessary. I find that the masters of the cutters are allowed three rations per day and the mates two. The officers will take care to supply themselves and receive the money from me. What must they receive for each ration? I have allowed them 12¢ a ration, the same price which is given for the support of the soldiers here for time back. The officers complain that while at Newburyport, fixing the vessel, they were involved in an expense much above the value of 24¢ per day. Can I make them an allowance, and can they be allowed anything besides their pay while waiting on board the vessel, before fitted for the sea? Is it expected that the sailors be confined to the same rations to which soldiers are? If they are to have rations in manner of land troops, by whom are they daily to be issued?

"I am, your very obedient servant,

"BENJAMIN LINCOLN,

"*Collector.*

"To ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

"*Secretary of the Treasury.*"[13]

The ration, as approved by the Secretary on the 21st of September, 1791, consisted of one pound of beef or three-fourths of a pound of pork, one pound of bread or flour, half a gill of rum, brandy, or whisky, one quart of salt, two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of soap, one pound of candles. The quantities of vinegar, soap, and candles to answer for one hundred rations.

The first circular letter of instructions issued to collectors was as follows:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK,

"June 1, 1791.

"SIR:

"I have this day written to the captain of the revenue cutter built for the Massachusetts station, and I enclose you the letter unsealed, which you will deliver to him open, after you have caused a copy of it to be made and kept for your information. It will also be proper that you retain a copy of my circular instructions to him, which are likewise transmitted unsealed.

[13] From original, in possession of author.

"You will perceive that I have for the present thought it expedient to commit the business of the supplies and repairs of the cutter to the collector of the port most convenient to the station. In executing this duty, I shall hope for the strictest economy in the disbursements which may be found consistent with the safety and comfort of officers and men, and the effectual execution of the public service.

"The establishment not being entirely agreeable to even members of the Committee, it will require uncommon care that it be not rendered more objectionable by any unnecessary expense. A list was transmitted to me by the commander of the revenue cutter, and after some correction was returned to him with permission to procure supplies. You may supply Captain Williams with such of them as appear necessary. I request that they may be bought on the lowest terms for cash. The discounts on most goods purchased for ready money are considerable, and I wish the public to enjoy the benefits of that kind of dealing. As this letter is circular, and some of the collectors to whom it is addressed may not be experienced in the supplying and equipping of vessels, I recommend occasional consultation with some suitable person, if known, judicious, and economical, who has been or is a merchant or master of a vessel, or both.

"In regard to provisions, you will take care that the cutter be properly supplied with them. Fresh provisions will often be the cheapest, and therefore the supply may be in a sufficient degree made up of them, while in port; but as cruises on the coast subject vessels to be blown off to a great distance sometimes, even to the West Indies, it will be always proper that they have salted meat, with biscuit and water on board, sufficient to subsist them, in case of such an accident.

"As public vessels cannot be registered or recorded agreeable to the act of the 1st of September, 1789, it will be proper that a description of the cutter be transmitted to the Treasury, in order that a proper instrument in lieu of a register be furnished. This description must be in every particular as minute and accurate as in the case of merchant ships. The Act of Congress extends the hands that may be employed to four men and two boys, but as it is very desirable to observe all possible economy, which the service will admit, you will ship only such number as on consideration may be found really necessary.

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
"*Secretary of the Treasury.*" [14]

The circular addressed to the commanding officers was very complete, covering the duties expected of the service, and was, in fact, the only specific instructions given and in use for a period covering the first forty years' existence of the corps. A few extracts will be given.

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, June 4, 1791.

"SIR:

"As you are speedily to enter upon the duties of your station, it becomes proper briefly to point them out to you. Accordingly I send you a copy of the act under which you have been appointed, and in which are contained your powers and the objects to which you are to attend, and I shall add such observations as appear to me requisite to guide you in fulfilling the intent of that act.

"It may be observed generally that it will be in a partial manner the province of the revenue cutter to guard the revenue laws from all infractions, either upon the coasts within the bays or upon the rivers and other waters of the United States previous to the anchoring of vessels within the harbors for which they are respectively destined.

"Hence, it will be necessary for you *from time to time to ply along the coasts in the neighborhood of your station, and to traverse the different parts of the waters*

[14] Copied from old circular on file at Boston Custom-House.

which it comprehends. To fix yourself constantly or even generally at one position, would in a great measure defeat the purpose of the establishment. It would confine your vigilance to a particular spot, and allow full scope for abundant practices everywhere else. [Then follows instructions relative to boarding vessels, certifying to manifests, and calling particular attention to the various sections of the act relating to the customs revenue.] It has also occurred that the cutters may be rendered an instrument of useful information, concerning the coast, inlets, bays, and rivers of the United States, and it will be particularly acceptable if the officers improve the opportunities they have (as far as shall be consistent with the duties they are to perform), in making such observations and experiments in respect to the objects as may be useful in the interests of navigation, reporting the result, from time to time, to the Treasury.

"While I recommend in the strongest terms to the respective officers activity, vigilance, and firmness, I feel no less solicitude that their deportment may be marked with prudence, moderation, and good temper. Upon these last qualities, not less than the former, must depend the success, usefulness, and consequently *continuance* of the establishment in which they are included. They cannot be insensible that there are some prepossessions against it, that the charge with which they are intrusted is a delicate one, and that it is easy, by mismanagement, to produce serious and extensive clamour, disgust, and alarm.

"They will always keep in mind that their countrymen are freemen, and, as such, are impatient of everything that bears the least mark of a domineering spirit. They will, therefore, refrain, with the utmost guarded circumspection, from whatever has the semblance of haughtiness, rudeness, or insult. If obstacles occur, they will remember that they are under the particular protection of the laws, and that they can meet with nothing disagreeable in the execution of their duty, or which these will not severely reprehend. . . .

"The foregoing observations are not dictated by any doubt of the prudence of any of those to whom they are addressed. These have been selected with so careful an attention to character, as to afford the strongest assurance that their conduct will be that of good officers and good citizens. But, in an affair so delicate and important, it has been judged most advisable to listen to the suggestions of caution rather than of confidence, and to put all concerned on their guard against those sallies to which even good and prudent men are occasionally subject. It is not doubted that the instruction will be received as it ought to be, and will have its due effect. And that all may be apprised of what is expected, you will communicate this part of your orders particularly to all your officers, and you will inculcate upon your men a correspondent disposition. The fifth section of the act requires that all officers appointed pursuant to this act should take a certain oath therein specified. The act of 1st June, 1789, requires that you should also take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. . . .

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

"*Secretary of the Treasury.*"[15]

Thus the revenue cutter service was planned, organized, and the machinery set in motion one hundred years ago,—a century of progress and steady improvement that has brought to the corps increased duties and importance, with its field of operations extending from Maine to the Rio Grande and from California to Point Burrow in the Arctic Ocean.

H. D. SMITH,

First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.

[15] Copied from old circular, Norfolk Custom-House.

AN INCIDENT OF FREDERICKSBURG.

THERE was a strange stillness in the camps of the Army of the Potomac during the days of December, 1862, which preceded its move across the river into the city of Fredericksburg. There was a note of inquiry in men's voices as they accosted each other; the jest and repartee of the camps gave place to low-voiced speculation or eloquent silence, for the air was laden with fateful prescience of momentous things to come, and in the light of mysterious foreboding men grew grave and thoughtful. Even the voice of the camp-fire orator was hushed, and recital of individual heroism or deeds of collective valor seemed out of place in presence of this new expectancy. There was every evidence that a move was at hand. General officers with their staffs moved here and there within the lines; orderlies in mad career shot like rockets from point to point; batteries moved from bivouac to positions which soon exhibited an air of permanence; troops were massed,—ready to move in large bodies to any designated point; hospitals, with increased capacity, showed their canvas walls within the shadows of clustering pines; everywhere there were apparent the premonitory throes of a coming convulsion, and that stillness, ever fateful herald of the storm, settled down upon the scene. Across the river lay the quaint old city of Fredericksburg,—home of many of Virginia's oldest and proudest families,—nestling at the foot of towering hills from which all restful coloring had faded into the sombre, forbidding tones of hostile preparation. Everywhere was activity. The smooth undulations of the hills were assuming that severity of outline significant of the work of the military engineer; batteries and redoubts, rifle-pit and abatis, transformed the peaceful scene into a picture ominous of coming strife. Rumbling among the hills, like mutterings of distant thunder, rolled the awakened echoes, as incoming trains brought their loads of men or munitions of war; flashes of reflected light along the crests proclaimed the presence of, as yet, silent batteries; and distant dust-clouds bespoke the assembling of mighty hosts. Calmly athwart the scene the beautiful Rappahannock rolled its silent tide, eddying in the deeper pools as though fain to linger there, then hurrying on to the fulfillment of ulterior destiny.

On the night of the 10th of December it was well known that on the morrow pontoon bridges would join shore to shore, and that the day following the army would move by them over to the city. The prospect was far from cheering: the strong position of the enemy, his command of every foot of ground over which our troops would have to pass, the desperation which all felt would be thrown into the defense,

the veneration in which the city to be attacked was held by him, the seeming impregnability of his position, made the most careless and heedless soldier appreciate the terrors of the coming storm.

Protruding their muzzles through the embrasures of a redoubt overlooking Falmouth was a battery of 20-pounder guns. Silent and grim they looked as they stood there outlined against the evening sky, while, now in shadow and again revealed in the uncertain light of a camp-fire in the background (and around which sat a party of officers discussing the situation), paced a solitary sentinel, guardian of the place. Beyond the river, centrally located in the town, the tall spire of the Presbyterian church loomed like a spectre, the dial of its clock catching the beams of the moon which in bounteous beauty softly filled the scene. Regularly from the belfry came the solemn record of the hour resounding among the hills; now pausing for an instant upon a neighboring crest, then rolling onward in subdued acclaim till lost in the engulfing distance.

Worn out with a day of excitement, and expectant of a fatiguing morrow, the party was early breaking up and was about to separate when one of them—an officer of the battery—remarked that the first shot he put into the city should pass through the clock; in fact, he proposed to breach the wall in such a way that the clock would fall into the body of the church. He explained that he felt impelled to this act through a sense of predestined responsibility in the matter, and besides, it had been hurling its brazen, defiant tones at him long enough. I do not remember that any response was vouchsafed him at all; our minds were filled with weightier matter than the doom of an offending clock; so, with a parting bumper and hearty handshake, two of us rode away.

The night was cloudless. Myriads of stars were reflected in the calm waters of the river; far and near the camp-fires flared upon the hill-sides; the occasional voice of a soldier hailing a comrade came faintly through the distance; fitful strains of music, in melodious accent, fell upon the grateful ear; the sharp, incisive stroke of an ax proclaimed the doom of some stately pine, and the dull thud of the pick bespoke significant activity; the echoes of our horses' hoof-beats, far or near, as we followed the curvings of the hills, smote upon the ear with clattering insistance; the plash of the rippling water upon the bank, softly rhythmic, kept a cadence all its own, and presently hill cried aloud to hill as the bugle calls from a hundred camps filled all the space, and "taps" rang out upon the air in mock salutation and good-night.

At daybreak the following morning I was astir, being the "officer of the day" of my battery, and as I was returning from the roll-call, my steps were arrested by the booming of a cannon way up upon the right of our line, dull and solemn through the enveloping fog. Scarcely had

the reverberation died away when an answering shot thundered from the left. Then all again was still. I learned afterwards that they were the preconcerted signals for the work upon the pontoon bridges to begin. One bridge was to be laid immediately in our front, and here the sharp-shooters of the enemy made sad havoc among our men; so, to silence them and permit the continuance of the work, as many guns as could be brought to bear opened upon the city with a murderous, deafening roar. Remembering the threat against the tower and clock of the church made the night before, I watched through a glass for their destruction; but the hands still moved on, and I presume the hours were tolled off too, though in the din of the cannonade all other sounds were lost.

At nightfall, when this deafening, tumultuous roar had ceased and silence once more settled down upon the scene, the stillness was so oppressive one could scarcely breathe; the air, too, was sulphurous, and the banks of smoke which hung in the valleys suffocating. I have often in after-life likened the awful stillness which followed this day of storm to the sensation I experienced once, when, after five days of furious gales at sea, our vessel suddenly shot across the bar into the smooth waters of the Mississippi; the transition from violent commotion to oppressive calm was sickening, and for some time neither sleep nor rest were possible.

I think every man of the Army of the Potomac was thankful when night brought this terrific cannonade to an end. Men's nerves were taxed to the utmost by the jar and roar, the quaking of the earth, the blinding smoke and sulphurous odors, and even those who had been but passive witnesses of the scene lay down to rest with a prayer of thankfulness upon their lips that the hour of rest had come. At length another day dawned, albeit the army was enveloped in almost impenetrable fog; but this served as an effective covering to the transformation scene which began immediately after daylight. Long columns of infantry filed among the hills towards the river's bank; batteries and baggage wagons debouched from their parks and filled the roads; staff-officers galloped here and there conveying orders; ambulances and stretcher-bearers (significant of ghastly work to come) kept pace with the moving hosts; scattering shots across the river told of the collision of the pickets of the opposing forces, and the deep roar of an occasional cannon in menacing reverberation filled the air.

It is not proposed to speak of the battle of Fredericksburg here, except as establishing a theatre of action upon whose stage was enacted the incident herein narrated.

As has been stated, one of the three men before referred to remained with the battery of 20-pounder guns on the redoubt overlooking Falmouth, to wreak a vengeance and resent an imaginary grievance upon the clock of the Presbyterian church. We others crossed over to the

city, and our batteries happened to be halted near each other not far from the doomed steeple, which reared its height far above the noise and din of the multitude surrounding it. And here we filled the hardest position men can know during a battle,—that of being in its midst, with death at every side, and inactive.

Action tempers the horrors of the scene; a man forgets all but the task assigned him; his hopes rise as the shouts of victory are borne to his ears, or he nerves himself to redoubled effort in face of disaster; but this trying inactivity was the lot of many of us who were crowded into that deserted city.

I remember getting an old pack of cards and sitting down to play with my friend, and as we tried thus to forget our surroundings fragments of shell were dealing death and ghastly wounds about us; but the game was a blessed thing for us as a means of distraction. As we sat there an infantryman was seated in the front door-way of a house across the street, his feet higher than his head against the door-post; and lucky for him was the posture, for a shot came crashing through the rear of the house and, passing under his knees, burst in the little yard in front; but he sat still, thinking, I suppose, that lightning rarely struck twice in the same place.

Hundreds of incidents of a similar kind—hundreds of hair-breadth escapes—crowded into the days of our occupancy of the city; but the reverse of the picture was a record of scenes of horror and of useless sacrifice no pen can aptly describe.

On the night of the 14th, about half-past eight, our battery was ordered to move into position on the right of the city, in the graveyard where, on the day before, Dickinson, of the Fourth, had gone to his death, and his battery to destruction. Silently the pieces and caissons were unlimbered and reversed in the narrow street; in subdued tones the command "mount" was given to drivers and cannoneers, the word "forward" had been spoken, and the traces were pulled taut, when an aide-de-camp rode up, said something to the captain, and the command "march" was left unspoken. From that moment it seemed as though the silence of death had fallen upon the city. The hum of voices ceased utterly; a change came upon the scene so eloquent of fateful meaning that none could tell its import; speculation was dominant on every hand; men whispered and knew not why; a stray shot only broke the stillness, a horse's hoof-beat disturbed an echo.

A few moments later an order came to retreat across the river,—an order given in a whisper and with an injunction of silence. The pontoon bridge was covered with straw and earth to deaden the sound of a marching column, and in the uncertain light enveloping the city long lines of soldiery filed noiselessly along with a sense of relief—a feeling of a lifted burden of anxious thought—no words can describe. From the first the case had been a hopeless one; hopeless before ever we

crossed the river; doubly so when, within the area of that semicircle of fire, line after line recoiled before the withering storm no men could face and live. Gradually the city was emptied of its invading host; camp-fires smouldered in the streets; sheltering houses, riddled with shot, bore tenantless witness to the fury of the past few days; our dead in numbers lay between the city and the heights beyond; a picket-line of corpses marked the extreme limits of our conquest. The stars of heaven looked down upon a field of carnage, of heroism, of useless sacrifice, in the cold stillness of that December night, while the wires were busy with their cruel story of death and defeat.

A few moments before two o'clock our battery filed into a position assigned it upon a narrow plateau covering the bridge. We dared light no fire; hardly did we dare to speak, albeit we were across the river. Worn out with the sleepless days and nights preceding; cold and hungry; wet, too, as the rain just then began to fall, I stepped with a comrade to the ammunition wagon of the battery, which we had not seen for three days, and where I knew I had placed a canteen of whisky. It seemed as though a draught of that would go far to rehabilitate our stiff and exhausted bodies. After some little search the canteen was found, and I was in the act of pouring some of its contents into a cup, when, from across the river,—deep, solemn, insistent,—came the sound of the clock of the Presbyterian church ringing out the hour of two. My companion and I looked at each other amazed, aghast. The clock which had to us been silent for seventy-two hours, disdainful of an alien presence, took up the thread of its monotonous story, ringing out as though exulting with the victors, while the distant hills echoed back in solemn requiem.

Asking my friend, the following day, why he had failed in his threatened demolition of the clock, he replied, that he watched the first shot he fired at it, flying, as he thought, straight for the mark, but that before reaching the dial the shell visibly swerved to the right and only chipped a corner of the tower. The second shot was never aimed at the clock at all. He said he experienced such a change of feeling that nothing could have induced him to harm it, and so, doubtless, the hours rang out from this eyrie as usual, but in the din surrounding us of course we did not hear; and so to-day, over the peaceful scene in the staid old city, with its background of smiling hills; its murmuring stream, moving in glad reflection of their graceful curving crests, the old clock doubtless tolls out the hours as in the long ago, and

> "There, wood and stream and flower and bird
> A pure content declare,
> And where the voice of war was heard
> Is heard the voice of prayer."

WILLIAM C. BARTLETT,
Captain Third Infantry.

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE FLEET.

(FROM THE LONDON NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE.)

It is common to speak of the fleet mobilized this year as not only the most powerful, but also the most numerous ever assembled in our home waters. Most powerful is a relative term, and we may rightly apply it if our reference is to fleets of the past. But to use the term thus makes us put forward something of a platitude, as, practically, a fleet assembled in one age is, *ipso facto*, more powerful than one assembled in an age past and gone. The year 1856 is as far from us in respect of naval change as the year 1588 was from 1793. It would have been a platitude for Lord Howe to speak of his fleet as more powerful than that of Lord Howard of Effingham; and it may be much the same to compare the present fleet with that which assembled not only to swell the peace rejoicings at the close of the Russian war, but also to give a gentle hint to Europe generally that we were not at all breathed, but, in fact, only just woke up, and ready to begin. But as to numbers, my impression is that we are now nowhere as compared with the 1856 fleet. I write while unfortunately cut off from most sources of reference, but my recollection is that there were twenty-six steam sail of the line, some forty to fifty steam frigates and sloops, and one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty gunboats. Unless we are to count in the torpedo-boats,—which would hardly be fair,—the actual numbers were much greater thirty-six years ago. But, then, if we take numbers reasonably, and remember that the 1856 fleet was a serious demonstration, to effect which great and exceptional efforts had been made, and that the fleet assembled to enjoy the gale of August 3 was a piece of routine exercise, we experience quite an awakening; for twenty battle-ships, nine first-class, fourteen second-class, and six third-class cruisers, with a swarm, amounting in all to twenty-six, of odds and ends, from the six coast-defense ironclads to the fifteen gunboats, is really a great fleet to assemble at home, while maintaining intact our full establishments abroad. Then, if we remember the series of almost insuperable emergencies which surrounded the assemblage of anything larger than usual in the way of fleets thirty or forty years ago,—the struggles, the pressure, the doubts, and the dodges by which

the object was then accomplished,—and contrast it all with the quiet, smooth-flowing arrangements of to-day, we feel that the world has gone round since that time. It is, no doubt, perfectly true that a long warning has been given before this fleet was assembled, and well-informed critics in the press have drawn very proper attention to the fact; but I do not think this has such an important bearing on the matter as might appear on the first glance. Unquestionably, it has had a bearing on the selection of the ships which were to assemble at Spithead, inasmuch as we may assume that long ago those ships which it was certain could be got ready have been pushed on, while those ships which it was pretty certain could not be completed in time have been allowed to lie behind. No doubt, also, the long warning has enabled selection to be made with regard to the number of coast-guard reserve to be embarked, and also as to the posts from which they were to be drawn. But all this is more beside the main question than may be thought. The main question is not how much reality or the reverse there may be in the present partial mobilization of our naval forces, but are we really on the improving road or not. Does this mobilization represent real processes, or is it a theatrical sham, of which the importance consists not in its being an exercise, capable of being again and again repeated, each time with greater ease, celerity, and smoothness, but in its outward effect upon the mind of the public at home and abroad?

To my mind, the process has been a real one, which, under a stable government, leading and not following the voice of the multitude, should be capable of continuation and improvement until the navy has attained a sufficient level in force, and until that part of it which, for economical reasons is kept in reserve, will be ready to join the force already in commission in a time sufficiently short to meet any sudden combination of possible enemies. I am far from believing that we are near these levels now, but I aver my belief that this year's mobilization is an upward step towards them.

The levels to be arrived at mean that we shall have always in commission a navy of sufficient strength for our peace requirements, and in reserve a navy of sufficient strength for estimated war requirements, according to the reasonable probabilities of political combination as against this country.

There is no necessity to be extravagant over it; we need not be ready to meet the whole world in arms at a moment's notice, but while we are fully prepared to deal instantly with a probable combination, we should not forget that possible combinations may rise to the rank of probability after war has gone on for a little time. We might, after engaging in war with one or two enemies at sea, have as good a chance of strengthening ourselves by alliances as those enemies could have, but we ought not to calculate on a better chance.

To deal with a probable combination at a moment's notice is the aim typified in this year's mobilization, and it presupposes a sufficiency of ships in reserve so complete as to be ready to proceed to sea a few days after the men and officers embark. But if so, then there must be a proportionate number of officers and men in reserve still more ready than the ships are. If there is anything really hollow in the present mobilization,—anything, that is, in which expedients have been resorted to to make up for deficient arrangements; anything, in short, which ought not to be a part of the regular process of mobilization,—I think it must be in the way the officers are got together. There are not nearly enough in reserve in the first instance, and it would hardly be possible to tell them off to their ships in time to meet a real emergency. Some governments are naturally slow to make revolutionary changes in the navy, and when a government of an opposite tendency steps in and makes changes which have not been sufficiently considered, and are found to work ill, all succeeding governments hope against hope that matters may right themselves, and are loath to make violent changes back again. Some years ago, a novel view of the characteristics of an efficient and sufficient navy held sway. Contrary to all the experience of the past, it was assumed that an efficient navy could not exist unless the ships were in constant employment at sea. Then the corollary followed, that, without unduly trenching on the resources of the country, it would be possible to maintain at sea in peace time a navy sufficiently large to meet the probable requirements of war. The truth was, no doubt, that a navy continually in commission and at sea would be most efficient, but then it would not be possible to have a sufficient navy so treated unless the resources of the country were most unduly trenched upon. This part of the question was so far forgotten that the attempt was made not only to possess this efficient and sufficient navy, but to have it at decreased rather than increased cost. These ideas are just twenty years old. They have now wholly disappeared, but their mark has been left in the deficiency of officers and in the great disinclination of successive governments to admit frankly that if there is to be a full reserve of ships, there must be, to make them a reality, a full reserve of officers. In one rank the pressure came even in peace time. A few years ago it was ascertained beyond any manner of doubt that there were not enough lieutenants and sub-lieutenants even for ordinary peace requirements; and the entries of cadets were ordered to be increased. But it takes about nine years to make a lieutenant, yet only a few months to make the ship in which he is wanted to serve. We shall not begin to reap the advantage of the increased entry till 1891. But then we can only calculate on a supply of lieutenants and sub-lieutenants equal to our peace requirements; and the short supply for war purposes—the absence of reserve—is common, and deliberately made common, to all ranks in the service, except, perhaps, that of the

engineers. We officer our present mobilized fleet not on the plan by which we man it, but—except, perhaps, in the case of captains and commanders—by methods of pure expediency. We have gone out into the highways and hedges for officers, and even then have been obliged to eke out the supply by placing persons of totally different ranks, education, and antecedents into similar positions, as if there were no anomaly developed in so doing. The answer is clear enough. It cannot be helped. The navy is in no single rank—except the engineers—officered so as to be prepared for these mobilizations, and the present numbers cannot be fitted into any scheme. While the store of men—that is, of the ordinary combatant blue-jacket or marine—makes at least an approach to fullness after peace requirements are met, the store of officers has run short even before the door is opened. Let us glance for a moment at the Navy List for July, and for August as specially issued in respect of the mobilized fleet. There are found in the July Navy List fifty-two midshipmen whose seniority dates in 1886, that is to say, who may become sub-lieutenants next year and lieutenants, if all went well, in 1892. These fifty-two officers represent the full supply available to meet a year's waste of the lieutenants' list, which, in fact, it cannot do. The steps which have been taken to remedy the evil are seen in the midshipmen's list for 1887, which reaches the number of ninety-one, and then there are eighty-seven coming on in the year following. The supply is calculated not only to maintain the list of lieutenants at a peace standard, but to bring it up to that standard which it now falls a good deal below. While we must not lay too great stress on the fact, the shortness of the supply of lieutenants for the mobilized fleet is indicated by the number of officers not lieutenants who are doing lieutenants' duties, and by the numbers "lent" from other ships. Thus many of the first- and second-class cruisers, which do not in their normal state carry commanders, are now carrying them in the mobilized fleet in place of senior lieutenants. There are about eleven ships so treated. Most of the torpedo-boats are commanded by lieutenants, but there are nine commanded by gunners and boatswains, warrant officers of entirely different status, junior in rank to sub-lieutenants, and who are consequently deprived of the support of officers of this rank which the lieutenants in command enjoy. In both these cases we cannot say that the pressure on the lieutenants' list is the sole cause of the appointments. There is a great deal to be said for making the commander a permanent second to the captain in at least all the first-class cruisers, if not in the larger cruisers of the second class, but still the want of lieutenants is the chief reason why we find both senior and junior officers doing duty in their room.

In the same way we can speak of the large number of lieutenants "lent" from other ships to take their places in the mobilized fleet.

Though the fact is an indication of the shortness of the lieutenants' list, it is not that alone which has produced the condition. These lieutenants come chiefly from the instructional ships, the harbor depot ships, and the troopers. It is, under the circumstances, quite a natural thing that as the men are almost wholly withdrawn from all these ships to go to sea for the manœuvres, and that as during the manœuvres there will be practically no instruction going on other than that on board the mobilized fleet, the officers should follow the men. So there is not a word to be said as to the removal of the captains and commanders from the stationary ships and the troopers for the time. It is done under no kind of pressure, for there is a fair store of captains and commanders, ready and willing, on half pay; but with the lieutenants it is not so. Behind those now afloat there is no reserve whatever. The case is similar with the medical officers. The considerable numbers "lent" to the mobilized fleet is not in itself an indication of pressure, as the officers are following the men; yet if we turn to the July Navy List and observe that when the fleet was ordered to be mobilized there were hardly any medical officers not already employed, we see that not alone convenience, but pressure also, has had a hand in producing so many medical officers "lent" to the mobilized fleet. In a less degree this is the case with the accountant officers. I put it in a less degree not because the proportionate number of officers in those ranks is any greater than in the other, but because while the accurate keeping of the accounts of the ships, and the accurate record of the receipts, issue, and expenditure of stores is very necessary, it is evident that a fair accuracy could be established without any elaborate machinery, and the "accounting" could be managed temporarily in every ship without any regular accountant staff at all, and without in the slightest degree militating against the sea-keeping and fighting efficiency of the ships. It must not be forgotten that in a real emergency the "lendings" now permissible would not be so, as all the machinery for raising and instructing men must be kept in full work.

A great deal has been said in the lay press on the supposed deficiency of engineer officers, but speaking on information quite open to the public, going, in fact, no farther than the July Navy List, I hold it plain that this is the one branch of naval officers reasonably treated in view of mobilization.

A word or two of explanation is very necessary here, as otherwise most important questions now in considerable agitation may not be understood: when we hear of the shortness of the engineer supply it must be observed that there is a double question involved. Some authorities think that there should be on board our ships considerable numbers of engineer *officers*, who should not only possess all the educational and official status necessary to support a high relative rank in the naval hierarchy, but should be also skilled artisans; workers in

moral force, in theoretical intelligence, and in handicraft. Other authorities think that it will be better in our ships to have a very few engineer officers of high educational and official status, and that under them should come a good supply of practical mechanics, trained not only as handicraftsmen and managers of steam-engines in motion, but trained also to manage small numbers of men in subordinate posts. It is no part of my business here to hold the balance between these different views, but it is necessary to point out that very often when we hear of the short supply of engineer officers, the complaint comes from those who are advocates of the former policy, and their meaning, if probed deeply, might be found to be, not that the supply was short, according to establishment, but that the establishment itself was wrongly framed.

That is one point which must be borne in mind. The other stands as follows: It is obvious that in a navy which must consist, first, of ships fit to fight, and, secondly, of men fit to fight in them, the ideal of a reserve must be a ship ready to receive her crew, and a crew ready to go on board the ship. As the ship approaches completion her full complement of officers and crew should also approach completion, and on the day when the ship receives her certificate of competency to receive her officers and crew these should all be nominated to her, and should know that they are so. Now, as regards captains, commanders, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, medical and accountant officers, it cannot be said that the ideal is at all approached. It is so, however, in regard to the navigating officer and the three warrant officers, gunner, boatswain, and carpenter. These officers are actually appointed to, and serve on board of, the ship in reserve, and are incorporated with the sea-going crew when it arrives. Practically, then, the supply of these officers depends upon, and is bound to follow, the supply of ships which could be sent to sea.

And the ideal is even more closely followed in the engineer officers. Not only is a proportion of these officers appointed to and serving in every completed ship of the reserve, but the name of an engineer officer will be found attached to most ships in reserve of which there is any probability of their being fitted for sea, and the name of the senior engineer officer will commonly be found attached to the ship both before that of any officer except the carpenter, and long after—from the incomplete condition of the ship—the name of every other officer has been withdrawn from her. Therefore we may say without much hesitation that according to the establishment of officers now apportioned to ships, the supply of engineer officers is the last which demands our consideration, for it most nearly approaches the ideal.

Let me take a ship or two at random. The "Hero." When ordered for mobilization she required a captain, a commander, and four lieutenants; an officer of marines, at least one medical officer (a very

short supply for two hundred and ninety men), two accountants, and two sub-lieutenants. But she did not require any navigating officer, for there was one serving on board; any engineer officer, for there were three serving on board; nor any gunner, boatswain, or carpenter, for they were all permanently attached to the ship. The "Inflexible," in like manner, wanted the full supply, including seven lieutenants, mentioned above. But she had her navigating and warrant officers already on board, as well as three out of the five engineer officers now serving in her. The "Medusa" required a captain, two lieutenants, one sub-lieutenant, a surgeon, and a paymaster, to complete her for sea, when the order was given to mobilize, but did not require any navigating, engineer, or warrant officers; they were all on board, as part of the crew in reserve.

Before parting with the subject of the supply of engineer officers, I might anticipate a possible question with regard to the large number of young engineer officers—chiefly "acting" officers—who appear as "lent" to the mobilized ships. In one way, these officers are in the same plight as the "acting sub-lieutenants" who also appear as "lent." They are officers who are completing their education, and temporarily withdrawn, chiefly from the naval college at Greenwich, to serve with the fleet. But the similarity ends here, for while the sub-lieutenants embarked are below the proper numbers required to make the ships thoroughly efficient, the young engineer officers are in excess, and are either found in the fleet simply for practical training, or in place of the skilled mechanics spoken of above, of which the supply is not yet normal.

Neither the skilled mechanic nor the ordinary stoker is difficult to supply. The former may turn out a trifle more expensive than he is at present, but so long as we maintain our great steam factories we hold a school under our control that can always be utilized.

I have no reason to doubt that the complaints current as to short supply of stokers are exaggerated. Even were the supply as short as made out, it is a defect easy to remedy and not overwhelmingly costly. The stoker is already highly paid, considering the class from which he is drawn and the very small cost at which he lives when serving. It is really only a question of recruiting in the right places and at the right times, and in no aspect of the question can it be considered a great one. The best information at my disposal puts it that about three thousand stokers were required for the mobilization, and that that number was forthcoming. It must be remembered that, like the engineer officers, the stokers approach the ideal, as a cadre is always found attached to every ship in the reserve. If the stoker complements of the mobilized ships were separately examined, I suspect it would be found that a deficiency in the complement of one ship would be met by an excess in another, for the distribution cannot be made or kept

absolutely even, owing to men falling sick on one side and returning well on the other.[1]

But while this can be said for the present mobilization, I do not think that the stoker question either ought to be, or is, lost sight of. As an essential part of naval organization, we are as much called upon to provide reserves of stokers as of men more directly to be engaged in fighting. Any shortness which now appears in the reserve may be assigned to our long clinging to our masts and sails, so that though we are drawing abreast of the circumstances of the time, we may still appear somewhat behind them. But the public ought not to lose sight of the question that though steam-power has greatly risen as an element of naval efficiency, stoking-power has not risen *pari passu*. Two shovelfuls of coal will now produce as much steam-power as five would formerly do. The "Achilles," as an old ship, heads the navy with five thousand horse-power to her nine thousand eight hundred and twenty tons displacement. A little farther on we have the "Anson," a new ship, with eleven thousand five hundred horse-power to her ten thousand six hundred tons of displacement. But it does not require twice as many stokers in the "Anson" as in the "Achilles." On the contrary, we might possibly doubt the horse-power of the "Achilles," and find, when we had done so, that she required a smaller complement of stokers than she did with half the power.

It must be understood of the partial mobilization now undertaken, that a real one on an emergency would be a much more simple affair. The warning given—of which so much is made in a sense adverse to the Admiralty plans—may be said to have been mostly absorbed in cutting and contriving so as not to touch the main reserves at all, and to touch the first reserve—the coast-guard—as little as possible. Given an alarm of war, and, as I showed in a paper read before the United Service Institution in March, 1888, it is only necessary to telegraph the one word "Mobilize," to send a superabundance of men to the ports. The task of the Admiralty this year has been to do a great deal more than was done last year, not by opening the reserve stores of *personnel*, but by a better and closer organization of the present use stores. It is, perhaps, scarcely noticed that only fifty ships of all classes were mobilized last year, in addition to those already in commission, while, practically, ninety have been so treated this year. I believe the officers and crews required last year came to about eight thousand six hundred, while this year very nearly fourteen thousand six hundred have been required.

To my mind an ideal arrangement for our navy would be its organization in three great divisions, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham. If it were so, the distribution of the *personnel* and of the

[1] Since writing the above, Lord Brassey has published in the *Times* a valuable and authoritative statement in support of the text.

ships would go hand in hand, and each of the three commanders-in-chief would be bound to watch and report, so that every ship in reserve and ready materially should also be ready personally, officers holding their appointments, and men organized in ship's companies; so that each port should have of all ranks what is wanted, and no more. The ships as built would be transferred to the port where vacancies occurred, and ships and men would always be regarded as the complements one of the other, and inseparable. I believe we are coming to this ideal in an even way, if at a slow pace. But probably no outsider can do more than guess at the excessively intricate and arduous task which must have devolved on the Admiralty this year in fitting ships, officers, and men together without the margin to play with, which any calling out of the reserves would have put into their hands.

The position may be best contemplated by considering how mobilization went on in the three divisions of marines and the marine artillery. For every mobilized ship a proportion of these forces was required, but the colonels commandant could have had no sort of difficulty in providing them, for men and officers were on the spot together, and under their control. Presumably, a forenoon would suffice to frame and issue the orders and nominal lists. Not so the naval commanders-in-chief, though with the men a good approach to system has been made. But it can readily be seen that the work at the Admiralty must have been enormous, as, though each port may have had its proper supply of men, it did not follow that every man was exactly the right kind. Portsmouth might quite possibly have twenty carpenter's mates, while Plymouth had forty, but wanted fifty leading seamen. Chatham might have had thirty second-class petty officers too many and twenty plumbers too few; while Portsmouth wanted twenty second-class petty officers, and could spare ten plumbers; while Plymouth wanted the remaining petty officers, and could supply the remaining plumbers. These things exist because we have not yet quite fitted ourselves into our new clothes; but for the time they entail more thought and work than would be necessary in a real emergency, where all things were open and all margins available.

The strong feeling I have in all this is that we are continually progressing in the right groove. Last year's experience has enabled us, without more apparent effort, to do nearly double what we did last year; and next year, if all goes well, we may hope to nearly double it again.

These annual exercises show us, as nothing else would, where we are weak, and it is evident that the intention is to correct our weakness wherever we find it. Loyal work in all departments, we should say, was the key-note of the present position. We must, unquestionably, credit the Intelligence Department as the agency most immediately and

directly concerned in the result. But it is perfectly evident to any one who chooses to examine for himself and consider, that there must be a wonderful harmony in all departments; in the power above the Intelligence Department, in the co-ordinate departments, in the commanders-in-chief at the ports and their staffs and captains, in order to have produced the excellent result represented by the mobilization of the fleet of 1889.

P. H. Colomb,
Rear-Admiral R.N.

CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS.

(Continued from Vol. I., page 547.)

"GOOD-MORNING, Major Matherby."

"Good-morning, Captain Plussmore."

The notion that on great occasions men always rise to a corresponding sublimity of speech is not warranted by the facts. The occasion may float the man or drown him. Sometimes it is a case of "*vox faucibus hæsit*," and sometimes the case of the angel who

> In Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

To be sure, there was Webster at Bunker Hill, but there was also Bonaparte at the Orangery. His performance must have been very bad to wring from him the comment subsequently, "I said many ridiculous things." Nevertheless he arrived on time.

If there is verity in wine there should be more of it in *Punch*, who says that when Mr. Gladstone encountered Mr. Disraeli in the bookstore, one with a copy of "Lothair" and the other with "*Juventus Mundi*," the former was heard to mutter, "Sad stuff," and the latter, "Dull nonsense."

Clearly the honors were easy, as in the interview of our heroes recorded above. It was the easiest thing Captain Plussmore could say, and not above the capacity of the major. The ex-post-commander bowed himself out of the office and went back to his quarters with that famous transportation order, which, like Talleyrand's memoirs, is yet to be published.

It was about this time that the captain began to grow uneasy in the matter of neckties, cuffs, and shirt-bosoms. He had already astonished Lieutenant Rosebank by borrowing "Friendship's Offering," "Poetical Gems," and Young's "Night Thoughts," which, with Kane's "Chemistry" and a lithograph copy of "Summary of the Course of Permanent Fortifications of the Attack and Defense of Permanent Works," constituted the larger part of that gentleman's library.

> "There was a bower of rosies by Bendameer's stream,
> And the nightingale sang there all the day long."

Nightingales and rosies,—when these begin to trill and bloom about a bachelor's reveries it is a sign of spring, a breaking up of the silence in which the best part of the man lies buried. Behold, he awakes and finds Eve beside him, and feels that this place is none other than the gate of heaven.

Another thing puzzled Captain Plussmore exceedingly, and that was the capriciousness of his appetite. Hitherto one might have set the town-clock by it. Now at noon he loathed the sight of soup and at midnight could have eaten a farm-house dinner.

In his dreams sometimes a grenadier brought him a huge roast of beef, but oftener a kitchen divinity, in dainty white apron, placed before him glorified cherry pies and ethereal strawberry short-cake until the captain feared he was losing his senses and forced himself into a review of trigonometry to get an assurance of saneness.

In some corner of the soul of every man there lurks a fondness for spondees and iambics, until, sooner or later, exhausted by various rhythmic endeavors, perhaps in the county newspaper or perhaps in the village choir. If one cannot make his own rhymes he may sing those of others, even of Sternhold and Hopkins.

That most severe of philosophers, Kant, who made Time and Space in all their infinity nothing but the mental secretions of common folks like you and I, occasionally refreshed himself with the manufacture of verses in the more respectable branches of the art, such as epitaphs, etc., that rhymed as well as "Finsterniss" and "Gewiss" can be made to do.

Not only is poetry a special relief on these occasions, but the patient also takes to botany, and goes out of his way to pick up flowers, and studies with avidity the manual of their language. He finds out what the geranium means, and the myrtle, and, alas! too often learns the significance of the willow.

It therefore need surprise no one that Captain Plussmore began to keep a diary, and turn pansies into thoughts and rue into remembrance. In the morning he watered the slips transplanted from the boxes of Mrs. Matherby, and in the evening he sat down to Cowper and composition. He walked his floor in delight at the beauties of Burns, and in despair at his own unfruitfulness, for the captain, even at this crisis of his life, was like the quartermaster's department and black broadcloth generally, more ready to absorb than emit.

He did not succeed in writing an epic, nor did he venture to construct a hot-house, but his diary was littered with the chips of several metrical combinations, and his window filled with sweet-potato vines that enfolded a glass globe of gold-fish.

In fact, the captain was gradually becoming a broader and a better man; nor can there be a sadder thing than the failure of advancing years to enlarge nothing of an individual but his waistband. For such this world and the heavens were made in vain.

If we remember rightly, the old rabbis had a tradition that whenever Eve touched a flower in Paradise it turned a darker color. If the fancy is peculiar in a race that counts Deborah, Miriam, and Sarah among its mothers, there are at least Jael and Judith to account for it. However that may be, the touch of the army woman generally brightens whatever it falls upon, whether it be a teaspoon or a trellis, or the musings of a lieutenant, sombre over slow promotion and the bounty of a government that furnishes half a pork-barrel for a bath-tub, and grudges him the water to fill it.

The leaves that had been deposited on Major Matherby's shoulders owed all their glitter to the madam's care, and now, if Miss Ethel but looks not unkindly upon Captain Plussmore, that most irreducible of all men, the hard ore melts and sparkles in the novel warmth. For it will long ago have been seen that Captain Plussmore is in love, not midstream by any means, but inshore,—cautious and doubtful, with much fear, little hope, and less encouragement. He was the sort of man that women like to test their power upon, but seldom think of rewarding. If, however, the victim is capable of constant response to provocation, like a lava-bed disintegrated by storms and sunshine, he may become an object of fatal interest to the fair investigator, just as one will always pass over the normal and wearisomely equilateral advance of a hill of beans to dwell upon the wandering luxuriance of a melon-patch. The ordinary is tolerated, but the unexpected fascinates. Or, as Dr. Johnson puts it, there is something very agreeable in the idea of delitescence.

But the captain had been rather inclined to sit at the feet of Major Longbow, who was a veteran misogynist and much worried over the degeneration of the service by the constantly increasing transformation of valuable officers into mere married men.

"No woman," quoth the major, "should be permitted upon a reservation any more than a constable or coroner. Mischief began with the first one and will end only with the last. They made a fool of Solomon, a coward of Antony, a knave of Nelson. They broke up Jackson's Cabinet and Marlborough's campaign, and the great Eugene was right when he said, 'A soldier has no time to waste in the foolish fever of love. He should be, regardless of pleasure, attentive to reputation, and desirous only of renown.'" And the major crushed the sugar in his tumbler with a vindictiveness that told too plainly of unreciprocated attachment and rejected suits.

This being the teaching in which the captain had been trained, he had a good deal to unlearn. "One room and a kitchen is more than a

man wants," he had often boasted; "but what number of closets could satisfy a woman, and into what possible area could she confine her dresses and bric-a-brac? A regiment of dragoons could be commodiously barracked in the space that the married outfit of an academy graduate monopolizes." And Captain Plussmore looked at the meagre dimensions of his camp-bed and table, and positively shuddered as he thought of the huge *impedimenta* of matrimony.

What, in fact, can be expected of any man if the care that should be devoted to horse and sabre is absorbed by a wife's complaints and a baby's cries. A lawyer may well be able to look two ways at once, and find his oratory stimulated by the imaginary clutch upon his coat of mother and child; but—so the captain was wont to assert—the daring and readiness of a genuine soldier find no aliment in a nursing-bottle.

Ah! is that so, captain? What says Hector of the glancing helm to Andromache?

> "He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
> Restored the pleasing burden to her arms.
> Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
> Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed
> The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear;
> She mingled with her smile a tender tear.
> The softened chief with kind compassion viewed
> And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
> ——'Me glory summons to the martial scene;
> The field of combat is the sphere of men.
> Where heroes war the foremost place I claim,
> The first in danger as the first in fame.'"

But then Hector is a poetical hallucination, while a baby-carriage, Saratoga trunks, and a piano, impart a gravity to the bills of lading that no touch but that of Midas can lighten. So Captain Plussmore continued to struggle up the hill Difficulty. The moments spent in the company of Miss Ethel and the poets were partly neutralized by the hours devoted to the first sergeant and his requisitions and returns.

At his visits Mrs. Matherby seldom came in his way, being preoccupied beyond her wont, as the captain supposed, with household cares; and as for Major Matherby, whenever he entered the house it was to vanish up-stairs, where he was reported to have a "study," for which apparently he had as little use as an owl for sunshine.

But the major's intellectual life was not altogether a blank. It had its bit of color,—just enough so to mark off his leisure from absolute vacuity, like that beginning of a tint that authorized the Pharisee to say it was time for morning prayer. He had a book-shelf or two that held his collections and his heart; and it would be difficult for the reader to guess their contents, as he will find if he stops right here and tries.

Everybody knows there are numberless forms of the biblionic malady. Some people buy by the yard, anxious simply to possess those "standard works" which no gentleman's library should be without. One man wastes his substance in illustrated copies, and another in costly binding, and a third in first editions,—all indications that the insanity has become chronic and incurable, except in so far as it may be possible to isolate the victim at some remote Southern station, where the only literature extant is Pollard's "Lost Cause," and the "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy."

A steady course of these drastic remedies has been known to secure temporary relief, passing gradually into prolonged sleep, with intervals of inhiation; but any return to Nassau Street, after no matter what lapse of time, is sure to bring back the disease with sevenfold fervor.

Peculiar forms of the malady are the passion for that of which there is only one of its kind, or for all that can anywhere be found. One man's happiness depends upon a solitary copy, and another's upon no possible lack of them. Here an enthusiast fills his rooms with Horace in every size, type, and tongue; and there nothing is wanted but Bibles, from the Ethiopian to the Esquimaux version, including the "Breeches' Bible," the "Vinegar Bible," the "Wicked Bible," and others coveted solely for their misprints.

Thus a book may be prized because of its faults no less than because of its perfection. Beside these imaginary values appear others made real by the autograph of an illustrious owner like Johnson, or by the note of some eminent scholar like Smith.

At its worst this is a more agreeable craze than that which sends a man into the bowels of the earth for trilobites, or keeps him perpetually on the lookout for the dollar of 1804.

The Laird of Bonnymune, who put up his shelves first and fitted his books to them afterwards with hammer and saw, is better entitled to respect than the solemn poet who cut open the leaves of Burke's works with a soiled butter-knife, or that pestiferous fiend who chronicled on the margin of a borrowed book the items of his commissary bill. Ten to one such a fellow as that buys more tobacco than soap, disputes the items, and pays only under compulsion.

There! we should feel ourselves tolerably even with Major Periwinkle, who spoiled our idolized "Irving," were it not for the unpleasant probability that a man whose ideal of artistic excellence is realized in Pinkerton literature is not very likely to turn over the leaves of THE UNITED SERVICE.

In the Matherby family, years ago, there had been a learned D.D. who had delivered an election sermon during one of those stated commemorations when the civil power used to be instructed in its duties by the clergy. In his hunt after this piece of pulpit antiquity the major had accumulated quite a number of specimens, until finally the

demon of completeness took possession of him, and he determined to make the series good from the very beginning, so far as his native State was concerned. The shops of Cornhill and Beekman Streets, and many other dusty recesses, were duly explored by person and by letter with a perseverance only known to these victims of an idea,—which is the feminine form of idiot, according to Whateley,—and each musty pamphlet, tenderly patched and brightened up, was bound by itself in polished calf, with gilt-border and edge stamped with the Matherby arms, and laid beside its fellows, until the Major had accumulated a quantity of the most worthless literature, covered in the daintiest of ways,—like Biddy in the ball-dress of her mistress,—that ever was seen outside of a junk shop.

But the series was complete; the instinct of continuity—to which a gap is like an interdigital corn—was satisfied, and the major was the proud possessor of something no man of our acquaintance has ever had before or since; the nearest approach to it, perhaps, being the collection of that individual who had a museum of all the ropes by which various malefactors had been hung, each duly labeled and coiled upon its peg.

To see the major take up one of his thin octavos and pass his hand caressingly over its smooth and glistening sides, count the volumes up with a little thrill of fear lest some might be found missing, softly dust the whole with nothing less than a bunch of peacock's feathers, breathe almost a sigh that the pleasure of pursuit was gone and nothing but the fact of possession remained,—for the bloom of value is brushed off in the handling,—gave one a clear notion of the Divine adjustments in this world, whereby all have their special joys, and the ugly spider spreads before us the beauties of geometry, and the frail mosquito carries dismay into the heart of army commanders.

So these defunct sermons of the most defunct of men, among their other uses, had that of giving Captain Plussmore a parlor to himself and Miss Ethel, barring an occasional transit of the madam in the interests of propriety.

But one morning a wave of news broke over the walls of Fort Fairfax. The army was to be increased by two additional regiments of infantry, and of one of these Major Matherby was to be lieutenant-colonel, which was eminently right and proper, since he had been an artillery officer all his life long. The left wing of the new regiment was to be organized at the Fort, and Captain Plussmore would doubtless be returned to his old post. So much he read of a letter just received from Captain Boomer.

Notwithstanding the doubt naturally belonging to news from this quarter, Plussmore felt that the story was true. There had been a something-or-otherness about both the major and the madam which the captain had noticed but was not disposed to investigate, just as one

is reluctant to lift the lid of the syrup-cup in the presence of the landlady. That his presence should be tolerated was enough. That it should be graciously borne was more than he had any right to expect; and if now and then he caught in the madam's look that prophecy of a smile with which one of the immortals might contemplate the vagaries of a midge, he thought of the linchpins and held his peace.

But there was no trouble about the interpretation now, and an uncomfortable sense of furnishing sport to the Philistines began to darken the captain's thoughts. At all events, it was time to define his position,—to himself at least. Was Miss Ethel to be given up, or should he press the siege, or should he call for a surrender?

Spiral motion pervades the universe, doubtless, because time is of no consequence to a system that comes out of one eternity only to go into another. But there was nothing spiral about the captain. He was utterly innocent of that circumlocution of speech and manner which so misleads an opponent as to your point of direction that his position is carried before it can be intrenched.

"I am glad to meet the lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-third Infantry," said Captain Plussmore one evening, as he made his usual visit and found the Matherbys sole occupants of the parlor.

The major laughed in a way that meant little or much, as you might choose to take it, like the Thirty-nine Articles. The madam replied that she feared five companies would be more than Fort Fairfax could hold.

"Yes," answered the captain, "I have already begun to pack."

"What is that about packing?" said Miss Ethel, from the door-way.

"I am afraid I shall have to go back to Carter Barracks." And the captain felt there was a very sorrowful ring to his voice.

"Why how delightful!" said Miss Ethel. But then she added, "I am going there myself."

The captain made up his mind. As soon as he and this young lady were brought together in the familiar surroundings of his old post, he would surely give her the opportunity sooner or later to daily pour out his tea.

That dreaful yellow envelope. There is a feeling of uneasiness in the air. The mail comes in. Here it is. It seems longer, wider, heavier, and more bilious than ever. You turn it over. The fold is pasted down with ominous care. You hold it up to the light. The contents fill it out with provoking accuracy and leave little room for the supposition of mere official memoranda. You feel it between thumb and forefinger. Too thick, evidently, for a solitary circular. Duplicate orders must be there: one for the post and one for the company. Finally you pick up the paper-knife, and the madam cheerfully asks, "What news?"

You say, "Oh, nothing," rather impatiently, and the madam sees that you really mean *everything*, and goes up-stairs to cry a bit over the cost and trouble of the change,—the baby is so little and the way is so long. You walk over to the office confident that you hold in your hand the letter that is to send you from Boston to Benicia.

In the office, with the door closed and sick of the suspense, you tear the cover, unfold the sheet, and behold—What is this? You rub your eyes and look again, and with difficulty make out that the *Jewish Messenger* is added to the list of lawful advertising agents.

But this was not the interesting information that the next week brought to Captain Plussmore. On the contrary, he was ordered to return to Carter Barracks, and that most considerate of men, Adjutant Penwiper, wrote to say how glad they would all be to see him again.

Colonel Penwiper laid down the "Siege of Londonderry," rubbed his eye-glasses thoughtfully, and wondered if, under Mrs. Matherby's discipline, the captain had become a trifle less impracticable.

But the great transforming influence that was at work to decarbonize the disposition of this officer was soon to be brought to the notice of the colonel. Mrs. Peppercorn was also related to the Broadwater-Yorks, of Accomac; the family affiliations of this ancient house being like Bermuda grass, which from a centre or two spreads all over the parade. In view of the disturbed condition of affairs at Fort Fairfax, Miss Ethel had been invited to Carter Barracks, while Miss Thalia, "in maiden meditation fancy free," returned to the comfortable seclusion of York Hall. Lieutenant Rosebank was unfortunately a timid soul like the old cat in the adage. Such men never marry, but occasionally get married, just as one gets the measles, or, caught in some *cul-de-sac* of circumstance and not being brave by instinct, they become cruel by compulsion, resembling that most innocent beverage, milk, which through malignant surroundings may be resolved into deadly poison.

The promotion of Mrs. Matherby, for so Major Longbow always referred to it, furnished a text for many a sermon to his good friend Plussmore. "D—n that woman!" exclaimed the major; "she'll make old Matherby commander-in-chief before he dies."

Now, that gentleman's age hardly warranted such a disrespectful adjective from Longbow particularly, in whose presence it was not considered polite to allude to the War of 1812–14, it being a tradition that he had served as corporal at Lundy's Lane under the celebrated Miller, who laid down the fiddle of a dancing-master for the commission of colonel, and taught the Peninsular veterans as lively a step as ever he did the girls of New England.

"Well, Matherby did a good thing when *he* married," was Plussmore's remark.

"Nonsense," replied Longbow. "Better be nobody than a d—d

dummy." For the major struggled some time with hazy recollections of certain ciphers whose value was due solely to their female units. Under what impenetrable obscurity is buried Mr. Goose, for instance. He must have been a pleasant old gentleman who made life easy for everybody, or his wife never could have found the time and spirits for her immortal work which has sweetened so many hours of creatures

"Moving about in worlds not realized,"

unless by a fall down-stairs.

Figures have a terribly depressing effect upon imagination. Mother Goose was left a widow in 1710. Her rhymes were first published in 1719. She died in 1757. There is no place for Father Goose in the record as contributing anything to the inspiration of the melodies, except his share in sixteen children, ten of them by a previous wife.

But, on the other hand, although it is related of the antediluvian patriarchs that they begat sons and daughters, we know the names of neither damsel nor dame in the High Church line, from Seth to Abraham, which seems to indicate that orthodoxy had a depressing effect upon the sex.

On the dissenting side of the house Lamech is credited with two wives, Adah and Zillah, or the Blonde and the Brunette; showing on his part an anxiety to avoid any charge of undue preference or neglect that leaves a very favorable impression of this early civilization, Cain to the contrary notwithstanding.

We also know the name of Lamech's daughter. It was Naamah, or the Gracious. These sparkling bits of nomenclature are charming and valuable proofs that primitive man was born more of a poet than a Pithecus. His assumed Simain origin is nothing but the dyspeptic dream of his degenerate descendants.

All this is what Major Longbow had thought of saying; but he did not have time, for Plussmore, who really felt great respect for Mrs. Matherby, just as General Rosser does for Sheridan, and for the same reason, stood boldly up in her defense. "The madam is somewhat hasty," he said, "and rather—well—rather abrupt at times; but if one will use a little discretion, it is easy enough to get along with her."

Major Longbow deliberately turned on his heel and went into the blacksmith's shop to get warm.

By this time Plussmore was re-established at Carter Barracks and began to resent the curious way in which he was questioned upon his recent experience. The light of Miss Ethel's eyes still lit up his sojourn at Fort Fairfax, and left the encounter with Mrs. Matherby in shadow, just as morning shows us meadow and garden, but not the gulfs between. Mrs. Peppercorn, however, was in trouble. She was quick to see the drift of the captain's thoughts, and, though Miss Ethel

seemed not so much interested as amused, the madam knew that if mere propinquity effects some marriages, perseverance secures more.

Nearly everybody else said, "Oh, Miss Ethel has too much sense ever to marry Plussmore," which raises the question how far that endowment is consulted in matrimony.

Colonel Peppercorn was confident from the beginning that it would be a match. "Providence has no pets," said the colonel. "School begins sooner or later for all of us, and it is about time Plussmore was put under tuition. Nothing educates a man like being between doubt and desire, and if Miss Ethel keeps him long enough in play he will ripen wonderfully."

But the colonel was as little qualified as the rest of us to foresee a woman's intentions, though well enough posted in Plussmore's obstinacy.

The bachelors' mess had resolved to celebrate Captain Plussmore's return by a dinner. At the head of the table sat Major Longbow, and opposite him Mr. Penwiper, the veterans of the organization and custodians of the stories and silver that are yet in existence, descended from days remote, when such things as breakfast jackets were worn, and sash and epaulets were thought as essential as soup and coffee to the main meal of the day.

There were the seven-branched candlesticks, nearly as famous as that sculptured on the arch of Titus. Here was nearly all the old table-ware of solid silver from which generation after generation of the regimental field and staff had sipped their wine, and eaten of all that garden, forest, and stream could furnish.

Plate and goblet had their service chevrons in the shape of scratches and dents, that told of late festivities and much travel. To some of the more conspicuous of them were attached traditions of individual prowess, as the famous bowl, for instance, that was filled with toddy for general circulation on national holidays. Once, and once only, it was drained at the start by old General Brimmer, for fear, he said, that it would not come round again.

Here, too, were the prints made by the boot-heels of Colonel Claverton, who later became a terrible martinet; but in the exuberance of his subaltern days volunteered one evening to dance a hornpipe in the cake-dish, which records the performance to this hour.

And here was the fish-platter, a gift from—well, if dandies always made soldiers, this gentleman would have had little difficulty in resolving himself into an army corps.

John Randolph was glad to go miles out of his way to kick a sheep, always a safe process, and Captain Yamacraw would have gone even farther to kick a codfish; not that he knew the difference between it and pompano, but simply because of its notoriety as a staple of Yankee diet, and so tainted with all sorts of political and religious heresy.

Now, the caterer of the mess in the times we are talking about was a native of Marblehead, and no dweller by Nile or Shannon had more veneration for a bull than this gentleman for the produce of Cape Cod.

So one day he asks, "Captain, shall I help you to some of the fish?"

"Ah!" said that officer, putting up his eye-glasses. "Ah! what is it?"

And the caterer, with a wink towards the solemn colonel, replied blandly, "Captain Yamacraw, this is a rarity seldom seen outside of Guy's, who has a standing order at the market for all that are caught. I took this from the boat at the wharf this morning as I came down."

Now, the captain cultivated on very small capital the reputation of a *gourmet*, who, it will be recollected, differs from a *gourmand* in that he prides himself rather on flavor than quantity.

"What do they call it, my dear fellow?" said he, eagerly.

"I don't remember the scientific name, but it is known all along the coast as the Block Island bass."

"Never heard of such a thing, I assure you."

"Well, here is a plate full, and you will remember it as long as you live."

The colonel declined the delicacy. It was too rich, he said; though in his younger days it had been, of course, a favorite dish, when it could be had, and the colonel sighed; and Yamacraw thanked Heaven he had a good digestion, took the least bit more, praised the savor, the flakiness, and the *gout*, which means what you have left when you have swallowed the rest, and, in fine, the captain promoted the caterer several grades at once in his esteem, having heretofore regarded him as a gastronomic failure.

In most garrisons, besides the ordnance sergeant and the sutler, there is the post censor, who takes you out behind a bush, and tells you how often and by whom you have been made a fool.

Captain Yamacraw, having been duly enlightened by this industrious nuisance, was not very grateful and a good deal annoyed. The caterer, who always adhered to his jokes a little too long, began the very next dinner with, "Yamacraw, observing yesterday how much you were pleased with Block Island bass, I have been at some trouble to get another——." But plate, fish, and all suddenly disappeared on the floor, the result of a sudden push by the captain, whose anger rose like a freshet, and gave more vim to his elbow than he intended.

The colonel promptly fined him a box of claret for lack of self-control, a serious military offense, and the caterer invariably managed that the ragged edge of the platter should be next the captain's plate, until he finally compromised by presenting the mess with a new one.

Mr. Contretemps was present at the dinner given to Captain Pluss-

more. Being one of the youngest officers, he had not contributed much to the conversation, which had wandered into reminiscences of various cities and of many men, as it will do among professional itinerants, and as the festivities passed into their final stage something seemed to be the matter with Contretemps. Apparently his mind, like his stomach, was burdened with fragments of the entertainment that refused digestion, and at last he requested permission to address the meeting, evidently under the impression that he was before a large audience disposed to receive him in a hostile manner.

"There is no reason," insisted the lieutenant, "why—Columbus should be forgotten," and Contretemps scowled fiercely at Mr. Buttons, who sat opposite and had been sedulously occupied the whole evening in keeping everything but ice-water out of his glass. "Had it not been for Columbus—I say, had it—not been for—Co-lum-bus—Hull would have never surrendered."

This statement was received with much applause. Mr. Buttons, however, remained silent, wondering, probably, what Columbus had to do with the dinner or with Contretemps. Between the gentlemen lay the half of a cheese, the interior of which had been explored so repeatedly that little but the rind was left.

Mr. Contretemps now said, speaking with great deliberation, that he had a toast to propose. Invited to proceed, he finally got hold of the nut-crackers, and, flourishing them wildly at Mr. Buttons, went on, word by word, "Here's—to—the—health—of—General—Hull—who—would—not—surrender—the—city—of—Co-lum-bus—although—he—was—three—times—requested—to—do—so."

The toast being at last put together elicited a round of cheers, and then Major Longbow leaned over the table and said, with a slight toss of the head upward, "Ah! Mr. Straitedge."

And Mr. Straitedge, pushing back his chair, replied, "All right, major."

But meantime Contretemps had dropped the nut-crackers, and suddenly beaming upon Mr. Buttons in the most delightful manner, he seized the cheese and drove it down over that gentleman's head with such enthusiasm that nothing but his mouth was left visible, in the expansion of which could be read a portion of the astonishment provoked by this manœuvre.

Lieutenant Straitedge was late but energetic. Grasping Contretemps round the waist, he bore him off upon his back, Contretemps resigning himself to his fate and placidly lifting his hands aloft as if to close the proceeding with his benediction.

Mr. Buttons still sat at the table, cheese and all, seemingly paralyzed by the onslaught, until his neighbor undertook to relieve him. His feelings were hurt and his hair in disorder, but he soon recovered and joined in the laugh, like the sensible man he was.

Mr. Contretemps, when the proceedings were made known to him next day, evinced his compunctions by shaving himself, intending this to be the outward and visible sign of the inward transformation. Then he signed the pledge, executing for that purpose a charming landscape in water-colors, representing in the background a sort of Lodore with cataract, rocks, and clouds,—

"Shadow streaked with rain,"—

while in front there was a well and sweep and bucket, and underneath the motto,—

"Here I pledge perpetual hate
To all that doth intoxicate."
JAMES CARNIFAX CONTRETEMPS.

This he hung up over the mantel-piece, and felt himself a better man than ever until, coming back from drill one day, he discovered that the sweep had been altered into a pair of nut-crackers, the bucket into a Stilton, and the legend completed by the additional lines,—

"Why not, lieutenant, if you please,
Pledge perpetual hate to cheese."

But all this seemed very trifling business to Captain Plussmore, who was now debating the point whether his proposal to Miss Ethel should be undertaken by letter or in person. He had little confidence in any inspiration of the moment and not much more in labors with midnight oil. He knew that inspiration seldom keeps its engagements, and that midnight oil furnishes a very slippery footing in critical times.

Men propose, hundreds of them, every day of the week, but it is safe to say that in no case is the event at all an exact copy of the intention. It comes out of the struggle, like your picture from the camera of some village gallery, a reminiscence of yourself such as might be lingering among the shadows behind the glass you looked at a century ago.

Many an evening the captain spent in Colonel Peppercorn's library, much to the delight of that gentleman, who sought to give a literary turn to the captain's aspirations as he waited Miss Ethel's appearance, not seldom deferred with a little malice on her part as knowing that delays are dangerous only to travelers.

"Yes," continued the colonel, "for a time Napoleon courted success as we do our sweethearts, with infinite pains; but after Austerlitz—why the thing got to be an old story. He looked upon fortune as pledged to him, and treated her less like a lover and more like a lord." And the colonel felt confident he had put this idea into language that Plussmore would appreciate.

"Well," replied that son of the soil, "I suppose there was just so much cream in the pan and he skimmed it too often."

"I believe," said the colonel, after a moment, with much dignity, "Miss Ethel is in the parlor."

Mrs. Peppercorn was also there; it having been made the colonel's duty to occupy Plussmore until the madam had time to form up as a corps of observation.

This sort of thing continued and the captain's perplexities increased. Finding himself night after night sleepless and tired, he resolved to take Major Longbow's advice and try a little toddy.

To lie in bed broad awake hour after hour, while the mind circulates round and round some folly of the past or fear of the future prying into it from all points in search of any possible excuse or alleviation, is never very agreeable, and occasionally a little rum hazes up the prospect and hides most of the ugliness, but the liquor must be old and pure and paid for. And it must be recollected that as the thunder of Waterloo was heard at Hastings, Hythe, and Dover, the tinkle of a spoon in a tumbler rings through the night with a penetrating vivacity that has often brought high reputations into trouble and wakened every thirsty soul in the neighborhood.

Captain Plussmore's own quarters were in the hands of painter and plasterer, and he was living temporarily in what was known as *Social Circle.* This building was like the celebrated ear of Dionysius, or rather, instead of the two normal foci, it had an infinite number wherein were gathered the echoes of all its doings. So when the captain bounced out of bed resolved to confront his troubles with a little bitters and water, etc.,

And by imbibing end them,

Mr. Penwiper himself, just across the passage, caught the cheerful sound and cautiously came into the hall. Farther along two other gentlemen appeared in their night-shirts and listened.

The refractory nature of loaf-sugar, particularly after ten o'clock at night, is well known, and there was Plussmore laboring away at the elusive lumps, evidently with the end of his tooth-brush, until waiting at his door were gathered a train of ghostly-looking individuals headed by the worthy adjutant, and each with an empty glass.

Pretty soon the gurgle of the liquid was heard as it surged out of an uplifted demijohn. Carefully they made their way inside and stood ranged in a row against the wall, holding their tumblers out in the gloom that the solitary candle failed to dispel.

But a slight noise arrested the captain's chemistry, and as he turned and beheld this weird arrangement in the background, the demijohn poised on his forearm slid off and fell to the floor, when, with a unanimous groan, his visitors fled out of the room.

Plussmore never looked after them. He turned the door-key with a vicious wrench, but before he could clear away the decks and get to bed again, there came a series of knocks, to which, repeated at intervals, he made no reply. Then followed a variety of movements rather diffi-

cult to interpret; but as an assault seemed probable, the captain took up a defensive position with his water-pitcher and waited.

The racket increased, not particularly to the discomfort of Plussmore, who rather welcomed a reasonable excuse for being awake. In the midst of it he detected the shutting of a door behind him, and turned just in time to see that the enemy had invaded his premises by the rear.

Then suddenly the noise ceased and the building became as quiet as a Connecticut Sunday.

This continuing, Plussmore took a look at the inner room where he slept. He still carried the water-pitcher, but encountered no hostile demonstration. Having secured the door on this side, he was about to blow out the light, when he discovered an addition to the furniture on his table,—something to drink, evidently,—and in Mr. Penwiper's own cup as a guarantee of good faith.

Certainly it had a seductive smell, and investigation revealed a more seductive taste. Plussmore took another sip and sat down to wonder if he had not hitherto neglected his opportunities. Then he wished there was more of it, and finally he appeared to be watching the earth spinning round and round below, himself meanwhile reclined upon an immense cloud.

Gradually he began to sink into its depths, and was astonished to find that instead of being moist and chilly, it was deliciously soft and warm.

He never woke up until past guard-mounting the next forenoon, and then, fortunately for him, his head felt like a forty-two-pound shot and his stomach like a foot-stove.

So he learned practically the meaning of the fall of man, who, between pain and pleasure, is slowly educated into the knowledge of what is good for to-day, in order to be the best for to-morrow.

All the same, however, Plussmore's subsequent nights were as sleepless as ever, and the first call for reveille usually found him counting one hundred backward.

It was not half as nice as a cocktail, but there was much less headache in it.

Insomnia is the modern name for this accomplishment, but it is as old as the pyramids. It troubled the butler and baker of Pharaoh, of whom it is observed that Joseph came in to them in the morning, "and, behold, they were sad,"—always a sure symptom.

True, the official record calls it dreams, for the writers of that age really do not seem to have paid much attention to Latin. The baker, at all events, got very little comfort from Joseph, who had a sharp eye for breadstuffs, and doubtless knew the rascal had persistently failed to keep the flour rating up to the 33⅓ per cent. required by army regulations, paragraph 295, last edition.

The righteous Caliph of Bagdad, when he could not sleep, scoured the country for beautiful virgins, who told him stories all night long nearly; but the supply is limited, and instead of stories the best people to-day use acid phosphate and roasted peanuts. Neither of these, however, were procurable by Captain Plussmore, and he continued to feel that unless something was done he would have to apply for the cavalry or a sick leave to divert his mind.

But one evening he was lucky enough to meet the queen of his heart right by the garden gate. "Whom the gods love die young," because they delay sending for the doctor. Most of the failures of life are the result of false delicacy about taking opportunity by the forelock.

Plussmore was of a very deliberative turn of mind; but he was quite sure that Mrs. Peppercorn would never give him half a chance, and the fragrance of some honeysuckle just over the fence suggested to him the old mill it covered that stood by the pond where he used to fish when a boy to so little purpose, because he never was quick enough with the snare.

A mighty resolve strengthened him, and squarely facing the girl he said, "Miss Ethel, will you marry me?" Preliminaries, it will be seen, were dispensed with, but the contingency had not been entirely unforeseen even by Miss Ethel.

Of course ladies cannot be expected to carry round answers by the yard to such interrogatories as easily as they do other ready-made material, nevertheless, Miss Ethel had taken into consideration and settled two points,—that she would marry, and marry in the army. Captain Plussmore she was inclined to employ somewhat as a stepping-stone to higher things. So she neither screamed nor blushed. It was plain enough the captain was in earnest, so earnest she almost began to think him good-looking. His eyes shone and his cheeks were flushed; the lips a trifle too tightly closed, perhaps, but in the artery under the collar she could count his heart-beats.

"Really, Captain Plussmore; you seem to be in a hurry."

"Not a bit of it. I have made up my mind, and I want you to make up yours."

"That takes time—apparently."

"It has taken me—let me see," said the captain, reckoning on his fingers: "It was the 15th of June I first saw you, it is now the 20th of August," and the captain consulted his watch—"the 20th of August, 7 o'clock P.M. Perhaps, though, I need take no further trouble," for the captain's courage was beginning to fail, and he felt by no means reassured by Miss Ethel's sober face.

"Oh, go on, please," she said.

"Thank you; then I will expect an answer by seven o'clock on the 25th of September next."

"Well, Captain Plussmore, certainly that is a very business-like way of proceeding. By the 25th of September next I shall be ready to reply. Good-night, Captain Plussmore."

"Good-night, Miss Ethel."

And that person walked straight up to her room and began to laugh, and after a moment changed her mind and began to cry.

Why there should be so many more bald heads among the men is a question that is constantly up for discussion, like the merits of rival baking powders. It may possibly be due to the customary stern repression of feeling on the part of the male sex. The sorrowful emotions find no vent through lip and eye, and, as they must be absorbed somewhere, are ultimately taken up by the capillary roots to their gradual destruction. A man runs away with your money, or your wife, or your books, and instead of relieving your lacerated affections by an interval or two now and then of voluble lamentation, you are obliged by the sentiment of the time to shut down the gates and keep your griefs, as Spain did her gold, for home consumption, to the detriment of internal growth generally.

At the siege of Troy, it will be remembered, Philoctetes, because he had a sore foot, kept up such a continual bellowing of "*ai, ai*" that they finally took him to the Soldier's Home on the island of Samos. The uproar was too much even for the tumultuous Greeks, and certainly would not be tolerated in our highly-refined communities.

But we secure this dignified repose at the cost of the bald heads that so abound both at churches and beer-gardens.

For Captain Plussmore, although he went home plunged deeper and deeper into the conviction that he had made a perfect ass of himself, and was by no means gratified at his success, did not shed a tear. He set to thinking, passed in review all that had been done or said, turned all the side-lights of conjecture upon his position, and decided that he had no more chance than Burnside at Marye's Hill, or a coal-scuttle at Fort Yuma, or Huss at Constance.

Any man who reads this article will understand why Plussmore took to his pipe, and any woman equally fortunate will confess that Miss Ethel's behavior was natural enough. Both of them, like ourselves, hardly saw their way out. The captain was afraid he had not said enough; but a chapter that has but one word for its context does not need a very complex preface.

Miss Ethel was obliged to admit that it was no case of love at first sight. And in the interest of the service it may be well to remark right here that love at first sight furnishes very little material for the census report. It is not to be particularly desired any more than first efforts at a loaf of bread or a home-made shirt.

Nature has been at work a good many millenniums preparing a world fit to live in, and love needs something else than a snap judg-

ment when it comes to housekeeping. Morning glories die out by noon, and posies that are in such a hurry to get out of the ground find themselves badly nipped by the frost. It is no evil omen if love takes time to secure a good footing before it seeks the upper air.

The next evening found Captain Plussmore at the colonel's library, and by way of propitiating that officer he asked him which he thought the greatest soldier, Cæsar or General Scott.

The colonel did not care to worry over conundrums that properly belonged to village debating societies, but he was very charitable with Plussmore, and disposed to encourage any tendency towards speculation in a gentleman who was usually so dogmatic, and whose mood partook so entirely of the categorical imperative.

Improvement is not practicable in any one until he begins to brand his local beliefs with an interrogation point. That is the first step to the "I. C." that warrants throwing aside useless lumber preparatory to a new and serviceable equipment.

Referring to the merits of the Roman and American chiefs, the colonel seemed to think that as soldiers each made very good use of their opportunities.

"Do you remember the '*citizens*' of the Tenth Legion, Captain Plussmore?"

"No, colonel."

"Well, it is a bad habit to meddle with comparisons until you get the full pattern."

The captain felt that he had plenty of room for information, and asked the colonel if his library contained a copy of Cæsar's "Commentaries."

That officer produced the book at once, and said he would be glad to place it at the service of Plussmore.

"Why, this is the Latin edition, colonel."

"Certainly. That ought not to trouble a collegian."

"Perhaps not. But in my case the academy came after the college, and my classics are rather overlaid by ordnance and gunnery."

"Get a translation by all means. You will find that athletic education, food supplies, outpost duty, and camp service were more thoroughly understood and provided for in those days than they are now. It is the paper-mill that is the most prominent feature of our military life. To all branches there is attached such a parasitic growth of blank forms and foolscap that the army is like a Mexican donkey going to market; you see the load but not the animal. Study Cæsar."

Captain Plussmore resolved to supply himself with the "Commentaries" before next winter. But where in the world was Miss Ethel?

H. W. C.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE English naval manœuvres for this year ended on August 29, and from all accounts the victory rests with Admiral Tryon, as it did last year. This year he commanded the English fleet and was supposed to act on the defensive, while last year he commanded the Achill squadron that was supposed to attack the coast of Great Britain and her commerce. Admiral Baird was his opponent on both occasions.

There can be no question as to the value of the experience gained by the officers of the navy from these manœuvres; for while the attempt to simulate war requires some effort of the imagination, and many of the rules must be arbitrarily drawn, and no allowance can be made for pluck and skill when closely pressed by a superior force, still, in the manœuvres of the last three years there has been a close likeness to war, and the lessons learned have been invaluable.

Perhaps the most important lesson for the English is the vulnerability of their own coast. The English have been seized by periodical panics, but the fear of being injured at home has never struck very deep into the hearts of the people, and on most occasions the Englishman places firm reliance in his insular position and his superb and powerful fleets, and this confidence is well supported by history. The results of the manœuvres has far from settled the controversy; only the successful manner in which many important ports have been raided, shipping destroyed, and large sums of money exacted has given renewed force to the arguments of those who would place their dependence in strong fortifications. There are still many left, notably Admiral Colomb, who hold by the lessons of history, and would still have England place her main dependence in her fleets. But both sides are united in the opinion that the naval force of Great Britain falls considerably below what her best interests require, and some consider it dangerously small.

In former wars England protected her coasts by maintaining the command of the sea; frequently she blockaded her enemy's vessels in their home ports, and at others, keeping her strength at home, swept the Channel clear of the enemy. But there was never a time when war found her well prepared or when she maintained a naval force commensurate with her requirements. At every outbreak mints of

money were wasted because ships must be rushed into commission, fortunes were lost by damage incurred by her commerce because of insufficient protection, and more than the cost of many fleets was lost for want of a sufficient force to strike an immediate blow upon the outbreak of hostilities, and therefore causing the war to be greatly prolonged. From English fleets and English sailors heroic deeds have been required always, and the English sailor has nearly always proved himself a better man than his enemy. Had this not been the case, the coasts of England would have frequently suffered. Even as late as the Crimean war the naval force of England was barely sufficient for its task; and with one fleet in the Black Sea, the Admiralty were obliged to strip the home defense of vessels to furnish a fleet for the Baltic, and then they were aided by the French fleet and only opposed by the Russians. Frequently, under Admiral Napier, a few vessels watched and held in check a fleet of three or four times their force. Can it be doubted that had the positions been reversed the English would have had many frigates harrying the enemy's coast, if they had not defeated his ships of the line in detail? During the Napoleonic wars the French built better vessels, and the French and Spanish together were frequently more numerous; but the English fleets triumphed, and the victories were due to superior seamanship in its largest sense. Many seem to think that with armored vessels seamanship has disappeared, and therefore England can no longer rely on the excellence of her *personnel*, and must increase her *matériel* a corresponding amount. I think a different conclusion can be drawn from the results of the manœuvres, and that they show plainly that there is as large a scope for seamanship in the handling of modern fleets and modern vessels as there was in the days of wooden walls. Certainly, reasoning theoretically, it must be so, for modern fleets and modern vessels are more intricate machines than sailing vessels, require a more intimate knowledge of their construction and capabilities, and more skill in handling them; in fact, require a higher type of seamanship.

The seaman of to-day, as of old, must be skilled in manœuvring his vessel, must be thoroughly acquainted with her in all her details, and he, as of old, can only become a thorough seaman by experience and study. The quickness of eye and readiness in emergency—good executive ability—are as necessary to the seaman who handles the armored vessel as they were to the sailor who handled the line-of-battle ship. The secret of England's success in the past and the immunity of her coast was seamanship. She was a great maritime country, and much of her wealth was acquired on the seas, her navy had constant occupation in every quarter of the globe, her officers were good practical and theoretical seamen, and she had a large mercantile marine from which to draw the body of her sailors. Nor is the position greatly changed to-day. She still has a large mercantile marine to draw from,

and she still keeps her officers employed so that they may acquire seamanship, as these manœuvres show. It now takes longer to make a man-of-war's man from a merchant seaman; more intelligence is required and more training; she must have a larger proportion of trained seamen than formerly, and perhaps some of her possible enemies approach her more nearly in seamanlike qualities and experience than they did in the days of sailing vessels. But she is still well ahead of the world, and her greatness depends upon maintaining her supremacy of the seas.

The manœuvres show that great damage may be done in a short time by fast cruisers; but it must be remembered that the cruisers were handled by English seamen. The advent of fast cruisers has but little changed the question of fortifications or vessels. Remember the damage inflicted by Lord Cochrane upon the coasts of France when commanding a small frigate or a smaller sloop. Greater damage may now be inflicted in a shorter time, and the enemy may forecast more surely the time to go from point to point; but relief can also be sent more swiftly and more certainly, and the security of England's shores will still depend upon her power to drive back her enemies with her fleets, and the seamanship of her navy will still be her great factor of safety. Her ports always should have been defended against light raiders on the ordinary principles of insurance, and now that we have rapid-fire guns to meet the attack of unarmored cruisers, the problem of the necessary amount of fortifications can be easily adjusted. A sufficient fire from adequately protected guns to repel the attack of two or three light cruisers, and, with the aid of mines and torpedo-boats, sufficient to delay the attack of two or three armored vessels until the mines can be raised or countermined; that is, sufficient to repel a raid and require a regular attack. This attack the enemy must premeditate and properly arrange for, and it should be repelled by an English fleet; the mines, etc., creating sufficient delay to allow for the arrival of the fleet in time to prevent serious injury to the port, provided the fleet is on the alert and proper communications are kept up between it and the land.

As to the danger to England's commerce, the manœuvres have shown us little. The Achill fleet, representing the enemy, had very few cruisers, and those they could spare to attack commerce were able to work without interruption, for the English fleet was unable to send any cruisers against them, as they had not sufficient to act as scouts. If steam and modern improvements have at all altered the problem of protecting the commerce of England, it has rendered it easier than of old for the same tonnage and same strength of enemy; for a far greater tonnage can be carried now in one bottom, and, with steam, the periods of arriving and starting, and length of time on trip, can be predicted quite accurately; so that it will be far easier to arrange convoys to pro-

tect against single cruisers, and to have flying squadrons at points where the tracks converge to protect the trade routes against organized attack. England's commerce and carrying trade is enormous; her merchant marine covers every sea on the globe; so her protection must be proportionately large. The number of cruisers will be large in proportion to those of any other nation, but small in proportion to the vast amount of property protected. And the number of cruisers needed will be much smaller if, at the outbreak of hostilities, she has a force ready and sufficient to strike a sudden blow, and can increase this force with sufficient rapidity to enable it to keep track of the enemy; then her commerce will have nothing to fear but single cruisers, and damage from these can be avoided by sailing in convoy or by great speed.

The need of cruisers as the eyes of the fleet has been clearly shown by the manœuvres. The efficiency of a fleet of battle-ships is greatly diminished unless it has the proper number of auxiliaries, and the cruisers are more closely connected with the battle-fleet than ordinary auxiliaries; they are very close to the life of the fleet. An army must have its flanking parties, skirmishers, and scouts, so a fleet must have its fast cruisers.

The following from General Information, Series No. VIII., Office of Naval Intelligence, gives the opinion of the Committee of Admirals on this subject:

"The cruisers, when efficient, were masters of the situation, and the manœuvres showed that a greater number of them would add largely to the naval strength of England. Some of them should have the highest speed, an efficient battery, and some side armor; and these features can be combined only in a vessel of large size. Others, lightly armed and unprotected, but strongly built, with good steaming and sea-going qualities, would find their principal occupation in scouting, to collect information and keep touch of the enemy. The most valuable quality in either class is reliability as to speed and steaming endurance. Too much has been sacrificed to lightness of hull and machinery."

"Admiral Hornby also assigns two cruisers to every ironclad in addition to those which are cruising independently or in flying squadron to protect trade."

These conclusions are drawn from the results of the manœuvres of 1887 and 1888, and those of 1889 add their testimony to the weight of evidence in favor of more cruisers. Admiral Baird, in his order to the fleet dated August 29, 1889, says, "When the detached squadron was entering the Channel, between the Lizard and Ushant, on the morning of the 17th (the ships being on their several tracks), the enemy was suddenly encountered with his whole force under both admirals. The 'Anson,' 'Collingwood,' and 'Australia,' forming the north division, though not in sight of each other at the time, very soon joined together, but were out of sight of the 'Camperdown,' 'Hero,'

and 'Immortalité,' which must have been a few miles south of them. Admiral Tryon, being with the northern portion of his fleet, saw his advantage, and with admirable strategy so placed his ships as to divide Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Irvine from the southern division, and force him still farther away to the northwest, thus rendering him powerless to assist his comrades. Had he been able to do so the position would have been reversed, for the B squadron was stronger in heavy, fast ironclads than the defending fleet. As it was, the 'Hero' was captured, the 'Immortalité' likewise, having broken down, and the 'Camperdown' ordered by Admiral Tracey to consider himself captured, which order Captain King felt himself bound to obey, but entered a very strong protest as soon as he had an opportunity. This point has yet to be cleared up. But in the mean time B fleet was deprived of one of its heaviest and fastest ironclads, and a captain second to none in the service for seamanship (mark the word), resource, and ability. The 'Anson,' 'Collingwood,' and 'Australia,' finding themselves cut off, and believing some disaster had befallen the second division, repaired to Queenstown to communicate to me the unfortunate intelligence, arriving on the evening of the 18th."—*United Services Gazette*, August 31, '89.

Had the ironclads of B squadron been accompanied by fast cruisers they would have hardly suffered such a crushing disaster. They would have been scouting in advance of the southern division, and would have warned the ironclads of the presence of the enemy in force. Two more of the B fleet were captured by a superior force towards the end of the manœuvres. The "Anson," "Collingwood," and "Inflexible" were steaming off Scarborough when they came upon the enemy suddenly, and the "Inflexible" and "Collingwood" were captured; the "Inflexible" was too slow to escape, and the engines of the "Collingwood" broke down. They would hardly have been surprised by the defending fleet had they had scouts out ahead. Imagine an army ravaging an enemy's country coming suddenly upon a superior force, and captured, because there was no advance guard, no scouts!

The question of maintaining a blockade was another important point upon which much light has been thrown during the manœuvres, but the results can hardly be called satisfactory. Unfortunately, this last year no attempt was made by the English fleet to blockade the Achill fleet. In 1888 the two squadrons of the Achill fleet were blockaded by two of the English fleet, and the blockade was maintained for some days, but only because the Achill fleet was ordered by the Admiralty not to escape until a certain date. The night they were relieved from this restriction the blockade was broken, and on the following day the blockading vessels were withdrawn. Here, again, the great difficulty experienced by the blockading fleet was want of sufficient cruisers. More light cruisers were needed to properly guard the inner line; as it

is only by drawing a close line inshore that a strict blockade can be maintained, and the heavy armored vessels are not fitted for this work. Even with the best arranged force, fast cruisers will escape, as was already known from our own extensive experience in blockading. But with fast cruisers to detach in pursuit, the danger from those escaping would be reduced to a very small quantity. When the blockade was broken the English fleet lost touch of the Achill fleet entirely, which could hardly have been the case if they had been supplied with more fast cruisers. But this is not a new discovery. Nelson was always handicapped by his need of frigates. His most frequent demand was for more frigates, and it was only his unsurpassed genius that enabled him to overcome the difficulty; and although losing his touch of the enemy, he followed in his track and finally reached him. As to the number of battle-ships required to maintain the blockade, the Committee of Admirals reported as follows: "Under the altered conditions which steam and the development of attack by locomotive torpedoes have introduced into naval warfare, it will not be found practicable to maintain an effective blockade of an enemy's squadrons in strongly fortified ports by keeping the main body of the fleet off the port to be blockaded, unless the blockading battle-ships are in the proportion of at least five to three of the blockaded, to allow a sufficient margin for casualties to which the enemy's vessels in a secure harbor would not be exposed, and the necessary periodical absence of a portion of the blockading squadron for the purpose of replenishing fuel, making good defects, etc. A still larger proportion might be necessary if the area to be covered by the blockaders was extensive."—Office of Naval Intelligence, General Information, Series No. VIII.

Admiral Hornby thinks that it would require thirty-six battle-ships to blockade fifteen battle-ships at Toulon, with Malta as a base; that is, twenty-four off the port and twelve absent for coal and repairs. But has steam so greatly altered the conditions of this portion of naval warfare? The blockaded fleet need not wait for a favorable wind, but the blockaders are not so liable to be driven off the port by unfavorable winds. The necessity for coaling does require a greater number to keep up the same effective blockading force, and possibly the necessity of making good defects may make it necessary to slightly increase the number of vessels; but one of the results of these manœuvres will be less frequent breakdowns, as greater experience is gained in the management of the engines and boilers, and further knowledge is obtained of the requirements necessary to prevent accidents. Undoubtedly Admiral Hornby's numbers would add to the efficiency of the blockade and would almost insure its success; but the factor of seamanship is omitted in his calculations. Even with men of the same race, those belonging to large fleets constantly exercised and taking the active part in warfare should be more than the

equals of those belonging to small fleets and obliged to seek refuge in fortified ports, taking only a passive part. Then the English are seamen by right of inheritance. There is nothing in steam that prevents the balance being in favor of the seaman, other things being equal; in fact, the greater the skill required the greater the balance in favor of the expert, and England may yet see her fleets blockading the enemy's vessels although equal or slightly superior to her in force. Not that it is good policy for her to risk the chances and economize in her navy; only that steam has not changed the conditions. It never was good policy for her not to have a force superior to all her probable enemies. Steam has increased the security of England, and is on the side of the superior force endeavoring to protect a coast-line and an extensive commerce; for even should a blockaded fleet escape, it is more readily and certainly pursued than when the motive power was sails; and it can do but little harm unless it can vanquish the pursuing fleet. It is more than likely that history will repeat itself, and we shall see again an English fleet endeavoring to entice its enemy to a sea encounter by the show of a smaller force, trusting to conquering with superior seamanship, rather than continuing an expensive blockade. We may depend upon it seamanship is of greater importance to-day than it ever was.

The lessons in strategy and tactics to be gained from the manœuvres are numerous and instructive, and, as far as the former is concerned, it is interesting to see that its principles are unchanged, and that the knowledge of strategy gained from history is still of the utmost importance. Minor tactics must be adapted to the weapons in use, but the great principles of strategy remain unaltered. This was plainly illustrated, as far as one of the principles of strategy is concerned, in the late manœuvres. A strong squadron of the Achill fleet was to attack the Downs fleet. They proceeded on individual routes, and were to rendezvous on ground that was within the observation of the enemy and might well be considered the enemy's territory. The consequences might have been anticipated. The squadron never was able to unite, but was separated by the English fleet and a portion captured. It was hoped that by taking individual routes they could avoid observation and, uniting south of Beachy Head, surprise the Downs fleet, but the chances of success were enormously against them, and, with an alert enemy, defeat was almost certain.

There are many other lessons to be gained from the manœuvres, such as the necessity of a proper coast signal service, of a reliable signal service afloat, and of large coaling facilities. We may gain by a close study of all of these points; but none will be more useful to us than that of the necessity of having a manœuvring fleet for the education of officers and men in practical seamanship. We have not the vessels necessary to undertake such extensive manœuvres, but much can be gained in a fleet of evolu-

tion that cannot be learned by cruising singly. It requires some imagination, and hard and fast rules are difficult to abide by; but the experience of the English show that the interest of all concerned can be maintained if the manœuvres are properly conducted. The feeling of competition has been so great that the animosity between squadrons was but little less than it would have been had they been actual enemies, and the strain upon the officers has been as great as in the case of real warfare. Certainly, if our new vessels are kept together as far as possible, and are exercised in the problems of war, it will be greatly to the advantage of the navy. Men and officers will be anxious to excel, reputations may be gained and lost, and all will be anxious to be first in the fleet. For many years to come we can have but a small navy, and we must keep it an efficient one. Nothing is more necessary to an efficient navy than good practical seamen, and in no way can we have practical seamen but by frequent practical exercises. We, with the English, inherit seamanlike qualities. We have proved our seamanship against them notably in the War of 1812. We may no longer be sailors, but we must be seamen. Let us hope that our small force will be so used as to develop this necessary faculty to its highest point.

RICHARD WAINWRIGHT,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

SOME MILITARY REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

In the early part of June, 1862 (being at that time in command of the post at Lebanon, Tennessee, which had been captured from General John H. Morgan on the morning of the 4th of May by the First Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Frank Woolford; the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Colonel Sipes; and four companies of my own, the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry), I received an order from General Don Carlos Buell directing me to move with my command back into Kentucky, and to take post at Glasgow or some other point near the southern line of the State, and to keep a strict guard upon the roads leading from East Tennessee; the order also suggested that a company should be detached from my command to scout eastward along the south line of Kentucky to keep in check a guerilla named Hamilton, who, with about a hundred and fifty men, kept that part of the State in continual alarm. Acting upon this, I ordered Captain Hugh McCullough, a most excellent officer, with his company, "I," Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, to perform this duty, and with the remainder of my command, Company "C," Captain W. H. Harris; Company "E," Captain John G. Detwiler, and Company "M," Captain James Bell, —the whole command numbering about two hundred and thirty men fit for duty,—I marched for Glasgow, where I arrived on the following day just as it was growing dark, and was in the act of putting my men into camp, when a courier reached me from Captain McCullough's command, informing me that his detachment had met the enemy under Hamilton early that morning, and had fought a fierce battle, in which Captain McCullough and four of his men were killed and ten badly wounded, and that Hamilton and his men, though outnumbering McCullough three to one, had been defeated and driven from the field with heavy loss. Under the circumstances I ordered boots and saddles to be sounded, and in a few minutes was marching to reinforce Company "I," which I found at Tompkinsville, near the Kentucky and Tennessee line, where I arrived at daylight on the following morning, having made a march of thirty miles during the night. I soon satisfied myself that Tompkinsville was a much better position than Glasgow from which to watch the roads leading from and into East Tennessee,

and accordingly went into camp and informed General Buell of my position, with which he was much pleased, and in reply to my note directed me to inform General Boyle, who was then in command at Louisville, and to call upon him in case I should require reinforcements.

Monroe County, of which Tompkinsville is the county seat, though one of the southern tier of counties in Kentucky, does not belong to the Blue Grass region, the soil being generally thin, and rich men and slaves few. The citizens almost to a man were loyal, and I was enabled to obtain information of the movements of the enemy with less difficulty than in almost any other part of Kentucky. Indeed, it was the most loyal community I ever was among in any part of the South. I consequently engaged several as scouts, who penetrated into Tennessee and were constantly on watch on the various roads by which Kentucky could be penetrated by any invading force of the enemy. At the time I was ordered into this part of Kentucky, General Buell had begun to suspect the designs of General Braxton Bragg, who had collected the remnants of General Albert Sydney Johnston's army, after the defeats of Shiloh and Corinth, at Chattanooga, while General Kirby Smith, with twenty thousand men, was at Knoxville, in East Tennessee.

In this position the month of June slipped away and July opened most oppressively hot, but without any signs of an invasion. However, on the evening of the 7th of July I received information from a trusty scout that Colonel John H. Morgan, with his regiment, had crossed the Cumberland Mountains at Sparta, and that he was marching towards the town of Celina, directly south of my position on the opposite side of the Cumberland River, and that he intended to make it his headquarters for that night, and would probably move on my position the next morning. Knowing that after the long march he had made his men would be much worn out, and consequently that they would sleep very soundly, I determined to anticipate him, and myself to become the attacking party. I at once mounted my command and crossed the Cumberland River some five miles east of him, and moved on Celina, determining to attack at dawn on the 8th, and if possible put an end to his raid. In this movement I was entirely successful, and captured the town of Celina, but unfortunately did not find Colonel Morgan and his command there, nor could I hear the least information as to his whereabouts. After sending out scouting parties who returned without any information, about noon I recrossed the Cumberland and reached my old camp at Tompkinsville just as it was growing dusk in the evening. After posting strong guards on the threatened roads, the tired command retired for the night.

On the morning of the 9th the bugle call was sounded, and in a few minutes the men were grooming their horses, when, more than a mile out on the Hamilton Ferry road, I heard the sharp report of a

carbine, and in a few moments another and another following in quick succession, and soon found that the pickets were being driven back by a force much stronger than their own; but, though compelled to retreat, they fought every foot of the way, thus enabling me to have my command fully prepared for the coming fray. Supposing I had only Colonel Morgan's regiment to contend with, I felt little fears as to the result, as my men had twice met him before and felt sure of a victory. At the distance of three-quarters of a mile from my position there was a bare hill over which the Hamilton Ferry road passed, and just as the sun had fairly risen I could see through my glass the columns of the enemy marching by fours, and when the first body reached the foot of the hill it went into line of battle and another appeared on the hill, and as it crossed I could distinctly see that they had two pieces of brass artillery with them. This was rather more than I had expected, but in an instant afterwards the head of another column appeared on the hill, and I discovered that my poor little command would have to fight four regiments and two pieces of artillery. To now retreat without fighting could not be thought of, as Morgan had planted his artillery and was about to open on my position. The leading regiment of Morgan's command, which proved to be the Eighth Georgia, commanded by Colonel Hunt, was the first to charge, and it came up gallantly until Colonel Hunt, at the head of his men, fell from his horse with his thigh shattered by a ball, and some twenty of his men killed or wounded. The attack was again renewed, and finding myself outflanked, I ordered a retreat on the Burkville road, and taking command of my rear-guard, my horse was shot from under me, and I found myself a prisoner of war in the hands of Colonel John H. Morgan.

As Morgan contemplated a long raid into Kentucky, he proposed either to take me along with his command, or to take my parole to deliver myself a prisoner at Knoxville, East Tennessee, to General Kirby Smith, and not thinking it a pleasant jaunt to be thus raiding through Kentucky, I acceded to his proposition and gave my parole, he agreeing to furnish me with a good horse upon which to make the trip of about one hundred and fifty miles. And just here let me record the fact that I was treated by Colonel Morgan with the greatest kindness and consideration. In the North he was looked upon as a guerilla; but the truth was that he was a gentleman regularly mustered and commissioned in the Confederate service, and afterwards rose to the rank of major-general and commanded a division of cavalry till his death at Morristown, Tennessee, in an action with our cavalry. Having given my parole, and being furnished with a horse, I started on my long journey to Knoxville. As it happened, three of Morgan's men had become too sick to go farther, and a fourth, whose horse had broken down, was also allowed to go to the rear, and thus I had four com-

panions, and they had a prisoner,—one of my scouts that had been captured, whom they were to deliver to the sheriff of White County, Tennessee, to be placed in prison at Sparta till he could be tried as a spy.

We left Tompkinsville some time in the afternoon, and moved very slowly, as the spy prisoner was on foot, and just before dark reached the northern bank of the Cumberland River, and encamped for the night, with nothing to eat or any covering but our clothes; but as the weather was very warm and the ground dry, we were all quite comfortable.

The strangeness of situation kept me from sleeping, and probably about ten o'clock the moon rose as bright and beautiful as I ever saw it. The three sick men were fast asleep by this time, but the other was awake, with his gun in his hand, guarding the prisoner spy, whose hands they had bound behind him and whose legs they had also tied, and he seemed to be sleeping. As time wore on I noticed that the guard, though sitting bolt upright with his double-barrel shot-gun on his lap, was fast asleep. As I had not given my parole not to help any other to escape, but only not to escape myself, I slipped my hand into my pocket, opened my knife, and in a moment cut the cords that bound the prisoner, and, as I was close to him, whispered, "Crawl to the river, get out of sight and to the woods as soon as you can." He took my advice and crawled to the brow of the steep bank, and by some mishap fell over its brow some ten feet to the sand below; but this made so much noise that the sentinel was awakened and jumped to his feet, and in his half-asleep condition sang out, "Who comes there?" Fearing that he might, on missing his prisoner, make an examination of the river bank, I called out, "I see some one on the top of the hill." By this time he found that his prisoner was missing, and at once roused up the other sleepers and started with them on a search towards the top of the hill. In half an hour they returned, but without the spy, and I felt very much relieved to find that I had contributed to his escape. The next morning we forded the Cumberland and took the road towards Sparta. I soon made myself acquainted with the names of my companions, and found them to be country boys from Southwestern Georgia, good, unsophisticated sons of small farmers who had made themselves homes in the old Cherokee and Creek country, and who longed to be again with their families and as far away as possible from the Confederate army. They had no heart in the conflict, but the draft had made them soldiers.

It was the evening of the third day when we reached Sparta, and by this time my four companions and myself had become so intimate that they looked up to me almost as their commanding officer. As we rode slowly along I talked to them of the old flag, of our glorious Union, of how we whipped the English in the Revolution and the

War of 1812, of General Jackson at New Orleans, and General Scott with troops from every State in the Union, of the capture of Vera Cruz, the battles of Contreras, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec, and the capture of Santa Anna and the City of Mexico. How our men, soldiers from the North and South, fought shoulder to shoulder, brothers in arms, brothers in heart, one people, one family, one great and glorious country. This naturally led to the causes of the war we were then waging, and I drew as striking a word-picture as I was capable of doing of the dastardly attempt of a few of the discontented leading men of the South to break up this our common country, and bring upon us the contempt of all the leading nations of the earth, who would point the finger of scorn at us as a nation which could not rule itself, with a constitution that was but a rope of sand to be broken by the first internal jar caused by the ambition of some unscrupulous leader backed by the jealousy of some one part of the people. All except one agreed with me; but he suggested that "You uns oughtent have come down to steal our niggers." I looked at him a moment, and said, "How many niggers do you own?" He answered promptly, "No one, sir." I then asked, "How many does your father own?" and he as promptly said, "No one, sir." "Then," I remarked, "I don't see what interest you have in this quarrel. If you own no negroes we cannot possibly steal any from you. Your only interest, then, is to get yourself killed or wounded fighting, as you suppose, to help some rich slaveholder to keep his negroes and lord it over you poor white men." They all seemed to see it in that light, and we were ever after fast friends.

Unlearned men as they were, they did not understand the meaning and force of a parole, and some miles before we reached Sparta, while we were all sitting at a beautiful spring that issued from the mouth of a cave, and were eating a slight lunch, one of them said to me, "Major, you be a great fool to go to Knoxville, for they will put you in jail when you get there. Hadn't you better, now, turn and go to Nashville to your friends? We've talked it all over and will say nothing about it, and we don't think that any one would hurt you before you got there." I tried to explain my position and my promise to Colonel Morgan, but they met all that I could say with the remark, "They'll put you in jail when you get there." I assured them that, whether they put me in jail or not, I could not break my parole; but they still failed to see the point of my argument, and almost insisted upon my going to Nashville.

That evening we entered Sparta. I had been there before, about the 12th of May, following Colonel Morgan's command, and many of the people remembered me, and soon quite a little crowd was assembled; but not an unkind word was spoken, though all were anxious to hear the news of the little battle that I had fought with Colonel

Morgan. Pretty soon an old gentleman, Mr. Vass, who was the chief burgess of the town, came up and, recognizing me, shook hands and invited me to his house to supper and to spend the night. I gladly accepted his invitation and spent a most agreeable evening, as quite a number of the young ladies of the town called to see Miss Vass, and the time was enlivened by sprightly conversation, and several of the ladies joined in singing some of the war songs of the South, followed by "Home, Sweet Home," in most excellent voice, by Miss Vass. General Dibbrell, C.S.A., who lives at Sparta, told me some years ago that Mr. Vass died some years after the war, and that his daughter married and moved to California.

War is cruel and makes savages of very many; but there are hearts that are not hardened by it, deep feelings of humanity that soar aloft over war and, like the glory that surrounds the setting sun, gild with their soft radiance everything they touch. Strange to relate, the mountain region of Tennessee, whose people were comparatively poor, and who had the least interest in a worldly point of view in the war, was found to be the most excessively disloyal.

After parting with the kind friends found at Sparta, we took the direct road towards Knoxville over the Cumberland Mountain, which rises to the height of one thousand feet about four miles to the east of the town. On the top of the mountain, and overlooking Sparta, are a set of springs formerly much resorted to by the people of the South, where there was a large hotel building. This was occupied by Captain Bledsoe and his partisan rangers, and he had collected some five or six men of the Confederate army who from some cause had been absent from their commands. These he determined to forward under guard of the men whom I had with me, and from time to time other Confederates who had been absent on leave and whose time had expired joined us, and by the time we reached Kingston, on the Tennessee River, the party must have numbered about twenty.

Leaving Kingston, we had two days' march to Knoxville, and on the evening of that day reached the house of a farmer on the eastern side of a wooded ridge about half-way between the two places, and in East Tennessee. Here we stopped for the night, and had a good supper of fried bacon, eggs, and hoe-cake, which (as I now look back upon it) I think I enjoyed more than any other meal I ever tasted. There is no sauce so delightful as a good appetite. Here one of the delightful incidents of my captivity occurred. The long, fatiguing marches and the good supper hastened sleep, and soon my escort and myself were all enjoying that luxury. As the weather was very warm, I lay down directly inside of the door leading from the front of the house, with my feet almost touching the sill, and about twelve o'clock was awakened by something gently pulling at one foot, and when fully awake I could see a hand and arm thrust from behind the door-post from the outside,

and, finding that I was awake, a face appeared, the hand quickly covering the mouth, indicating caution. As every one in the room was soundly snoring, I quietly got up and stepped in my stocking feet on the large stone that constituted the stoop, and found that it was the farmer's daughter, the young lady who had prepared for us the supper. Beckoning me to follow her, she led me round to the back of the house, where she whispered to me that they were loyal people; that her brother had been drafted into the rebel army, but, to avoid going to fight against the Union cause, he had taken to the woods, and would sometimes come home at night for provisions. He had done so that night and found the house full of soldiers; but his sister was able to communicate with him, and had informed him that I was a Federal officer—a prisoner—being taken to Knoxville, and to save me he had two horses in the woods back of the barn; that I should join him, and that he would accompany me back into Kentucky, guiding me across the Cumberland Mountains by paths upon which we would not find guards. I tried to explain to her my position, but she did not seem to understand, and to satisfy her I accompanied her to where her brother—a fine, manly, stalwart youth of about twenty—was seated under the branches of a large oak close on the edge of the woods. He took my hand with a strong grip and at once said, "I cannot stay here, and must get into the Union lines, and as you are a prisoner I will take you with me." I had again to explain and refuse, and I have no doubt they thought me the biggest fool out of an insane asylum. I thanked both over and over again, and then went back to my couch on the floor. Upon my arrival at Knoxville I at once reported to General Kirby Smith, and found him a most affable and agreeable gentleman. He at once suggested taking my parole not to leave the city, which I acceded to, and he also directed that I should have a cot at his head-quarters, and take my meals at the Bell House, where himself and staff boarded. Thus I was made very comfortable.

While in Knoxville, on parole, I felt a desire to call upon Mrs. Parson Brownlow, who, with her daughters, had been permitted to reside at their old home, while the parson was at the North, and his two sons, James and John, were both commanding regiments in the Union army. I made my call, and was most kindly received by the family, to whom I was able to give information as to the health and whereabouts of the boys, as their mother called them. As I was returning from this visit, I was handed a note by a slave, asking me to call at a house designated on one of the side streets, and within two squares of General Smith's head-quarters, to which he piloted me. Upon entering I was met by a lady evidently of Hebrew birth, whose name I have now forgotten, who conducted me into a parlor neatly furnished, in which there were collected some ten or twelve Union ladies who desired to meet me. On one side of the room was festooned a large

flag containing the stars and stripes, and on a table in the centre a delightful collation was spread, with several bottles of native wine made from the Scuppernong grape. I spent a delightful hour with those ladies, and parted with them after partaking of their bounty and pledging eternal fealty to our common flag in beakers of their most excellent wine. Their kindness I can never forget, though their names have long since faded from my memory.

In a few days, however, I saw, from the *Richmond Whig*, that a cartel for the exchange of prisoners had been signed between the Union and Confederate commanders, and knowing that the Shiloh prisoners were at Madison, Georgia, I suggested that I should be ordered to that point, hoping thus to be sooner exchanged, and to be again with my command on active duty in the field. To this request General Smith acceded, and, furnished with a pass on the railroad, I boarded a train for Atlanta, and the day following reached Madison and reported to Captain Calhoun, who had charge of the prisoners. Here, for the first time since my capture, I came in contact with an officer who was wanting in all the elements that constitute a gentleman. He took my letter from General Smith and, without noticing me further, ordered a corporal to take me to my quarters, which I found were in a large brick factory building surrounded by a high board fence, with a yard about forty feet wide all around the building. I also found some five hundred fellow-prisoners, most of whom had been taken at Shiloh, with a few who had been taken at Murfreesborough by General Forrest. They were all officers, and ranked from two brigadier-generals down through all grades to second lieutenant. On the ground floor of this improvised jail there were some three hundred Union men from East Tennessee and Northern Georgia, whose only fault was that they were not secessionists, and loved their country too well to take up arms in such a cause. Many of these were old, too old to be put in the ranks, but who refused to swear allegiance to Jefferson Davis and his Confederacy.

As I approached the gate leading to the prison yard, I was saluted with the cry of "Fresh fish," a term applied to all new-comers; but in a few moments I found that I had quite a large number of acquaintances, and selected a soft plank on the third floor as my abiding-place, with about one hundred and fifty fellow-officers. I had not been half an hour in this building before a dray came trundling into the yard and stopped at the door, and I saw two or three men carrying the corpse of one of the East Tennesseeans who had died that day. They deposited it on the dray, and then the dray passed out of the grounds to the place where it was to be interred. I found from the other prisoners that the death-rate in the prison was from one to two daily. If a prisoner got sick, the want of medicine and proper attention, with the bad character of the food furnished, almost insured speedy death. The prisoners—many of whom had been there from early in March—were

almost to a man despondent; their sallow, elongated faces and lank bodies told a tale of suffering not to be mistaken, but which, up to that time, was new to me.

The food furnished to the prisoners during the whole term of my imprisonment consisted of large fat sides of bacon, so imperfectly cured that they were filled with skippers and maggots. These sides were thrown into a large caldron, and, when boiled, constituted, with corn bread made of the roughest and dirtiest meal, our breakfast. The only other food received during the day was about 4 o'clock P.M., when the water in which the sides of bacon had been boiled would be thickened with some of the same corn-meal, and after boiling for a few minutes would be furnished as a sort of soup, of which each prisoner received a tin cup full. Hunger is a most excellent sauce, and unpalatable as this vile mixture of corn-meal, greasy water, skippers, and maggots was, there was not a man in the prison but would be ready to quarrel if his cup was not filled to the brim. I do not mention this in a spirit of fault-finding, for I soon discovered that the men who guarded us were fed upon the same food, but, being on the outside of the prison, they had many opportunities of supplementing their rations by other things, while we were compelled to be content with what the government furnished.

Among the prisoners was one of the largest men that I ever saw in the army,—Colonel Quinn Morton, of Missouri, six feet six inches high and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds; a brave soldier and most jolly, good-natured gentleman. I was at once attracted to him, and in a few days we became intimate. The question of how to amuse the despondent prisoners, and thus call off their minds from this constant dwelling upon their hard fate, was discussed, and resulted in Morton and myself, the next day, setting an example to the others by playing a game of "Mumble-the-Peg." Quite a large number soon gathered around us, and when it fell to my lot to draw the first peg (driven down as it were into the very earth) with my teeth, and as I rooted about with my nose and mouth trying to get a hold, the boys began to shout; and when I got hold, pulled the peg, and began my race to drop it, all joined, and we had a most exciting contest of speed round the enclosure of the prison. The thing took, and in the afternoon almost all the prisoners were playing "Mumble-the-Peg." From this "Leap-Frog" and many other games and amusements were started, despondency to a great extent disappeared, and exercise began to harden the muscles that had become flabby for want of work; bloodless cheeks became red with exertion, and soon health took the place of despondency, and not another death took place for the remainder of our term.

Early in October an order reached us that the prisoners be shipped to Richmond for exchange, and during the day a special officer named McDonald appeared, provided with an order to take me by ordinary

train with himself, for exchange. Thus I escaped the long, tedious ride in dirty box cars by Augusta, in which the other prisoners were carried to Richmond. Mr. McDonald exhibited to me his order, in which "for exchange" was clearly written; and, knowing that a man about to be exchanged would not be likely to attempt to escape, he treated me as a fellow-passenger, allowing me every liberty that I could have desired. He was in no hurry to get back to Richmond, and, either for business or pleasure, stopped over a day at Atlanta, and another day at Knoxville. During both these days he allowed me perfect liberty, and I roamed through both cities at my own sweet will. At that early period of the war the idea of our ever attacking Atlanta had never entered into any Confederate brain, and consequently there were no earthworks nor fortifications at either place; but there was at each a camp of instruction, where recruits were received, drilled, and then forwarded to the armies in the field.

After leaving Knoxville the train moved slowly, often stopping at sidings for hours to allow other trains to pass, and it took two nights and one day to reach Richmond, which we entered just at daylight in the morning. My conductor and myself took breakfast at the Exchange Hotel, and about ten o'clock reported at the head-quarters of Major-General W. H. Winder, provost-marshal-general of the Confederacy. I was at once struck with this man's appearance,—short, stout, with white beard and hair, a bullet head, and low forehead, with steel-gray eyes and general tigerish expression of the face. Nothing of the bold, manly, leonine character, but plenty of the cunning characteristic of the tiger was plainly to be seen. His first words to me were, "You expect to be exchanged?" I answered, "Yes, sir, the order bringing me here states that it is for exchange." To this he remarked, "I won't exchange you. Charges have been made, and I will send you before a commission to try you." I asked, "Upon what charge?" and he replied, "You will find that out when you are arraigned." Feeling a little nettled, and as there was a story in circulation that he had been accused of cowardice, I remarked that there was one crime that I could not be accused of, to wit, cowardice. He flushed red as a gobbler's wattles, and, calling a corporal, gave the order, "Take this fellow to Castle Thunder." By some mistake of the officer I was landed in Libby Prison, then filled with the officers who had been with me in prison at Madison, Georgia, and who in a few hours were on their way to City Point to be exchanged. Being without money, and not having received my pay for nearly a year, I asked that when they reached Washington some one should call upon the paymaster-general and get him to forward me one hundred dollars in gold, which could be done by the flag-of-truce boat. They started, and I was left alone, the only tenant of Libby. Curiosity prompted me to make a tour of inspection of the place, and I wended my way from cellar to garret, finding the place the

most dirty and awful charnel-house that probably ever existed. The floors were at least two or three inches deep with dirt, reeking with miasma and smells of the most sickening character, while vermin (graybacks and fleas) were represented by tens of thousands, and in a few minutes I was covered from head to foot. No one can at this day imagine my feelings unless they have been in like circumstances; but happily for me the mistake that was made was soon discovered, and the guard, returning, conducted me to Castle Thunder.

Upon opening the door into the castle, the first object that met my eyes was the familiar face of Colonel Palmer, who had commanded General Buell's body-guard, and now was colonel of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. I at once extended to him my hand, with the remark, "Old fellow, I am so glad to meet a friend!" But he drew back quickly, remarking, "My name is ———. You are mistaken." At once seeing that something was wrong, with all the composure that I could assume, I said, "Yes, I see that I am mistaken. I took you, at first, for a friend in the far West whom I have not seen for years," and added, "Excuse me for my mistake." It was not long before the colonel and myself succeeded in having an explanation.

After the battle of Antietam, General McClellan desired information as to the movements of the enemy, and Colonel Palmer and a Methodist preacher (whose name I have now forgotten) volunteered to cross the Potomac and find out whether General Lee was about retreating. While at a mill not far from the battle-ground, a few of the enemy's cavalry pounced down on them. The preacher succeeded in swimming the stream and escaping, but the colonel was captured. He was in citizens' clothes and suspected of being a spy, and was taken to Richmond. The name he gave, and his occupation as a mining engineer, and assumption of the *rôle* of a strict Quaker, misled the enemy, and though they kept him in prison for about a year, they finally discharged him, and he returned to Tennessee and again took command of his regiment, fighting gallantly till the close of the war. This officer resided for many years at Denver, Colorado, where he made a large fortune, which he now enjoys at Newport, Rhode Island.

The charges that General Winder threatened me with turned out to be made by a rebel colonel, Gardenheyr, who resided at Sparta, Tennessee, and whose property I had guarded some months before when I was there with my command. The charge was that I had compelled the people to cook dinner for my men, under the threat that I would turn them loose upon the people unless my demand was complied with. The truth was, my men had made a long forced march from Lebanon, Tennessee, after Colonel John H. Morgan, and had been without rations for more than twenty-four hours, and when I reached Sparta I notified the people that my soldiers were hungry and without rations, and asked that they be fed, so as not to be compelled to forage,

and that I would protect their property. This they at once assented to; the men were dismounted in the street, each standing at the head of his horse, and not a single straggler allowed. The people soon came loaded with provisions, the men were fed, and my command marched away, not having done the slightest damage to the inhabitants or their property.

While in Castle Thunder I was visited by Colonel Wood, whom we had captured at Lebanon, in May, when we so badly defeated Colonel Morgan, and he told me that he had been specially exchanged by the United States for me, and had been for some time in Richmond. How long I would have been left in prison I cannot tell, had it not been for an article in the *Richmond Whig* which, early in December, 1862, gave the names of all the prisoners then in Castle Thunder, and mine among the others. This falling under the eye of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Moore, of the Presbyterian church at Richmond, it struck him that I might be his old friend, and he came down to the prison to see me. He was astonished to find me in such a place, and, upon hearing my statement, called for paper and asked me to put it in writing, which I did, and which he promised to lay before the War Department. This was Saturday, and on Monday following an order came to the prison to discharge and exchange me. I was at once called, and Captain Alexander, who had charge of the prison, read me the order, closing with the remark, "You can go, sir." I at once asked whether there was a flag-of-truce boat at City Point, and was told that there would not be one till Thursday. The weather was cold, and there had been a slight snow during the night; and my clothing being in rags, my shoes almost falling from my feet, and without money, I was in no condition to be turned out into the wintry blast. Under the circumstances I asked for a guard, as I had determined to call upon Mr. James A. Seddon, the Secretary of War; but the captain declined to give me one, and told me I could get a policeman to accompany me. Just then he seemed to remember he had a note for me, and handed me a sealed letter from Mr. Seddon, telling me that he had supposed I was exchanged two months before, and expressing sorrow at my treatment. I handed Captain Alexander the note to read, and again demanded a military escort, which he then accorded me, and, tattered as I was, I called upon the Secretary of War and sent in my card,—a piece of rough brown paper with the inscription, "Thomas J. Jordan, Major Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, U.S.A." I was at once admitted, and after shaking hands with this fine old-fashioned Virginia gentleman, I stated to him that I had a request to make which would probably surprise him, as I supposed no one had ever made such a one before. It was to be allowed to remain in Castle Thunder till a flag-of-truce boat should again visit City Point. This he at once acceded to, and gave me the necessary order to Captain Alexander. I then bid him good-by and started to visit General Winder, whose office was some squares

off. He was not then engaged, but was reading one of the city papers. As I approached he looked up, and I told him who I was, and that I had called for my package of gold. In truth, I did not know that any had been sent, but I thought I could annoy him a little, if nothing more. He denied most positively ever having received any package for me, and as I insisted, he began to be very angry, and we both became a little excited. Just at that moment General Ould and an assistant entered and were attracted by our dispute. Stepping forward (as we had been friends years before in Washington), the general shook hands with me, and learning the cause of the dispute, remarked, "Yes, general, there was a package some two months ago passed through by flag-of-truce boat directed to Major Jordan." Upon this General Winder turned quickly to a large safe in his office, and at once put his hand on and produced my package of money, remarking that he had entirely forgotten the circumstance.

The impression left upon my mind at the time, and which continues to this day, was that, knowing I was about to be discharged, he thought that once without their lines he could appropriate my money and no one be the wiser of the transaction. A man who was heartless enough to ill-treat, starve, and order poor prisoners to be shot down for small infractions of his cruel orders, would think he was doing God service by stealing their gold. I pocketed my money and was about to leave his office, after shaking a good-by with General Ould, and thanking him for his kindness, when General Winder extended his hand to me, which I refused. Upon which he remarked, "You are not angry, are you?" My reply was, "General Winder, if you ever fall into my hands I will hang you;" and I left him.

On my way back to Castle Thunder I stopped at a tobacco store and purchased a wheelbarrow load of chewing and smoking tobacco and pipes, which I distributed to my room-mates as a parting gift, which you may depend upon was duly appreciated and many a poor fellow's heart made glad. On Thursday morning, which I think was the 9th of December, the flag-of-truce boat having reached City Point, I was, with a few others, placed on board the cars and reached City Point about eleven o'clock. The roll of prisoners was for the last time called, and I stepped on board the boat a free man.

The resignation of Colonel E. C. Williams and the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas C. James, within thirty days, placed me at the head of my regiment, with which I continued till the end of the war.

Time wore on. Chattanooga was gained; the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge had been fought; the East Tennessee campaign against Longstreet was concluded; the battles of Dalton, Resaca, Allatoona, Kenesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, and Peachtree Creek had been fought, and Atlanta had been won, and again we took up our line of march, this time "with Sherman to the sea."

After passing Waynesborough, Georgia, the army was concentrated to a great extent between the Savannah River on the left and the Ogeechee on the right as we moved on Savannah, distant about seventy miles. One day, having the advance, I sent out a small scouting party under a sergeant, with orders to move as close to the Savannah River as possible, and to give me any information that he might be able to obtain. About noon I halted the command to rest the horses and allow the boys time to make a little coffee, and while this was going on the sergeant came in with his squad to report, and handed me a neat officer's sabre that he had captured. Upon unsheathing it I saw engraved on the blade the words, "Presented by the citizens of Richmond to Major-General Winder for his valuable services as provost-marshal-general of the Confederacy." Upon questioning the sergeant, he told me that at a little hut in a large swamp bordering the Savannah he had found an old white-haired man, who told him that he was a merchant, and resided at Charleston, which was about to be surrendered to the United States forces, and, fearing to become a prisoner, he had left and was now trying to reach some relatives with whom he could stay in Georgia. As there was nothing about him that looked military, he believed the story, but by chance he espied this sabre standing in the corner of the room, which the old man said belonged to his son, who was wounded and in hospital, and that he had brought it along to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. His story was so plausible that he deceived the sergeant; and though he confiscated the sabre and horse that the old man had ridden, he allowed him to remain. I at once ordered him to go back and if possible arrest the man, telling him that it was General Winder. He did not report again till dark; but the old man had fled and crossed the Savannah in a dugout, and was then safe in South Carolina. After the fall of Savannah, when the army started North, I crossed the Savannah in advance with my brigade of cavalry at Sister's Ferry, some thirty miles north of the city, and after various skirmishes with the enemy at Blackville, Salkehatchie, and Aiken, turned sharply to the right and directed the head of the column towards Columbia, South Carolina, which was approached just as day was dawning. General Geary and his division came up, and as soon as it was light enough to see across the river to the city, a procession was observed marching from it, which was supposed to be the enemy retreating. Upon this we opened a few guns to hasten the retreat, and were afterwards informed that it was a funeral procession burying General Winder, who had died the previous day. Columbia fell, Raleigh fell, Richmond fell, and Lee and Johnston surrendered, and the war was over. Personally I have many reasons for thanking Providence, but for none do I feel more thankful than for the escape of General John H. Winder.

T. J. JORDAN.

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

WERE there any hope of good result we could wish that Admiral Luce's paper on "Our Future Navy," in the July number of the *North American Review*, could be reprinted and laid upon the desk of every Congressman, as well as being put into the hands of every one of their constituents. Perhaps the latter course would be best, for Congressmen are not apt to be roused to any really unselfish and patriotic course until they experience the *vis a tergo* coming from public opinion in their "districts."

In his plea for battle-ships Admiral Luce seems to have proved every point he makes, and it is to be hoped that he will not let the matter languish for want of presentation, but that he will return to the charge again and again until something is accomplished. As he says, the present idea appears to be to have "the American flag displayed upon the ocean only by vessels designed to prey upon private property, and this notwithstanding our own proposition to amend the rules of international war by exempting private property at sea from capture. . . . And yet that part, insignificant as it is in a maritime war, is the principal objective of the United States navy of the future. Thus do we virtually abdicate our position as a sea power. . . . A solitary American steel cruiser, with its delusive prefix of 'protected,' represents the latent possibilities of a great country placidly awaiting some national disaster to generate its mighty forces."

An "English View of the Civil War," by General Lord Wolseley, is a review and commentary upon the *Century* articles which have found a place in several consecutive numbers of the *North American Review*.

The "View" is in the main fair and appreciative, and the articles should be read by all officers of both services. Lord Wolseley says, in regard to the passage of the forts below New Orleans, "To me it seems clear that Admiral Farragut's splendid achievement was made possible, first, by the inadequate previous preparation of the naval part of the New Orleans defenses; secondly, by the want of harmonious working between the Confederate naval and military forces; and, lastly, by his own clear appreciation of the moral effect he would produce by forcing his way past the defenses of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip,

and by his appearance before New Orleans. For, after all, the forts were never captured by actual attack. They fell because the Confederate soldiers in Fort Jackson mutinied against the continuance of the defense when New Orleans had been captured. . It is a curious fact to note that, at that very time, New Orleans—which, however, could not itself be defended—was surrendering avowedly because these forts had fallen!

"This brilliant result is a striking instance of the due appreciation by a commander of the effect which daring achievements exert on men's minds, although, as in this case, those daring acts do not actually, directly, or materially make certain the end or the surrender they may have secured. In other words, Admiral Farragut's attack was based on a knowledge of the superior importance in war of moral over material force. One can hardly offer a higher compliment to any naval or military commander."

In speaking of the Army of the Potomac, and of General McClellan, Lord Wolseley says, "He had to create out of purely raw materials an army of which the part he proposed to employ in the Peninsula alone was one hundred and fifty-six thousand strong. The more we study the nature of this force as it manœuvred and fought in the Peninsula, and as, despite all its subsequent disasters, it substantially remained throughout the war, the more marvelous does the ability as well as the rapidity with which General McClellan organized it appear to soldiers who understand the magnitude and difficulty of the task he undertook. Throughout his whole army, with few exceptions, this appears to have been the view taken by all, from the most senior general to the youngest recruit. But outside the army this was different, although in newspaper articles he was commonly referred to, with more effusion than sense, as the young American Napoleon. They did not hesitate to puff this untried leader as they would have advertised the talents of some rising dentist. As time wore on without bringing any decisive action, there arose, throughout the mass of the people, an impatience at the delay of preparation which became daily more apparent. That most cruel tyrant, the 'public,' had no means of realizing the difficulties to be overcome. It did not understand what organization meant, but it shared with all peoples the very common article of faith that you have only to gather together hundreds of thousands of men, and to arm them, in order to form an army."

Colonel Vincent, of the French army, was last summer sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for having inserted in certain public journals matters concerning himself. The French regulations forbid the publication by an officer "d'un écrit quel qu'il soit," and in the case of Colonel Vincent the construction of the regulation seems to have been a little strained, for the colonel had *written* nothing for publication, but

had submitted to an "interview," which the reporter made public, the officer using this means to defend himself against the calumnies of political opponents which had already appeared in the papers. He had also expressed his intention of asking the sanction of the Minister of War to proceed against them in the public tribunals. It would seem that this was a case where a caution from the Minister would be sufficient, without subjecting an officer to the indignity of imprisonment.

The *United Services Gazette* states that dueling in the French army has recently received a little official encouragement,—such encouragement as arises from official recognition in a Ministerial circular. Henceforth, in those cases in which a meeting may be "not prescribed," but authorized by chiefs of corps, the combatants shall not use the old dueling weapon, but shall be armed with the fighting sword. The reason for this decision is that, in a set-to with rapiers, an ugly wound may well be given with internal bleeding; whereas the sword-wound will be large, or perhaps in the nature of a scratch on the surface, and "accidents," says the *France Militaire*, are not any more to be feared. There was formerly a custom in certain corps, now fallen into disuse, which obliged the one who had wounded his adversary to suck the wound, and this, as our contemporary naïvely remarks, "might be inconvenient sometimes, and especially if the wounded man had blood more or less vitiated."

M. E. Weyl comments upon the French naval manœuvres in one of the late numbers of the *Journal de la Marine*. His papers are always well considered and interesting. Among other things he says, "Lately they have been sending the vessels of the [Mediterranean] squadron to sea with a reduced complement of men, and that course will have to be changed and their effective force again augmented." He then states that the manœuvres proved that the short-handed system was defective, and that the crews were fagged out by five days of hard work. "To be upon the alert all night,—expecting attack at any moment, is hard work. There ought to be frequent reliefs, and there are not the men for it. It is all very well to say that, at the first note of real danger, it would be easy to increase our ships' companies. This is wrong. Even if danger of war is manifest we hesitate to increase our force, from one day to another, for fear of alarming the public; and then, a portion of the fleet is often distant,—in the Levant, for example,—when there would not be time to fill them with their full complements. To compare a man-of-war to a regiment is an error. The first may find herself in action the very moment war is declared; the second is always within reach of its reserves." There is another important consideration, and that is, how much machinery tends to replace human strength on board ship. Sails have disappeared, and

with them the topmen of old times. The guns are worked by complicated mechanism, and the crews are reduced in number, even for the largest pieces. There is no longer any occasion for small-arm men on shipboard; a few Maxim guns will do as much as several battalions, and one man can work this extraordinary arm, which throws five or six hundred balls in a minute. So, the more we study the progress made in fire-arms the more we arrive at the conviction that, in the naval service, the quality of the men is of much more importance than their number, and in what particular class of the crews of naval vessels are we to make a reduction? Certainly it is not among the guns' crews, nor the quartermasters, or among the seamen, still less among the artificers and stokers. How is it done, then? Why, by paring down a few here and a few there, from all these classes, and thus run the risk, from a false economy, of losing all the fruits of painful preparatory labors carried on in time of peace. It is impossible any longer to have peace complements and war complements; we want ships ready, with full crews. Modern squadrons are composed of cuirassed battle-ships, and cruisers and gunboats are secondary affairs. . . . The French Mediterranean fleet, the ironclad division of the North, the English Mediterranean and Channel fleets, the German squadron, are all organized on the old plan. We Frenchmen must renounce this old system, and make the iron-clad battle-ship the centre of a group of these vessels: an ironclad, a cruiser, and a scouting vessel (*éclaireur*), this last being either large or small. Two groups will constitute a division, commanded by a rear-admiral, and the union of several divisions a squadron. Add to such a squadron a small number of torpedo-boats, and we have the elements necessary for exercises and manœuvres, not for a few days only, but all the year round. Then there must be no more talk of *thèmes*, or sham-battles, retreats or bombardments, but we shall have the immense advantage of having a naval force constituted just as it ought to be in time of war, which necessitates the complete manning of every ship; and if the resources of the budget are insufficient to keep in a squadron nine line-of-battle ships,—that is to say, nine groups,—let us only have six or seven. Quality is better than quantity."

The annual excursion of the cadets of the Belgian High-School of War covers a large part of the little kingdom, many historic places being included in the tour, such as the valley of the Sambre, between Namur and Charleroi, the valley of the Meuse, Salm, the Ardennes, and similar localities. The cadets study the general character of the country; the geological formations, so far as they affect military movements and operations; the streams, and the obstacles which they present; the characteristics of the soil as affecting agriculture; the mode of building, and the condition of the farm and village structures; the

means of transport; the resources of the country in horses and cattle, and many other practical subjects bearing on general tactics and the conduct of a war, either of offense or defense.

Austro-Hungary derives about five-sixths of her army officers from the different cadet schools of the empire. These have lately undergone reorganization, and henceforth the military oath of service will not be administered until the end of the course of studies, so that the cadets will be free to enter upon a civil career after their period of instruction, instead of being bound to enter the army.

The standard of admission has been lowered, and a young man is now allowed to enter the artillery or the staff school after passing through the fifth class of a high-school, or after having passed the full course of an "industrial primary school." To enter the infantry he must have passed the third class of an "*école moyenne*," or the fourth class of a "gymnasium." The price of board has been much reduced at these cadet schools, and for the sons of officers it is very low. They graduate into the grade of aspirants, or perhaps that of under officer. Those who go to the cavalry school of Weisskirchen, in Moravia, have had another year added to their course.

The Maxim guns, adopted by the Austrian artillery about a year ago, are to have the calibre reduced from eleven millimetres to eight millimetres, which will enable them to use the cartridge of the regulation Mannlicher rifle, now in use in the Austro-Hungarian army.

In view of the colossal armies of the great powers of Europe we are apt to overlook the military status of the smaller states, some of which might very possibly be obliged to take the field, if only in self-defense, in case of a continental war. In this view the reorganization of the Dutch army, recently effected, is of interest. Substitutes and purchased immunity from service are now entirely done away with, which tends to elevate the moral and intellectual force of the army, while augmenting its actual numbers very materially. Military service is imposed upon every male from the age of twenty to that of forty. Even ecclesiastics are only exempt under certain circumstances, and theological students preparing to enter a church recognized by the law have to have a formal exemption from service, which may or may not be renewed at the end of a year. The term of service is fixed at eight years in the active army, five years in the *landwehr*, and seven years in the reserve, which, in spite of its name, rather corresponds to the *landsturm*. About fifteen thousand men are to be added to the active army annually, and the total force will be maintained at about one hundred and ten thousand, while, hitherto, the extreme number the kingdom of Holland could put in the field was not more than sixty

thousand. The *landwehr* is to be formed from the men who have finished their service in the "active" army, in addition to the civil guards. The commission which decided upon the plan of reorganization do not estimate the effective of the *landwehr* at more than fifty thousand, but it is probable that it would soon number seventy-five thousand. The same committee estimate that the reserve would give eighty thousand men who had seen service.

Some time ago the *Army and Navy Gazette* had a very amusing letter from a correspondent, with the caption "The Ichabod of Villainous Saltpetre," in which, among other things, he says, "Has it occurred to you the enormous economy the introduction of this novelty will be to the state? This economy will be the abolition of the blank cartridge. Manifestly it would be no use in a field-day to burn a cartridge which the enemy neither sees nor hears. To use the present black powder for such occasions would mean training the soldier to fight under circumstances differing from those of real war. What is the nervous soldier to do now that he can no longer, by the noise his rifle makes in being let off, 'shoot himself into courage,' as Prince Hohenlohe expresses it? Will a smokeless rifle-powder stop a cavalry charge as easily as its noisy, smoky predecessor? Is it not open to question if the rattle of the rifle and its ever-jetting smoke has not some effect in making horses shy of infantry, and preventing their facing them as they would a fence? Of course, what Maga calls 'the courtesy of the nations'—viz., the firing of salutes and the *feu de joie*—now go by the board. What is to take their place? (Had the immortal mayor lived to-day, who gave the one hundred and one excuses for not firing a salute on the occasion of some great monarch visiting his town, he might have saved himself one hundred crams by the one simple one, 'Your Majesty, we did fire, but we use the new noiseless powder'),"etc.

We see it stated that the difficulties in the way of working the new submarine boat, the "Gymnote" (the invention of a French naval officer), lay principally in the accumulators, and that these difficulties have now been almost entirely overcome. If that is true,—and there is no reason why it should not be true,—the world is nearer submarine navigation than it has ever been before. Even if such a boat perfectly succeeds, there remain grave doubts as to whether she can fire powerful submarine charges without suffering as much as the vessel which she attacks.

Last summer, during the short passage from Devonport to Portsmouth, England, the "Aurora" (one of the new belted cruisers) encountered a head wind and rough sea. She labored to that extent that

her armor shelf became strained, some rivet-holes opened, and a great deal of water entered the ship. The *United Services Gazette* says, "It has before been pointed out that this class of vessel is far too slightly built to bear the heavy belt of armor, but this is the first time that the fact has been conclusively shown. It opens room for very grave doubt as to the stability of the whole class, and justifies the suspicion with which they have always been regarded by naval men. It is, indeed, hopeless to attempt to produce a satisfactorily armored ship on less displacement than ten thousand tons, and this has now been recognized by the admiralty. Plans for the new armored battle-ships provide for hulls of fourteen thousand tons."

The midsummer number of the *Rivista di Artiglieria é Génio* contains an article, with illustrations, upon the Mole of Hadrian, or Castle of St. Angelo, in its archæological, architectural, and military aspects, which is distinctly of the first value to all readers, whether they take interest in Rome, ancient or modern, or are only inclined to study the great mass from a military point of view.

General Colbert remarks that at the battle of Wagram, Napoleon chose (against the advice of his generals and the expectations of the enemy) to cross the Danube at a very wide part. On that day he was everywhere, superintending operations, and, to enable him to see better, had a double ladder which he mounted and from that position gave his orders.

The value of lookouts, or posts of observation, either in trees, tall buildings, or temporary erections of poles or scantlings, such as our signal corps used in the late war, is gravely discussed in the German and French military journals, and their mode of construction is described in the "Pioneer's Hand-Book," Berlin, 1888. The Cossacks of the Ukraine have long used such observations—elevations of poles—for the discovery of hostile approach over their great plains, as well as for signaling to friends.

Almost every one has read Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the 'Sunbeam'" and other books of travel. The last voyage of the "Sunbeam" has a peculiar interest, as it was published from her notes, after her death, with a preface by the editor, and a dedication to her children from the pen of her husband.

This energetic and accomplished woman died on board the "Sunbeam," on September 14, 1887, on the passage from Australia to Mauritius, and was buried at sea.

During this cruise the "Sunbeam" sailed and steamed thirty-six thousand miles. Since his wife's death we believe her owner has taken out the boiler and engines, and has cruised in her entirely under sail.

As there is now some interest shown in a coast guard, or naval reserve, it may be interesting to see what a vessel like the "Sunbeam" can do. She is of five hundred and seventy-six tons; one hundred and thirty-seven feet long; 27.6 feet beam, and 13.9 depth of hold. Her rig is that of a three-masted schooner, with foretop-sail and royal. Her steam was always supplementary, as she only carried seventy tons of coal. With an expenditure of three tons in the twenty-four hours she had a speed of seven-and-three-fourths knots; with four tons she went eight knots, and with seven tons nine knots. She is an excellent sea-boat, and it is said that, in fourteen years of active cruising,—for the Brasseys were not harbor sailors,—her qualities were fully tested, and it is asserted that, in lying to or in scudding, she never shipped a green sea. Her full complement was twenty-one, of whom three were firemen. We have in our yacht lists some vessels finer than the "Sunbeam," with much greater speed. How useful these fast yachts could be, if armed with quick-firing guns, and officered in the proper way! Swift, handy, and seaworthy, vessels like those could be employed advantageously in so many ways. An enrollment of such yachts, and the formation of a naval reserve, or coast guard, might stimulate more of our wealthy men to build such vessels. It would be money well spent.

Truth says, "How about the pneumatic gun that propels through the air a torpedo which, it is claimed, will blow any ship to atoms in the vicinity of the spot that it strikes? If—as seems probable—this gun is a practical reality, of what use are our armored monsters? About as much as the stockade of savages against artillery. Surely we ought to learn all about this gun before we expend so much in building new monsters."

The Italian Admiralty Board has decided to abolish the Torpedo Inspection Department in their service, as no more torpedoes are to be made.

By the time these notes are published the Marine Conference will have assembled at Washington, almost every nation interested in maritime matters sending delegates, except, we believe, Peru. The subjects to be considered are, according to the published programme, grouped into thirteen general divisions,—viz.: First. Marine signals, or other means of plainly indicating the direction in which vessels are moving in fog, mist, falling snow, or thick weather, and at night; rules for the prevention of collisions and rules of the road; visibility, number, and positions of lights to be carried by vessels; sound signals, their character, number, range, and position of the instrument; steering and sailing rules. Second. Regulations to determine the seaworthiness of

vessels. Third. Draft to which vessels should be restricted when loaded; uniform maximum load-mark. Fourth. Uniform regulations regarding the designation and marking of vessels, and the position of the name and the size of lettering. Fifth. Saving of life and property from shipwreck at sea and by operations from shore; official inquiries into causes and circumstances of shipwrecks and other casualties. Sixth. Qualifications for officers and seamen, including tests for sight and color-blindness. Seventh. Laws for steamers on frequented routes, with reference to collisions and the safety of fishermen. Eighth. Night signals at sea. Ninth. Warnings of approaching storms, their transmission, and uniformity of the signals. Tenth. Reporting, marking, and removing dangerous wrecks or obstructions to navigation; the division of the labor, cost, and responsibility among the several maritime nations. Eleventh. Notice of changes in lights, buoys, and other day and night marks, and the systematic and uniform exchange of information. Twelfth. Uniformity in color and the numbering of buoys. Thirteenth. Establishment of a permanent international maritime commission.

It will be curious and interesting to notice how much of this extensive programme is to be carried out. It is a purely philanthropic movement, and should receive the intelligent support of all classes and all governments.

The English *United Services* says, "The report of Lord Camperdown's committee on the pay, status, and rank of army medical officers has been signed and placed in the hands of the Secretary of State for War. It is understood that the conclusions arrived at are to the following effect: (1) That it will be expedient that the army medical service should be created by royal warrant a royal medical staff corps; (2) that in respect to the vexed question of titles, as to which so much has been written by army medical officers, and concerning which so strong a feeling undoubtedly exists throughout the department, a compound title should be conferred, distinctly indicating the military alongside of the medical rank, such as surgeon-general, surgeon-colonel, and so on."

Speaking of the late naval review, the *Army and Navy Gazette* says, "One of the earliest impressions produced upon a true-born Briton by a sight of the great armada of August, 1889, would probably be in regard to the enormous cost. Steaming down between those three closely serried lines, or rather columns, of battle-ships and cruisers, two and a half miles in length, one's first reflection was that the value of so vast a number of vessels, the cost of which varied from between one hundred and forty thousand pounds for a "Melpomene" and six hundred and seventy-nine thousand pounds for a "Rodney," must

compute to a fabulous amount. The following figures may, therefore, not be considered uninteresting. The total value of the fleet which was inspected by the German emperor on Monday, irrespective of armament, which is, of course, a very considerable item, may be placed at seventeen million pounds. When we remember that the programme included seventy-three great war ships and light cruisers, and thirty-eight torpedo vessels, we arrive at some approximate idea of the power and importance of the tremendous increment which is about to be made to the fighting ships of our country in the expenditure of twenty-one million pounds extra upon the navy within the next four and a half years. Only a very limited number of vessels is to be built, and yet they are to cost four millions more than the value of that huge fleet which we have just seen stretching along the whole length of the Solent. Verily, warfare is an expensive pastime. As we stated in our columns last week, five hundred and sixty-nine heavy guns, of both muzzle-loading and breech-loading type, were mounted in Monday's fleet. The weight of this armament was six thousand three hundred and nine tons, or approximately an equivalent weight to that of the armament of forty three-deckers of the early days of this century. But when it is borne in mind that the whole arsenal of quick-firing and machine-guns which were present on Monday have been excluded from the calculation, it is clear that the modern fleet is incomparably superior, not only in power, but in actual weight of metal. The inspection itself was a somewhat uninteresting ceremony to the lookers-on."

In regard to the expense of the new men-of-war, one of our own daily journals recently remarked, "The bids for the five new cruisers are few in number and exceed the limit fixed by Congress. There was only one proposal for the two three-thousand-ton vessels, the Cramps offering to build them for one million two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars each, or one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in advance of the appropriation." After going into more details of the bids the paper remarks, "The government cannot make contracts for the construction of the cruisers under the conditions imposed by Congress, and may as well refrain from advertising. With the battle-ships building at the navy-yards the government lacks facilities for undertaking the work of constructing the cruisers on its own account. . . . The conclusion of the whole matter is that increase in horse-power and speed cannot be cheaply obtained. Mr. White, Director of Naval Construction under the British Admiralty, demonstrated this in a paper recently read before the Institution of Naval Architects in London. He proved that in building the newest battle-ships for the British navy it was necessary to double the horse-power in order to pass from fourteen to seventeen knots, and that by doubling the horse-power again it would not be practicable to obtain a speed of nineteen knots. While

not asserting that it would be impossible to build a twenty-knot battle-ship, he ridiculed the assumption that the required horse-power could be secured without an enormous increase in the expense of constructing vessel and machinery. For the present he is satisfied with planning vessels of this class that will have a speed of sixteen knots natural draught, and seventeen and a half knots with forced draught. A battle-ship is not a cruiser, and the difficulties of the problem of adding to its speed are materially increased by the necessity for providing space for the magazines under protection in the hold, as well as for the accommodation of the propelling machinery and coal supplies. But the general principle applies equally well to cruisers. High-power machinery is costly. In the Roach cruisers the proportion was about five and a half horse-power per ton of machinery. The Department is now attempting to raise this standard, according to Secretary Whitney's estimate, from five and a half to ten units of horse-power for every ton of machinery. This requirement is a most exacting one in the present tentative stage of naval architecture. It is not strange that ship-builders are cautious in answering naval proposals, especially when they are asked to guarantee the result of experimental designing. They take great risks in contracting for the construction of a high-power cruiser, and they naturally insist upon getting a good price for their work,—one large enough to cover possible defaults in horse-power and speed. The three thousand-ton cruisers authorized by Congress are required by law to exhibit a speed of nineteen knots for several hours, and for every quarter-knot variation from this limit the contractor is expected to pay a penalty of thirty thousand dollars. A similar system of premiums operates to the advantage of the contractor if the ship exceeds the limits; but practical ship-builders do not calculate at present upon the chances of exceeding nineteen knots with the weights and lines of a vessel of war. If a speed of eighteen knots be shown as the maximum performance, the contractor will have to pay one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the deficiency. Naturally the bids go up when such risks are to be faced. The conditions are less rigorous for the two thousand-ton cruisers, but still sufficiently arduous for the government to relax the requirements so as to diminish the contractor's risks; but obviously it would be a mistake to do this prematurely. Both Department and builders will have facts on which to base their calculations when the 'Charleston,' 'Baltimore,' and other high-power cruisers have been officially tested."

An article by Captain H. R. Gall, in a late number of the English *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, on "Infantry," seems to have attracted attention abroad among students of tactics. Among other things he says, "Without in any way preventing a commander from disposing of his firing-line in such a manner as he may consider best

suited to the locality he is called upon to defend, the following simple method of posting infantry in the first line is suggested, as being capable of the utmost expansion, and suitable to all occasions. Defense formations are only applicable to the first line, and the following conditions should be kept in view: 1. Every possible advantage should be taken of the accidents of ground and time and means available for constructing shelter-trenches. 2. Each section of defense should be formed as a separate unit of command, arranging for its own supports and local reserves. 3. One-half of the men of each section should be in reserve; of the remainder, as many rifles as can be effectively used and constantly maintained should be posted as firing-line and supports. 4. There should be no mixing up of fire units. A central battalion in the first line of defense will be divided into two half-battalions, and distributed as follows: The commanders of half-battalions will each detail one double company to furnish firing-line and supports, the three inner sections of each company being distributed in the firing-line, the outer sections posted in rear of the outer flanks of their respective companies. As casualties occur, the commanders of companies will close their men inward, on the centre of the double company, which will be marked by a guide. The supports will be introduced into the firing-line on the flanks as casualties occur, and the sections kept intact under their own officers. An interval of six paces will be kept between half-battalions. The remaining two companies of each half-battalion will be in local reserve. The front allotted to each battalion will be indicated by brigadiers, under instructions from the general commanding the division, who in making his general dispositions will be influenced by the ground, the number of troops at his disposal, and the nature of the attack. The distances between firing-line and supports, and between supports and reserves, will be regulated by the officers commanding battalions, and, within certain limits, will depend upon the cover available and the progress of the fight. Supports should not seek for natural cover farther back than one hundred and fifty yards from the firing-line, and reserves should rarely be posted farther back than three hundred yards from the supports. The simplicity of this formation is perhaps its strongest recommendation. It allows twenty-five per cent. of the firing-line being kept in hand to replace casualties and give fresh vitality to the defense, and fifty per cent. of the whole first line in local reserves keeps the different units intact and is more or less applicable to all defensive positions. Troops in the first lines should be economized in the defense,—for the object is to achieve a decisive result,—in order to keep strong reserves at points from which an offensive movement can most readily be executed at any given moment."

The *London Spectator* some time ago said of the United States,

"Her people are becoming the greatest nation in the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, while she could, if she pleased, almost ruin the commerce of any nation on the globe."

The following article bears so directly upon the most important points of naval rations that we make no excuse for transferring it, long as it is, from the *English Army and Navy Gazette*, where it appeared as an editorial on September 21, 1889.

"Attention has recently been directed by more than one of our contemporaries to the food ration at present supplied to the blue-jackets in our ships-of-war. The *Lancet*, on what authority we know not, started the controversy by declaring that 'the sailor's dietary is even more defective than the soldier's, and a more varied dietary could easily be arranged at no extra cost.' A naval correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* then took the subject up, contending that 'Jack's dietary is insufficient, and that his meal-hours are ridiculous,' supporting this assertion by a detailed description of the ration allowed by the Regulations, and the times allotted by the routine of the navy for its disposal, in the usual manner. On top of this statement appears a letter over the initials 'T. R. P.', in which the writer claims, as a naval officer, to know as much about the sailor's food, or perhaps more, than the 'naval correspondent,' and attempts to refute the latter's arguments. 'T. R. P.' finds some support in a letter from 'A Soldier,' and the correspondence seems likely to continue. The importance of the subject to the public generally cannot be called in question. Apart from the fact that the contentment of the men is essential to the well-being of the service, and that discontent must sooner or later find vent if the food is insufficient in quantity or defective in quality, any avoidable risk to the health of such an expensively trained person as the blue-jacket, which may be incurred thereby, means pecuniary loss to the country. Is it true, however, that the dietary is insufficient or defective? Here is the scale, which, be it remembered, is not only that which is daily allowed to the blue-jacket and marine, but to every naval officer, no more and no less to one than the other. Biscuit, or bread when obtainable, one and one-quarter pounds of the former, or one and one-half pounds of the latter; sugar, two ounces; chocolate, one ounce; tea, one-quarter ounce; meat, either salt or fresh, or canned, one pound; vegetables, one-half pound; and smaller proportions of flour, suet, raisins, oatmeal, mustard, pepper, and vinegar, from one-half ounce to one-quarter ounce, or one-quarter pint weekly of these condiments. Roughly speaking, it means one pound of meat, one and one-half pounds of bread, one-half pound of vegetables or puddings, and enough chocolate and tea to make two strong basins of each per diem. It is probable that, as men-of-war in the present day are quite three days in harbor to one at sea, and as fresh meat and

vegetables, with soft bread, are invariably procured and served out when obtainable, the days on which salt provisions are eaten are few and far between. At sea canned provisions are always issued twice a week, and live stock, in the shape of bullocks, or even sheep, are frequently taken to sea for the men's use. So far, then, as quantity is concerned,—or, for the matter of that, variety,—it is somewhat difficult to see wherein the dietary is deficient. In the scale of provisions for the United States navy, butter, pickles, molasses, canned tomatoes, and dried fruits are also included, and it might be well to add these to the British ration; but, as we will presently show, such articles can also be obtained on board a man-of-war. It is perfectly well recognized by the authorities that, in the matter of food, a certain amount of option and personal choice will go a long way to insuring satisfaction. It has been, therefore, arranged that both officers and men may, if they wish, leave their ration in store and take a money value instead. This money value is so arranged that, while it bears a ratio to the cost of the article left in store, it also prevents loss to the country by articles which become depreciated or damaged by long keeping. The money-value equivalent to the day's ration is fixed at a fraction more than eight pence, and we believe that it is due to the Treasury, and not to the Admiralty, that this sum is fixed at that amount. We do not believe there is any serious grumbling on this point. In practice, the method of savings works out this way. The men are divided into messes of sixteen or more in a mess, the rations of perhaps two-thirds are found to be sufficient for all, and the balance is taken out in money and used to purchase such articles as butter, bacon, cheese, sardines, and so on, as suits the fancy of the men. In the United States navy, the officers may commute their ration for thirty cents a day, and men are allowed to commute in the proportion of two rations out of a mess of fifteen at the same rate, to purchase additional articles for their own benefit. As to the quality of the provisions supplied to a man-of-war, the Regulations are most stringent and emphatic on this subject, and, as a matter of fact, thousands of pounds' worth of stores, in the shape of biscuits, canned meat, salt provisions, etc., are annually condemned and destroyed. Any man can bring his ration on the quarter-deck if he has aught to complain of about its quality; and if the Admiralty officials are to be believed, naval officers are only too prone to say, 'Chuck it overboard.' The cask, case, or what not, is brought on deck, three officers have a look at it, and the benefit of doubt is always exercised in Jack's favor, while the sharks make no difficulty in disposing of the morsel, high-flavored, mouldy, sweet-scented, or not. Of recent years biscuit has been stowed in tin-lined cases, which preserve it much better than the old-fashioned bags did from weevils or roaches. This new method may somewhat account for its being 'flavorless.' The salt meat, too, would doubtless be more appetizing and suitable for the

digestive organs if it was less 'corned;' but owing to the frequent supplies of fresh or canned provisions, it has to be kept for greater periods, and this necessitates it being a longer time in brine. A great convenience to the men in their messing has been the institution of dry canteens, a system by which the men are enabled to take to sea a store of such articles as they may wish to supplement their ration with. A committee, of which one of the officers is *ex-officio* president, is chosen from among the men, and a stock is laid in from the stores, or some other place where things can be purchased cheaply, and with due regard to their quality, and this shop is worked on board upon co-operative principles. In some ships the system is found to work well, in others badly; but, on the whole, the plan is beneficial all round, and, in most of the instances where irregularities exist or complaints have been made, investigation has shown that it was the man and not the system which was in fault. Next, there is the charge that the meal-hours are ridiculous. They must be looked at in connection with the customary working hours of the ship. Breakfast is usually about 6 A.M., and half an hour is given to this meal; chocolate is supplied hot, and with it the men eat their biscuit or bread, and usually something purchased from the canteen out of the money saved from their commuted rations. If they have been turned out earlier than usual, and especially is this the case if they have been away at boat-work or coaling, an extra allowance will be given them. It has been suggested that they should have coffee sometimes, instead of chocolate; but we believe it was tried, and the men themselves averred their preference for chocolate. Between breakfast and dinner at noon there is always a quarter of an hour allowed for 'stand easy,' and Jack generally manages to get another mouthful about this time. An hour and a half, and sometimes longer, is allowed for dinner, when the meat ration, either baked or boiled, is served out, and the rum or lime-juice. About half-past four is the half-hour for 'supper,' so called, but in reality a meat tea. After this there is work again until six or half-past, and then the blue-jacket goes down to his mess or employs his time as he likes until lights are put out at nine or ten. Any one who argues that Jack does not now have another meal, and a substantial one, too, as a rule, has evidently only seen a very small portion of life on the lower deck. The meal-times are, as a fact, fixed to suit the daily routine of a man-of-war, and have in late years also become more than anything the smoking-times of the men. They can eat just as much or as little of their ration or its equivalent at these times or at other times when they are not employed. To give a hot supper at nine would mean keeping the galley fire alight at a time when it is best out; but Jack has his supper then if he wants it. It would also mean that the cooks, who have to be up much earlier than the other men to get their breakfast cocoa ready for the time when they want it, would be also kept at work

later, and, so far as we can see, without sufficient reason. Finally, there is the matter of cookery, and that the food should be properly cooked is a first consideration. Much improvement has been effected in this respect also of late years, but we believe there is yet room for more. The school of cookery on board the 'Wellington' is a very excellent institution, but the men themselves require to be taught something of the art while in the training ships; and if a few ladies at Portsmouth and Plymouth would get permission from the Admiralty, and, with the consent of the captains of the training-ships, would take the matter in hand and show the lads how to make their 'figgy-duff' and 'Aunt Jane' on scientific principles, they would confer a boon on many a sailor. We have, advisedly, not attempted to answer the *Lancet's* contention that the sailor's dietary is more defective than the soldier's. The circumstances are in every way different. The soldier's value to the country is nothing like the same. His dietary is paid for by himself, and he has not to put up with the constant discomforts and dangers which the blue-jacket experiences. Any deductions drawn from such a comparison are, in our opinion, valueless. If there is a place where an alteration in the dietary of the blue-jacket is needed, it is in the tropics, and upon this question the opinion of commanding officers and medical authorities afloat might well be called for."

E. SHIPPEN.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

A Comparison of Sufferings in Siberia.

GEORGE KENNAN'S illustrated article in the October *Century* contains the following account of Siberian mines: "Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasant, of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery three hundred feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, overcrowded, and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated, and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious; but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death-rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly every day into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionally have been divided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same men have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work, and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of midwinter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrofski mine, and goes back at night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any pariah dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray,—the convict who lives night and day underground, sleeps in a rocky niche, toils in hopeless misery under the lash of a pitiless overseer, and is slowly poisoned to death by the fumes of quicksilver. Such things may be effective in a sensational drama, but they are not true. The worst feature of penal servitude in Siberia is not hard labor in the mines; it is the condition of the prisons."

WE notice with regret, but not with surprise, that there is a tendency in the French press to take umbrage at the International Military Exhibition which the Germans will open at Cologne in the spring. It is already announced that the colors and eagles taken from the French in the war of 1870 will be shown as an attraction, and the *France Militaire*, referring to this and to the celebration of the battle of Sedan, remarks: "The last notion of delicacy and honor must have been lost not to feel that it is truly infamous to insult with this perseverance a fallen enemy."

THE Austrian *Army Ordnance Gazette* publishes an Imperial order directing that each of the fourteen regiments of corps artillery shall be supplied on January 1, 1890, with an additional heavy battery, to be for the present on a reduced peace footing. Another order provides for the carrying out of the resolution sanctioned by the Emperor on May 15 last, concerning the formation during the present autumn of four additional com-

panies of Bosnian and Herzegovinian infantry and four battalion staffs.

THE *Berlin Post* has published an explanation, as it is termed, with the object of putting an end to the controversy as to who is the inventor of the smokeless powder used in the recent manœuvres before the Emperor of Austria. The journal is "authorized to state" that the compound was invented by Major-General Kuester, director of the powder-mills at Spandau. It is further announced that the officer received from the Emperor in person, upon the ground where his Majesty had just witnessed the tests of the powder, an order for fifty thousand marks as a recognition of the value of his invention. How different is this from our treatment of the widow and family of Sir William Palliser! And yet the wealth of the German nation will scarcely bear comparison with our own.

THE *Deutsche Heeres-Zeitung* informs us that the Nobel Dynamite Company have signed an agreement with the German Government for the supply of a large quantity of smokeless powder. At a meeting held recently at Hamburg, the directors of the companies forming part of the association discussed the questions of contracts and choice of firms for manufacturing the said powder. Those of Hamburg, Opladen, and Dresden have been selected.

IT has not yet been decided what kind of lance the German cavalry are to have, as the new steel lances, as well as the old wooden ones, are found to suffer from certain disadvantages. Experiments are accordingly being continued with different patterns. All the eight cuirassier regiments and the Gardes du Corps have now received lances, so that they are now armed with lance, sword, and carbine. The body-guard, hussars, and some of the dragoons are testing their lances, and it will depend on the results of this trial, which will probably go on for some time to come, whether all the hussars and dragoons will have the lance or not.—*English Army and Navy Gazette.*

APPARENTLY few luxuries have so greatly increased in value during the last century as battle-ships. War has always been spoken of as costly, but a hundred years ago a very respectable war might have been fought out between two first-class powers of Europe at less than the present cost of a line of naval vessels. The "Royal George," which was launched from the Royal Dock-Yards of England in 1789, and which was the most formidable war ship of that time, cost in round numbers $338,000, and this sum included the expense of coppering and copper bolting, of masts, yards, rigging, sails, anchors, cables, and all other boatswains' and carpenters' stores. The "Royal George" was the then terror of England's enemies; she carried 100 guns, was 190 feet long, 52 broad, and was of 2286 tons. The ship which at the present time corresponds with her at the head of the British navy is the "Trafalgar," the original cost of which, exclusive of armament, was in round numbers $4,813,970, or nearly $4,000,000 more than that of the first English man-of-war of 1789. This formidable engine of naval warfare is 345 feet long and 73 broad, having a tonnage of 11,940. If it were to be assumed that vessels of war are to increase during the next hundred years in size and cost proportionately as they have done since 1789, the building of navies alone bids fair to bankrupt the wealthiest nations. It costs now, according to the above showing, ten times as much to build a first-class war ship as it did a century ago; at that rate of increase, a century hence, to build one would cost upward of $40,000,000. That should be an argument for the Universal Peace Society.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE fleet assembled at Spithead during the great English naval review consisted of "nine first-class battle-ships, nine second-class battle-ships, and two third-class battle-ships; nine first-class armored cruisers, fourteen of the second class, and six of the third class; six coast defense monitors, one torpedo depot-ship (the 'Hecla'), one armed merchantman (the 'Teutonic'), and thirty-eight torpedo-boats. They mounted an aggregate—not reckoning machine- and boat-guns—of five hundred and fifty-eight guns of all kinds, and were manned by a total of twenty-one thousand one hundred and

seven men, drawn from sea-going and other ships, the sailors under instruction, the men in the coast-guard, and, in respect of the stokers,—the weakest department in our steam-navy,—from new entries and pensioners. All the vessels were supposed to be fully manned for service."

A SMOKELESS powder is said to have been produced by Captain Nobel, of Elswick, which appears to be perfectly reliable, and which is at the same time practically smokeless and noiseless in its explosion. The powder is a curious grayish-looking material, in long threads of a whipcord-like form, a shape probably due to hydraulic pressure. Its action is most startling. At three hundred yards' range not a sound is heard when a volley is fired with it, and only a faint haze arises, which is almost imperceptible, whilst a shower of bullets is seen to fall upon the targets, an effect produced seemingly without cause.

Physical Training.

(*From Colburn's United Service Magazine.*)

THE laws of health have never been so well understood or so carefully observed as they are at the present time, and yet their general and systematic application has never before been so urgently needed in this country. The average duration of human life has been considerably extended during the latter half of this century. Improved sanitation, the progress of medical science, the chemistry of common life, and multiplied facilities for transport have given us well-drained and ventilated houses, pure water, rational treatment in sickness, food properly prepared for use, and in much greater variety; in fact, have supplied the conditions favorable to health and long life. It is, however, only the wealthier and wiser portion of the community that fully avails itself of the benefits arising from these fortunate circumstances. Still, there is a vast and increasing number of people who occupy sanitary houses in uncrowded localities, who have money enough to procure a proper number of wholesome meals, and who have sense enough to avoid any frequent or glaring violation of safe rules with regard to personal habits. It is among these classes that we find so marked an improvement, not only in the matter of long life, but also in physical development.

On the other hand, the poor are deteriorating in physique, chiefly owing to their crowding together in large towns, and to the unhealthy lives led by one generation of them after another. It is stated on good authority that there are now two children in the towns for every one in the country, so powerfully do the great centres attract the rural population. This is a fact which has a most serious bearing on the supply of recruits for our military forces, of crews for our ships, and of men capable of doing the ordinary rough work of life, as it has been done in the past by the British race.

So long as there was a large proportion of country lads ready to step forward and fill up vacancies, we were always sure of obtaining good raw material. A life spent principally in the open air compensates for many disadvantages. Fresh air and sunlight purify and revive the blood, promoting a sound, healthy growth, even if the fare be coarse and sometimes scant. But what can we say of the young men who inhabit the dense parts of London, Liverpool, and Manchester? As a rule, they are pale and stunted; many of them are crooked and honey-combed by disease. Impure air, evil habits, and bad parentage have set their mark on them, and they are fit for little else than to fill our jails and hospitals.

It has been remarked that the surest way of attaining longevity is by carefully choosing our ancestors, which, liberally rendered, means that we ought, as carefully as possible, to prepare ancestors for posterity. That is an object which can to a great extent be brought within our reach, by providing better dwellings and free emigration for the poor, and by multiplying and extending the other remedial measures which are now in operation, whether of a public or private kind. The facilities for obtaining drink should certainly be diminished, because the more numerous the temptations are the greater is the number of victims. It is idle to say that the

"liberty of the subject" is curtailed by minimizing incitements to an evil which is invariably attended by disease and crime, with their train of miseries. If something be not soon done to shake off this incubus, we shall be so terribly overweighted that a leading position among the nations will no longer be ours. It is, perhaps, the most formidable of all the obstacles which bar the advance of physical training.

But what is to be understood by this term? It may be regarded, in its wider sense, as signifying that treatment of the body which best fits it to be the support and instrument of the mind,—that discipline and exercise which insure a strong, healthy body, able to sustain the mind amid anxieties or alarms, and with nerves, muscles, and breathing power capable of great or continued exertion. A weak, nervous body is a burden rather than a support to the mind, and we call on it in vain for any strong effort or protracted struggle.

Among the benefits to be derived from physical training, when properly pursued, are not only strength and endurance, not even mere health, inestimable as that blessing is, but a notable increase in promptness of action and coolness in emergencies, showing that the body is well under the command of the will. When training is undergone collectively, the qualities of fairness and self-restraint are developed, and deceit, which is the chosen ally of feebleness, is cast out. These results are surely worthy of being earnestly sought after. If they could be made general by a well-devised system, they would double our power and ennoble our national life.

Looked at from an individual point of view, there are, of course, several matters, such as amusements, clothing, and diet, which must be allowed a certain amount of elasticity, but they have all their places in physical education, and there are rough rules concerning them which should be adhered to and instilled into the popular mind. Healthy habits form the groundwork of training. Drink, tobacco, and undue excitement are incompatible with the highest "condition;" but a hard-and-fast line cannot be drawn for every man. With regard to the first, although some may be benefited by a moderate quantity, it should be remembered that in perfect health there is neither the craving nor the excuse for a stimulant.

If we eliminate sedentary workers, riotous livers, people who take frequent "nips," and the ill-housed and ill-fed poor, there remains a multitude whose lives present no serious obstacle to our operations. In fact, there are many degrees of training, from that of the pugilist on the one hand, to that of the regular and healthy liver on the other, midway between which two limits the most generally useful and lasting course seems to lie. The pugilist's course of training is too severe to be indefinitely prolonged, and is often alternated with seasons of excessive indulgence. Unnatural severity defeats every good purpose by causing a rebound to the opposite extreme, but a practical, medium course may be followed, with but slight variation, by persons of both sexes and of all ages, and be kept up for life.

Good air is essential at all times, more particularly where exercise is taken. Gymnastics and all other exercise should, whenever possible, be done in the open air, and in a healthy situation. The next best place is a well-ventilated gymnasium.

Sleep, the "sweet restorer," should be sought betimes by all who are in training, and the bedroom should contain no furniture or drapery not absolutely necessary.

Clothing should not be impervious to the air, and should not impede the free action of any part of the body. For exercise, flannel should be worn, and afterwards a wrap to prevent too rapid cooling.

Cold bathing and friction with a rough towel are a necessary part of the daily routine, in order that the skin may duly perform its very important functions. After strong exercise in flannels, the body should be sponged.

Diet, except in strict training and for a limited time, may be regulated by common sense alone. Regularity, moderation, the avoidance of much liquid and of indigestible and fat-producing food, are the main points to be remembered.

Rest should be taken before fatigue is felt. Rest at the right time is necessary to the welfare of the body, and, above all, the rest of one day in seven, which is both a beneficent divine appointment and a physiological requirement, the neglect of which entails serious evils.

When *exercise* is systematized, and the foregoing conditions are at the same time observed, we have complete physical training, producing the greatest health, strength, and happiness which can be attained by our corporeal nature in this life. Exercise should be gradually taken up, so that the strength may not, at any one time, be overtaxed. The weakest parts should receive special attention, and when there is any peculiatity of formation the work prescribed should be carefully adapted to the case. By the same rule, artisans who, in their ordinary occupations, use certain sets of muscles, should have the others sedulously brought into play. A man whose trade requires light and rapid action may have slow and heavy work in the gymnasium, while he whose daily duty involves ponderous movement should practice something requiring quick dexterity.

The object being to educate all parts of the body up to the highest standard, a succession and great variety of exercises are requisite. They cannot be fully enumerated in an article of this kind, but the principal ones may be mentioned and classified. First in order come those that can be performed without weights or apparatus of any kind, such as the balance step, walking, running, jumping, and the practices comprising the so-called Physical Training in the Infantry Drill-Book of this year; next, practices with clubs, dumb-bells, bar-bells, horizontal bar, parallel bars, ladder, and vertical rope; and, lastly, drill with weapons, including cavalry and infantry sword exercise, lance exercise, and fencing. A supplementary class should be added, comprising subjects which cannot well be taught in a general course of training, as, for instance, boxing (with gloves), rowing, swimming, and riding. By these exercises, when correctly performed, all the joints and muscles have their share of work, the chest is expanded, the feet are fairly planted on the ground, size and strength are increased, and the arts of attack and defense are acquired.

The balance step strengthens the ankles and is the foundation of steadiness. Walking brings every part of the body into play. To walk well, the shoulders should be squared and thrown back so that the lungs may act freely; the knee- and hip-joints should be straightened. This may, by some, be called a constrained position, but even if it were, it is not to be condemned on that account. To a slouching youth, every position is irksome, if he be not allowed to stoop and shamble. A constrained position is often merely a wrong position corrected, and it is an inconvenience which, in the acquirement of almost every art, must be met and surmounted. In running, the hands should be closed and raised as high as the chest. Lowering the hands has been pronounced to be "fatal to running spirits," and in like manner stooping is fatal to walking spirits. The drill practices denominated "physical training" have this advantage, that they can be done in private, morning and evening, as an adjunct to dressing and undressing. Dumb-bells may be used in the same way, and their weight may be determined by the strength and inclination of the user, but perhaps the best proportion is *as pounds to stones*,—that is to say, that a man of ten-stone weight should work with dumb-bells of five pounds each. It may be taken as a general rule that heavy weights produce slowness, and although they increase the strength of particular parts, yet light weights are preferable for constant use, and have a better effect on the general health. With regard to exercises with gymnastic apparatus, it is recommended that they be done by easy stages, but with the greatest accuracy, and with a full concentration of the muscular powers. Among the best tests of the gymnasium are those that are supplied by the horizontal bar and vertical rope.

Cavalry and infantry sword exercise can hardly be surpassed for developing and suppling the body, owing to the excellence and variety of the positions which every part must assume, especially if drill be performed with the left hand as well as with the right. The same

may be said of lance exercise. Foils do not afford so good all-round work as the sword and lance, but they are invaluable for giving quickness of eye and alert accuracy of movement. The foundation of fencing, as of sword exercise, consists in a perfectly-disciplined physique, steadiness of position, and rapidity of lunge and recovery. The exercises or arts which, for the purposes of this paper, are called supplementary, can be acquired with comparative ease by those whose condition is the result of the training advocated here. Boxing is, perhaps, unrivaled as a trial of wind, nerve, and eye. Rowing, swimming, and riding are not accessible to all, but no man's physical education is complete without them. Nothing is better than riding as a means of setting up, if commenced without stirrups, and correctly taught as in a regimental riding-school. It gives an ease and flexibility which nothing else can do; it demands patience, and improves the qualities of courage and self-control. There is probably no higher illustration of training, other things being equal, than we see in a good polo player, or in a mounted soldier who has perfect command of his horse and his weapons.

The question is often asked by those who are interested in this subject, why physical education and drill are not given at the board schools. They do not understand why the country should pay for teaching a boy science, and not fit him to take a part in the defense of his home. It is quite as necessary that he should be trained to "speak the truth and draw the bow," to be an honest and capable member of the community, as that his head should be filled with poetry or his wits sharpened by mathematics. A few minutes every day might be devoted, in those schools, to explaining the laws of health, and half an hour twice a day to drill and gymnastics. The machinery for this need not be far to seek.

But besides the compulsory training of board school-children, there are many other ways in which physical education can be promoted, as, for instance, by the multiplication of athletic societies, and the giving of prizes for athletic proficiency. And, although it may be too much to expect every volunteer battalion to be likewise a gymnastic club, yet an energetic and patriotic body like the volunteers could work wonders in extending the benefits of physical training throughout the country. More especially could this be done if the enrollment of volunteer cadets were to become general. It would, undoubtedly, be an enormous advantage if the youth of the country had the training which universal liability to military service would give them. The fact has often been dwelt upon, that in the militia ballot we have a constitutional arrangement by which we can obtain as many men as we know what to do with. Those men would not be sent on foreign service except with their own consent, and all who might wish to escape the ballot could join the volunteers. Thus, by a mild and easy form of conscription, our ranks could be filled up, we should have sufficient reserves to set the mind of the public completely at rest, and our lower orders would gain in muscle, in cleanliness, and in respect for themselves and others; but it would appear as if some calamity were needed to arouse people from their fatuous apathy, and to lift questions of this kind out of the range of party politics.

It may be worthy of consideration how far physical tests could be added to the entrance examinations of senior schools and colleges. Let us take the following case: A clever but delicate boy from a junior school comes up with the view of passing into an advanced establishment in which an entrance examination is in force, but he is found to be so deficient in muscle, and so debilitated, probably from overstudy, that a breakdown seems to be merely a question of time. Is it not true kindness to send him to his home with a recommendation to spend a term in the fresh air and in physical training? This might open the eyes of his parents to his danger, and enable them, by judicious treatment, to avert a total failure.

The education of the physical, concurrently with the mental and moral, nature is so important that it ought at length to be universally recognized in this country. Some estimable gentle-

men connected with good schools have great faith in games, and think them almost enough by way of exercise, without either military drill or systematic gymnastics. In modification of this opinion, it may be urged that games are desultory and irregular, and although most useful as adjuncts and always to be encouraged, they neglect certain sets of muscles while calling others into violent action. We should also bear in mind that boys prefer the games in which they excel, and that the work for which they have no aptitude is that which is most necessary for them to practice. Mutual reliance, obedience, and self-denial are certainly called into operation in cricket and foot-ball, but they are still more perfectly displayed in military operations. In the latter there is something to be learned, while a game leads to nothing beyond itself. Nevertheless, games are a form of recreation, and as such cannot be replaced by drill and gymnastics, which come under the head of work, and it will be an evil day for our land when they lose their hold on us and cease to be, what they are now, the spontaneous outcome of high health and spirits.

The universities set an admirable example in the maintenance of games and aquatics. Let us hope that they will soon take a new departure by giving some of their superabundant zeal and vigor to volunteering and physical training, and that thus an impulse may be communicated to educational institutions over the length and breadth of the land.

But apart from the universities, there are at all times in our midst some thousands of young men who are preparing for commissions in the army. Their future depends largely on their physical strength and training, their growth is approaching completion, their habits are being formed and their bodies molded for good or evil, but, with the proverbial thoughtlessness of youth, they do not generally devote their leisure to such pursuits as are best fitted to bring them into condition and enable them to bear up under the vicissitudes and arduous duties of their profession. There is a strong and wide-spread opinion that these young men should undergo physical training and drill, and be inspected therein, as part of their examination. It seems singular that everything military is omitted from the ordeal through which admission to Sandhurst and Woolwich is gained. It is equally extraordinary that no athletic tests are applied to those who, as they are strong or weak, may be the means of saving or losing the lives of themselves and others.

Although a liberal education is necessary for an officer, it is likewise imperative that his health should not be injured, either by excessive study or by reckless indulgence. And what could so appropriately maintain the just balance between the mind and body of a military student as the practical work which a prospective examination in these subjects would require? Activity of mind and body have a beneficial effect on one another, so that there need be no anticipation of lower scholastic results from the addition of physical education. Fears on that point have very often been proved groundless. If, as it is contended should be done, marks be given for physical and military subjects as well as for those which are styled "literary," the hours of study would be reduced but not necessarily the amount of learning, and the value of training would be enhanced in the estimation of these young gentlemen. Overindulgence of every kind would also be dimininished, because when once condition is understood and appreciated, when the fact that "the glory of young men is their strength" is duly recognized, it is guarded with jealousy from everything that would impair it.

It is asserted, with perfect truth, that the physique of our officers is very good, in spite of the present one-sided, cramming style of military education; but it is also undeniable that many cases of failure are due to it, and that under a gradual, continuous, and rational system of physical training a greater proportion of our officers would be leaders of men in the true sense of the words. While considering this branch of the subject, it is impossible to overlook the Oxford Military College, an institution which has for more than twelve years been diligently carrying out these ideas. Its

patron is His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and in the list of its honorary council are the names of Viscount Wolseley and other distinguished officers who have been foremost in advocating a sound training for the young. When it was established, the sanguine hope was entertained that there were sufficient enlightenment and patriotism in the country to add a physical and military examination to that in force for Sandhurst and Woolwich. Had it been so, the advantages of the system would have become more conspicuous; but still the college has most distinctly proved the great value of the training here recommended. It has convinced military students that their best aids are pure air, regular habits, and active training, and it has shown conclusively that a curriculum including drill, gymnastics, riding, and swimming insures success not only in study but also in games. So far from being a hindrance to mental work, the military training of the students has a bracing and regulating effect upon the mind, and the condition which they attain makes them almost invincible at foot-ball and cricket. That college is a standing witness in favor of a sound and healthy all-round education for those who look forward to a vigorous and manly life. May we soon have many like it? It is superfluous to say more of the salutary effects which the suggested reform in these examinations would produce. Useful lives would be saved and prolonged, and a check would be placed on the headlong competition which is answerable for so much mischief.

Educated muscle is a great national power. Other countries have learned the lesson through disastrous war. It is to be hoped that we may lay it to heart before we are driven to the "back seat" which we shall inevitably occupy if we do not accept timely warning. If we wish our youth to be fresh and well-grown, our soldiers and sailors to be equal to those of a past generation, if we hope that this country will continue to fulfill its mission of colonization and civilization throughout the world, even if we would preserve our shores and our homes from being polluted by the foot of an invader, then we must awake as a nation and give ourselves no rest till this vital question has been disposed of.

JOHN GRAHAM,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

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Recorder.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. John P. Nicholson, U.S.V.

(2) Commandery of the State of New York.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Wager Swaine, U.S.A. (Retired).

Recorder.—Paymaster George DeForest Barton, late U.S.N.

(3) Commandery of the State of Maine.

Commander.—Bvt. Brig.-Gen. John M. Brown, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Bvt. Maj. Henry S. Burrage, U.S.V.

(4) Commandery of the State of Massachusetts.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Edward W. Hincks, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Col. Arnold A. Rand, U.S.V.

(5) Commandery of the State of California.

Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A.

Recorder.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. Wm. R. Smedberg, U.S.A. (Retired).

(6) Commandery of the State of Wisconsin.

Commander.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. Chester D. Cleveland, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Capt. A. Ross Houston, U.S.V.

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Commander.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Walter Q. Gresham, U.S.V.

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(8) Commandery of the District of Columbia.

Commander.—Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Charles F. Manderson, U.S.V.

Recorder.—Bvt. Maj. William P. Huxford, U.S.A. (Retired).

(9) Commandery of the State of Ohio.

Commander.—Bvt. Lt.-Col. E. C. Dawes, U.S.V.

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Commander.—Maj.-Gen. Lew Wallace, U.S.V.

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The following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Maine Commandery.

Stated meeting held September 4, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Wainright Cushing, 2d. Lt. U.S.V.; Alfred Mitchell, Asst.-Surg. U.S.V.; David Elkins Parson, Maj. U.S.V.

California Commandery.

Stated meeting held May 31, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Bvt. Maj. Levi Force, Capt. U.S.V.; John Potter, Capt. U.S.V;; Rufus Chandler Vose, Capt. U.S.V.; John Joseph O'Connell, Capt. U.S.A.; John Alexander Donnell, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Robert Tebulon Johnson, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Richard Phillips Leary, Commander U.S.N.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 5, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Joseph Hinson, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Augustus Becher, Lt. U.S.V.; James Sayre Frisbie, Lt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—Mr. Earnest Vliet.

Ohio Commandery.

Stated meeting held June 5, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Toland Jones, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; William Jennings Landram, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; John Luther Vance, Lt -Col. U.S.V.; James Gage Barker, Capt. U.S.V.; George Edward Head, Maj. 3d U.S. Infantry; William Jay Smith, Col. and Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.; Samuel Boyd Kelly, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; James Mahlon Russell, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Thomas Spencer Black, Capt. U.S.V.; Francis Marion Wilkinson, Capt. U.S.V.; Eugene Boudinot Willard, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; William Odin Smith, Maj. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.—John Brackett Childe, Wyoming, O.

Oregon Commandery.

Stated meeting held September 11, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—John Hill Beecher, Maj. U.S.A.; Gilbert Saltonstall Carpenter, Capt. U.S.A.; Samuel McConihe, Capt. U.S.A.

TRANSFERS.

California Commandery.

Simon Eliott Chamberlain, Capt. U.S.V., and Charles Brewster Schofield, 1st Lt. U.S.A., to District of Columbia Commandery; Leslie Smith, Lt.-Col. U.S.A., to New York Commandery.

Kansas Commandery.

Charles Rodman Paul, Lt.-Col. U.S.V., to Pennsylvania Commandery.

NECROLOGY.

New York Commandery.

Dr. William H. Pinkney, May 2, 1889; Ambrose S. Cassidy, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V., May 6, 1889; Charles J. C. Ball, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V., February 5, 1888; David W. Odiorne, 1st Lt. U.S.V., May 22, 1889; James B. Hunter, Surgeon U.S.V., June 10, 1889; John Hammond, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U.S.V., May 28, 1889; Alexander B. Mott, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V., August 12, 1889; Albert V. Meeks, Capt. U.S.V., August 23, 1889; Henry J. Menninger, Surgeon U.S.V., September 8, 1889; Jerome H. Kidder, late Surgeon U.S.N., April 8, 1889; Charles K. Graham, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U.S.V., April 15, 1889.

California Commandery.

Charles A. Wood, Lt.-Col. U.S.V., June 14, 1889.

LOYAL LEGION NOTES.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Order will be held at the Hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, October 16, 1889, at 10 A.M.

The special order of business will be the election for officers of the Commandery-in-Chief.

The Board of Officers will assemble at Head-quarters, 723 Walnut Street, on Tuesday, October 15, 1889, at 7.30 P.M., for the transaction of such business as may be submitted for their action.

The Constitution of the Order provides that the supreme executive and judicial power is vested in the Commandery-in-Chief, and all questions involving a construction of the Constitution must be transmitted to the Recorder-in-Chief for the action of the Commandery-in-Chief.

At a special meeting of the United Service Club of Philadelphia, April 25, 1889, the following amendments to the Constitution and By-laws of the Club were adopted:

CONSTITUTION.

"ARTICLE II.—Companions of any of the Commanderies of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States in good standing in their respective Commanderies may become members of The United Service Club upon filing with the Secretary a written application for membership, and upon the payment of the entrance fee and one year's dues.

"Any person who may have served honorably in the army or navy (regular or volunteer) or marine corps during the War of the Rebellion—whether as officer, non-commissioned officer, or enlisted man, and any commissioned officer of the army, navy, or marine corps—may become a member of The United Service Club if passed upon favorably by the Elective Committee, as provided for in the By-Laws, upon filing with the Secretary a written application for membership, together with the entrance fee and one year's dues. In case of unfavorable action by the committee the entrance fee and dues to be returned."

BY-LAWS.

"There shall be an Elective Committee, consisting of seven members, not Managers, whose duty it shall be to pass upon the qualifications of applicants for membership other than Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

"The Elective Committee shall be elected at the annual meeting to serve for one year.

"The committee shall meet upon the first Monday of every month except July and August, and a unanimous report in favor of the candidate shall be required to elect."

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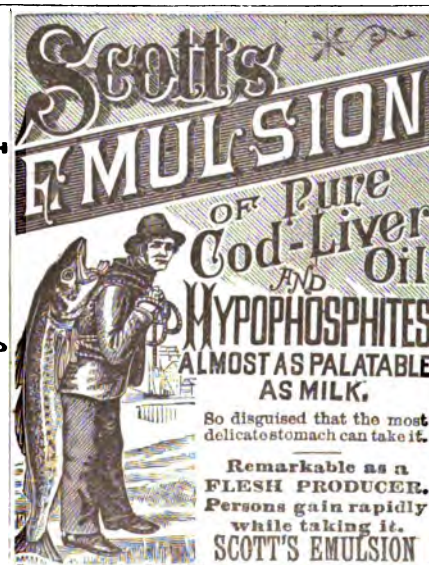

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THE UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF

MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. II.—DECEMBER, 1889.—NO. 6.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. The Evolution of the Torpedo-Boat. Translated from the French by EDWARD SHIPPEN, Medical Director U.S.N. 549

II. One View of the Army Question. By W. H. CARTER, Sixth U. S. Cavalry . 573

III. The United States Revenue Cutter Service. By H. D. SMITH, First Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service 579

IV. A Fair Georgian. By WILLIAM C. BARTLETT, Captain U.S.A. 592

V. The Annual Inspection of the National Guard by Army Officers. By JOHN P. WISSER, First Lieutenant First Artillery U.S.A. 609

VI. A Remarkable Episode of the Late War. By W. F. PROSSER 615

VII. Among our Contemporaries. By EDWARD SHIPPEN, Medical Director U.S.N. . 633

VIII. Service Salad 646

IX. Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States 654

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DECEMBER 1889.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT.

(FROM THE REVUE DU CERCLE MILITAIRE.)

PART I.

[The articles here translated have been published within a few weeks in the *Review* above mentioned. After a short introduction in which the anonymous author states his object to be to endeavor to demonstrate the origin of the torpedo-boat, and to follow its transformations, as well as the gradual development of its powers, he proceeds to say:]

THE torpedo-boat had its origin in the United States. Why should not American daring have devised such an arm, which permits one to go in search of his enemy instead of awaiting attack, and accomplishes great results with the aid of very primitive material and limited *personnel?*

Fulton appears to have been the first to conceive the idea of attacking great men-of-war by means of a fleet of small boats, armed with torpedoes; and he himself offered to take command of such an enterprise. But, in spite of the palpable successes obtained by him in his preliminary experiments, the American naval officers of that period refused to believe that, by such contemptible devices, the great ships which were the object of their honest pride as seamen could be destroyed. We may add that the celebrated inventor had no more success in France than he had at home. He explained his plans to Admiral Decrès, whose only answer was, "You can go, sir! Your inventions are fit for Algerines and corsairs; but be pleased to know that France has not yet renounced the sea."

Fulton was not to be rebuffed: he endeavored next to interest the English Prime Minister in his inventions. The minister seemed convinced, but Lord St. Vincent prevented any favorable action, saying, "Pitt is the greatest fool that ever lived, to wish to encourage a system of warfare which would leave no prize money for us, who are now masters of the sea, and which system, moreover, if it could be carried out, would deprive us of that superiority."

Fulton was simply in advance of his time. The ideas which he advocated never took form until the War of Secession.

The beginnings of the torpedo-boat were very humble. They were, for the most part, ordinary boats furnished with a long pole to carry the torpedo, the "*sac à poudre*," to use the American expression, which contained sixty pounds of ordinary cannon powder, which a few determined men then proceeded to explode against the hull of a ship. It was by no means a matter of course that these early attempts should be crowned with success. Sometimes the tiny assailant was seen in time, and forced to beat a retreat under a shower of projectiles; or, if he did succeed in coming into actual contact with his enemy, the column of water raised by the explosion fell upon his boat and sunk it. This happened when one attacked the Federal ship "New Ironsides" (on the night of October 5, 1863): "About nine o'clock the sentries perceived a rapidly-approaching object and hailed it; the only reply was a musket-shot which killed the officer of the watch, while, at the same moment, a frightful explosion shook the whole frame of the 'New Ironsides.' An immense column of water was thrown up, much of it falling on board the ship, and during the commotion and disorder which temporarily ensued, the assailant disappeared. Boats were speedily sent in pursuit, and discovered two men floating by means of life-belts. One of these was the commanding officer of the torpedo-boat."

The "New Ironsides" suffered no damage which could not be repaired without leaving her station.

From this time the Federals exercised a redoubled vigilance. Every ship at anchor kept up steam and was ready to slip her chain, while her boats rowed guard incessantly, to prevent surprise and give warning in time.

The Confederates also attacked their Northern adversaries by means of small fusiform craft, comprised under the generic name of "Davids," perhaps in comparison with the Goliaths of the sea which they were destined to encounter. These craft, of sheet-iron, and a length of about thirty feet, were immersable upon going into action, and left but a very small target for an enemy. Their construction was of that simplicity which characterizes the American inventions generally. No engines, none of those delicate systems of cog-work which are introduced into the war machines of the present day; eight men working a

simple propeller with their arms gave the "David" a speed of about four knots.[1]

Their torpedoes, generally fitted upon a spar of twenty or thirty feet in length, contained, as we have seen, about sixty pounds of powder. By means of these cigar-shaped boats the Confederates delivered several attacks against the Federal corvette "Housatonic." Lieutenant Payne, who was in charge of the operations against this particular ship, pursued his object with all the obstinate perseverance which his countrymen showed in even the most hazardous enterprises. But his first attempts were not happy. The first time, his "David" capsized in a heavy swell and foundered. She was raised, but, on a second attempt, an accident which has never been explained caused her to sink with all her crew. After many efforts she was again raised and nine dead bodies taken from her.

At once a Lieutenant Dixon undertook Payne's gloomy mission. It was necessary to destroy the "Housatonic," which, moored in front of Charleston, closely blockaded the port. The "David" got under way at night, slipped close along the beach, and was hidden in an obscure place during the succeeding day. During the night of February 17, 1864, it silently approached the Federal corvette, reached her without being seen by the lookouts, and fired its torpedo. When the column of water raised by the explosion subsided the two combatants had disappeared. Badly damaged by the explosion of its own torpedo, the cigar-boat had gone down in the gulf opened by the "Housatonic."

One more example will show how great a part sheer audacity bore in these enterprises, and how little suited was the material in use for such a purpose. About the same time that the "Housatonic" was destroyed, Hunter Davidson resolved to attack the Federal flag-ship "Minnesota," anchored in Hampton Roads, the spot where the famous encounter between the "Merrimac" and "Monitor" took place, which produced the sensation in Europe that every one remembers. Hunter Davidson, with a simple steam-launch, decided, as Dixon had done, to steam only at night and to lie by during the day. He thus came down from Richmond, and reached Hampton Roads at night. Proceeding very slowly, so as not to be perceived, he made out the flag-ship and approached within a few yards of her, and immediately his torpedo was exploded against the "Minnesota's" side. It was some little time after the explosion before he could get his engine to move, for it had stopped on the centre, having only one cylinder. The flag-ship was not seriously damaged, and is now finishing her career in the port of New York. Davidson's expedition had, therefore, no decisive result. That officer reported the result of his attempt to the Secretary of the Navy in the following terms by telegraph:

[1] There may have been boats propelled in this manner; but those which were seen and examined by their Union captors had simple engines.—TRANS.

"To the Secretary of the Navy, Richmond:

"Passed the lines of the Federal fleet at Newport News; exploded fifty-three pounds of powder under the hull of flag-ship 'Minnesota;' did not sink her; impossible to ascertain how severe the damage produced. We have escaped without loss from her fire of great guns and musketry, as well as from that of a gunboat anchored astern of her.

"Hunter Davidson."

We see, then, that it was the Confederates who inaugurated this new mode of attack. In consequence of these recent disasters the Federal government invited inventors to elaborate plans for torpedo-boats.

In connection with this matter let us recall the fact that, in America, to be an inventor is a regular calling, and one who exercises it has an enviable social position. The happy man who bears the title of inventor risks no capital, while he knows that, perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow, a happy idea may procure fame and fortune. As soon as one of them has produced something, capitalists flock about him, a company is formed, and shares are issued.

The expectation of the Federal government was not disappointed. A few days after the notice given a shower of drawings and sketches came down upon the Navy Department. The specifications of Messrs. Wood and Lay won approval from their simplicity and handiness, and by means of them the Northern navy was enabled to answer in kind the attacks of the Southern torpedo-boats. The outfit was adapted to any boat, the torpedo was carried at the end of a spar, by means of a socket, and the explosion was produced by the shock of an iron ball falling upon a cap charged with fulminate of mercury. The whole outfit was called a "screw picket-boat."

It was by means of one of these boats that Lieutenant Cushing attacked the Confederate ship "Albemarle." We give some short extracts from that officer's report of the affair:

"Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that the rebel ironclad 'Albemarle' is at the bottom of the Roanoke River. On the night of October 27, we managed to reach the enemy without having been hailed. The 'Albemarle,' moored to a wharf, was surrounded, on the side towards the river, by a boom of logs. By going ahead full speed, and by depressing the torpedo spar, I managed to place the torpedo well against the port quarter, and to explode it at the same moment that the Confederates opened a heavy fire on us. The column of water caused by the explosion swamped our boat, and the enemy continuing his fire at a distance of a few yards, hailed us to surrender, which I twice refused to do. Then, having ordered the men to look out for their own safety, I jumped overboard and swam away,—all scattering one from the other, so that the enemy's fire did not take effect. Many of my companions were made prisoners, and others, carried down by the current, were drowned. I myself reached the bank completely exhausted, so that it was daylight before I was able to hide myself. Two officers of the 'Albemarle' passed close to me while thus hidden, and it was from their conversation that I learned of the destruction of the vessel.

"Cushing."

Many other attempts with torpedo-boats failed, notably that which had for its object the steam frigate "Wabash." When attacked by a "David" the "Wabash" got under way, and fired with her great guns at the pigmy which had tried to reach her in vain. It was the first time that the world saw a frigate manned by seven hundred souls take flight from a little boat only armed with a few pounds of powder at the end of a pole.

We may remark that, in all these cases, the attack was always made by a single boat. What result would have been obtained if each of these ships had been attacked by five or six "Davids" at once?

Since that period the different maritime powers have made great progress with the arm in question, bringing it almost to perfection, and opposing to armored vessels torpedo-boats of the Thornycroft or equivalent type, armed with Whitehead torpedoes. It is an astonishing thing that the Americans, the inventors of the carried torpedo, or at least, the first to put them in actual use, should have stopped short in the matter since the close of the War of Secession. Unconcerned and impassive, but with eyes fixed on the other side of the ocean, they note the successive transformations and keep account of the discussions in regard to the different improvements. The very day that Europe settles upon and adopts the types which combine in the highest degree the powers of attack and defense they will begin to build, having in the mean time spent neither money nor thought in finding out all that people of the Old World have been seeking with so much eagerness.

On this side of the ocean the first discussion as to torpedo-boats was as to whether they should be propelled by oars or steam. In the case of the carried torpedo (the invention of Whitehead not having yet appeared) it was necessary, as we have seen, to approach the enemy to the point of contact. Like the American "Davids," it was necessary that the assailant should quietly slip along and approach his mark without having been perceived,—that is to say, with the least possible noise. But, then, the engines of the early steam-launches produced a metallic clank little favorable to surprises, and so boats pulled by oars had their advocates.

From the year 1868 the transformation of steam-launches or boats pulled by oars into torpedo-boats became an object of solicitude, especially in France, England, and Sweden, where regulations were enacted permitting of the use of existing material for that purpose. But it was soon found that no medium course was sufficient, and that the moderate speed of ordinary boats would not answer. Steam-launches only had a speed of six or seven knots, and an attack under such conditions had little chance of success, for the assailant had the disadvantage of remaining too long exposed to the fire of his enemy; while, if the object of his attack was in motion, it would fail nine times out of ten. On the other hand, experience showed that the volumes of black smoke

issuing from smoke-stacks were as visible by the beams of the electric light as the most opaque bodies. As we shall see later, Thornycroft was the first to attempt to contrive a perfectly silent engine, but he had less success in smoke-consumers. Experiments conducted at Portsmouth, in 1878, intended to find means for concealing the approach of torpedo-boats under cover of darkness, showed that the object had not been attained by the inventor; for they were invariably discovered either by the noise of the machinery or by the flame which issued from their smoke-stacks. It became necessary, therefore, to remedy these defects, and, in 1879, Yarrow did away with the smoke-stack and discharged the smoke below the water-line. But it seemed at first impossible to give such boats the great speed which was evidently necessary. In spite of every device, boats of so small a tonnage could never be given more than a certain speed; but the efforts of constructors did not abate, for the prize was great for that one who could, by increased swiftness, add so greatly to the armaments of the naval powers.

It was at this point that the "Miranda" made her appearance,—a craft launched in 1871 by Thornycroft. This torpedo-boat was 16.60 metres long, and showed a speed of 16.25 knots. She carried, upon two spars of about thirty-five feet in length, torpedoes of the McEvoy plan. These spars turned upon a vertical axis, and permitted an attack either right ahead or laterally. We may remark that the States which were relatively the poorest and weakest were the first to avail themselves of this improvement. The King of Sweden, struck by the advantages possessed by these little vessels, as well as by their small cost, in 1872 sent to New York and invited bids for two torpedo-boats to correspond to the following specifications:—One of them, quite small, was to be fitted for the defense of passes and *fiords;* while the other was to have a wider sphere of action, and to be able to go to sea. The smaller was to have a speed of at least eight knots, with a maximum draught of water of 1.80 metres. To render her less conspicuous, and as she was to operate in smooth water, very little of her hull was to show above the surface. The hull was to be of thin plates of iron, and she was to be rendered unsinkable by numerous bulk-heads. The engines were to operate without noise, and she was to carry coal for twelve hours full speed. She was to be armed with two torpedoes, one forward and one aft, carried upon spars so arranged that they could not explode at less than seven and a half metres from the hull of the boat. Her complement was seven men.

The larger boat was to be able to go to sea, if required; to have a speed of fifteen knots, and to carry two masts and a yard, to aid in towing a diverging torpedo of the Harvey model. She was to carry coal enough to run, full speed, for thirty hours; and in addition, to carry, on the forward deck, a gun weighing two and a half tons. Her crew, complete, to number twenty-five. At the same time three torpedo-

boats, twenty metres long, with very sharp extremities, were being constructed in the port of Dantzig. The fuel used was to be petroleum, and a steel turtle-back was intended to turn projectiles of small calibre and protect the crew during action. The smoke-stack was to appear but a little way above the turtle-back, and the whole craft to sit very low in the water. Three other torpedo-boats of the same model were built in Bremen the same year. The only difference was that the latter used coal instead of petroleum.

In 1873, Norway ordered from Thornycroft a torpedo-boat nineteen metres long, to draw less than a metre, and to have a speed of fourteen knots. The hull, of steel, was to have six stanch bulk-heads. She was armed with a diverging torpedo, the tow-line of which led to the top of the smoke-stack. In smooth water the torpedo was to diverge forty degrees.

France, at the same time, ordered some boats from the same builder, but to use the carried torpedo; it being considered surer and more easy to handle than the divergent one. England also began to build, and Thornycroft, encouraged by his success, introduced several novelties and improvements. In 1876 he constructed a new type of boat, 20.40 metres long, of which the hull was of Bessemer steel. Before doing so they made experiments by firing against the plates (which varied in thickness from 1.5 to 4.5 millimetres) with musketry, at short range. The balls did not penetrate, but merely formed cup-shaped depressions in the metal. This shows that, at that period, there was no question of protecting torpedo-boats against other fire than musketry. The armament consisted of two metallic staffs, thirty-five feet long, carrying the McEvoy torpedo.

As silence was one of the almost inseparable conditions of successful attack by torpedo-boats, Mr. Thornycroft particularly endeavored to suppress, as much as possible, all metallic sounds and vibrations of the machinery of these boats; while, instead of allowing the steam to escape by the usual pipe, thereby making an unmistakable sound, it passed into a receiver, where it was condensed. This new type of torpedo-boat attained a speed of 18.2 knots.

While they were increasing in this manner the length and tonnage of the boat, the question of handling the torpedo itself was by no means settled. The question was whether they were to continue to carry it by means of a sleeve and the staff, and so attack squarely, end on, or would it be better to carry it at the side and explode it during an evolution, without stopping the engine? The Swedes seemed to think the last method the best, because it detained the boat a shorter time under the close fire of the enemy's musketry. At the same time such a manœuvre is more difficult than the first mentioned, exacting from the commanding officer a better judgment of distances and more coolness; so the general judgment was, that it was better to attack bows on.

In 1877 a new builder, Mr. Yarrow, made his appearance. The competition between Thornycroft and Yarrow—which is still going on—is somewhat similar to that of Sir William Armstrong and Whitworth in regard to great guns. Yarrow, often a successful competitor of Thornycroft, launched his first torpedo-boat in 1874; it was only 16.80 metres long. In 1877 he built, for the English government, the "Lightning" (twenty-four metres long), which, on her trial trip, showed a speed of 18.75 knots. This boat carried three Whitehead torpedoes, and served, after a few modifications in details, for the type of a large number of the same class. The automobile torpedo, designed by Whitehead, soon replaced the carried torpedo, at least for the larger torpedo-boats. This substitute relieved the assailant from the necessity of putting his carried torpedo in contact with his enemy's hull, and from that time the torpedo-boat discharged its offensive weapon from a distance of three to four hundred metres. To use the expression of Mr. Donaldson, the boats then carried the torpedoes at the end of a boom four hundred metres long. It was in this manner that carried torpedoes gave way to launched torpedoes.

About this same time Russia was building ten little torpedo-boats, only eight metres long, destined solely for service on the Danube, and these little boats soon went into active service during the Russo-Turkish war. The Turkish monitor "Séïfi" was stationed, with two other vessels, in an arm of the Danube on the night of the 25th–26th of May, 1877, while two boats of the little squadron rowed guard. Three small Russian torpedo-boats came down the river, keeping close to the bank and going dead slow, so as to avoid being observed. About two o'clock in the morning the leading one, the "Tzarevitch," commanded by Lieutenant Dubasoff, having reached a position within two hundred metres of the "Séïfi" approached the latter at full speed and exploded her torpedo under the quarter of the Turkish vessel, which at once began to sink. Lieutenant Chestakoff, who commanded the torpedo-boat "Xenia," succeeded in exploding his torpedo in contact with the side of another of the Turkish vessels.

While the "Séïfi" was sinking, her ship's company kept up a heavy fire of musketry upon the two Russian boats, but, under full steam, they escaped without losing a man.

In the following year the Russians had another success to record. Several Turkish vessels, one of which was a cruiser of fifteen hundred tons, were anchored off Batoum. During the night of January 25, 1878, two Russian boats carrying Whitehead torpedoes and named "Tchesmé" and "Sinope," quietly approached the anchorage. This time the assailants did not have to approach so close, and thus expose themselves to the fire of muskets and *mitrailleuses*. The Whitehead torpedoes could be used at a distance of three to four hundred metres.

But, to make sure of success, the Russians approached much closer than that, undiscovered. At a distance of less than one hundred metres they simultaneously launched their torpedoes, and the Ottoman cruiser was sunk, while the Russian boats got off without any injury.

In both these affairs, then, where vessels were destroyed by torpedoes, the assailants got safely away, and it was evidently necessary to devise new means of defense, so as to prevent surprise and to destroy the assailants in case they succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the lookouts on board the vessels attacked. The ironclads therefore began to increase the number of their rapid-fire and machine-guns, and great attention was given to the study of the electric light. Besides these advances, new types of small vessels called "*aviso-torpilleurs*," and "*contre-torpilleurs*," were brought forward. These acted for the ironclad squadrons like cavalry for an army corps, protecting the flanks, and attacking and running down torpedo-boats which ventured too near the big ships.

It then became necessary, in turn, to increase the defenses of the torpedo-boats to resist the increase of light artillery on board large vessels. As long as they had only musketry to fear, the crews of the torpedo-boats were sufficiently protected by slight metallic-shields, but it was necessary, even then, to determine whether or not the penetration of the hull by a ball would be fatal to the little vessel. At a trial made in 1876 a ball from a Martini-Henry carbine, entering just below the water-line, made a hole nineteen millimetres in diameter. The torpedo-boat being at anchor, the water entered by this little opening fast enough to fill a bucket in twenty-five seconds; but when under way and at speed there was nothing in that to affect her efficiency. Of course a larger projectile would have caused more damage, but the experiment seemed to point to the fact that, even with small projectiles, great speed was necessary in order to avoid a catastrophe. The trial mentioned above was conducted by Messrs. Thornycroft and Donaldson, in consequence of the abortive attempt of the torpedo-boat "Schoutka" against the Turkish fleet. The assailant, though pierced by many balls, had continued afloat.

It was about this period that the English began to consider the propriety of protecting torpedo-boats by regular armor, and in 1878, Lieutenant-Colonel Fosberry made some experiments at Chatham Arsenal upon a new arrangement to protect torpedo-boats from the fire of musketry. The new torpedo-boat had a double hull, and the inner one was covered with a layer of india-rubber, while the space between the hulls was filled with powdered cork rendered solid by glue. Fifty-four shots from a carbine were fired into the hull protected in this manner, and the holes were found to close so as to prevent the entry of water. The arrangement was therefore a complete protection from the fire of small-arms; but it much increased the bulk of the boat, a

circumstance which diminished the chances of a surprise in approaching an enemy.

Hitherto the *rôle* of the torpedo-boat had been a modest one. It was considered as an arm of some importance, but having a limited sphere of action,—very well, perhaps, to hide in some nook and issue thence to defend a coast. Certain of the naval powers, however, had proposed to take them on board of their great ironclads, and to use them in naval battles if weather and sea permitted.

England, especially, had by this time divided her torpedo-boats into two distinct groups: those of the first class, intended to act singly, of which the "Lightning" (twenty-six and one-half metres long and of thirty-two and one-half tons) was the type. Some of these had a spur or ram, partly with an idea of improving their sea-going qualities, partly with a view that they might act by shock against boats of a similar character. They were provided with three Whitehead torpedoes, which were projected by the aid of a movable tube, which could be pointed like a piece of artillery.

The second-class boats were only about nineteen metres in length, and had a displacement of twelve and one-half tons. Their armament consisted of two Whitehead torpedoes and two launching-tubes. Thus the two torpedoes of the second-class boats were always ready for launching, while the first-class boats could only send off one at a time. Then the projectiles of the ship which was being assailed might destroy the two reserve torpedoes, which were carried on deck, close to the tube, and without any protection; so that, as far as armament went, the second-class boats might be considered superior to the first. More than that, they soon discovered that the first-class boats were not sufficiently sea-worthy to be able to go outside and watch the coasts in all weathers.

The English then, following the example of Russia, ordered from Yarrow some boats thirty and a half metres long, capable of going to sea, and to carry coal enough to steam one thousand miles, while their speed was to be nineteen knots. Yarrow was now quite capable of satisfying these demands, for in 1879 he had delivered to the Admiralty a boat twenty-six metres long and of twenty-seven tons' displacement, which attained a speed of 21.9 knots; while he was just completing a large torpedo-vessel for the Italian government, and was only waiting the enlargement of his ship-yard to begin building some of the same kind for Russia.

We see, then, that naval powers were beginning to be interested in the sea-going qualities of the little vessels, in which, up to this time, the only quality required had been speed. In this connection an American constructor, Mr. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, had made very considerable improvements. A torpedo-boat which he built for the English government in 1879 was only eighteen metres long and

measured only eight tons. She could easily be hoisted on board of an iron-clad ship; she steamed sixteen knots; she turned very handily, and, by means of boilers of a new pattern, in seven minutes after her fires were lighted she could start off with a speed of fourteen knots. There were also other points in which this boat differed from those already in service. A turtle-back, of steel, ran from end to end, to protect the crew from musketry fire; while the screw, instead of being in its usual position, was under the keel and well towards the centre of the boat, which gave the propeller more immersion, and really seemed to increase her speed. Unfortunately, there was something wrong in the construction of the engine of this boat which caused frequent accidents during her trial-trips.

In 1880, Mr. Samuel White launched, from his yard at East Cowes, some torpedo-boats which were specially built to form part of the equipment of heavy ironclads. They were 28.35 metres long, 4.30 metres beam, and their draught did not exceed one metre. In this new type the constructor had endeavored to combine speed and sea-worthy qualities. In a rough sea these boats showed a speed of sixteen and a half knots. Soon afterwards the English Admiralty modified the conditions of contract for the building of these little vessels, and in 1881 they allowed the builders one thousand francs for each quarter of a knot which they could show above a minimum speed of sixteen knots. This was for second-class torpedo-boats, and the builders naturally sacrificed so much to save weight that the engines invariably had to be repaired after every trial. This premium was therefore done away with, and a trial at full speed, for three hours, was exacted before acceptance.

PART II.

In 1882 the Russian Admiralty ordered from abroad four torpedo-boats intended for the defense of the Black Sea ports. The real intention was to select, after trial, the best type, and then to reproduce it at home. One of these boats was ordered from Thornycroft, and the others were allotted to French contractors: one to Normand, of Havre; one to the ship-yard of St. Denis; and one to the *Compagnie des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée.* We may remark, in passing, that Russia had not been fortunate in her attempts to build at home; and even in 1886 a torpedo-boat of sixty-seven tons, built in one of the Baltic yards, only accomplished fourteen and a half knots. In that case they had adopted Yarrow's engine and Thornycroft's propeller.

For several years great attention had been paid to the sea-worthiness of torpedo-boats, and now a new element in their construction was to be brought forward,—viz., the protection necessary to enable these little boats to resist the projectiles of the rapid-firing guns which now formed part of the equipment of all ironclads. At the same time it

was necessary to bear in mind the part the little vessels were to play in coast defense, and many ports of refuge were built for their shelter, which the English called "hornets' nests."

We have already related the success of the American and Russian torpedo-boats in actual warfare, and we must now record the exploits of those belonging to the French fleet, in the war with China, at Cheïpoo and the river Min.

In August, 1884, Admiral Courbet's fleet, reinforced by the two torpedo-boats Nos. 45 and 46 (of the twenty-seven-metre class), established the blockade of the Min. The Chinese fleet was lying higher up, and among them the cruiser "Yang-Woo," of fourteen hundred tons, and the dispatch-boat "Foo-Poo," of twelve hundred and fifty-eight tons. The French torpedo-boats attacked the two Chinese vessels soon after noon on the 25th of August, the Chinese having no protective booms rigged and no *mitrailleuses*, but plenty of great guns and small-arms. Before reaching the object of their attack the French torpedo-boats had to struggle against a strong current,—a point, however, which Admiral Courbet considered was set off by the fact that they would be assisted by it in their retreat. No. 46 was ordered to attack the "Yang-Woo" and the other the "Foo-Poo." No. 46 rushed at the "Yang-Woo" full speed, and exploded her torpedo under her port side, about amidships, and the cruiser, irreparably damaged, made for the shore and settled in the mud. In making her retreat No. 46 had a hole pierced in her boiler, and lost one man, killed by a musket-ball.

As for torpedo-boat No. 45, she struck the "Foo-Poo" under the port quarter and her torpedo exploded, but the staff got caught in the propeller of the dispatch-boat, and could not, for a considerable time, be disengaged, although the engine was going full speed astern. At last it gave way; but the Chinaman had, in the mean time, made her a target for his musketry. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Latour, was struck in the eye by a fragment of metal, but no great damage was otherwise done, and the "Foo-Poo" was at last carried by boarding from the boats of the French squadron.

Although it was known that the Chinese had torpedo-boats, none of them had made their appearance during the action. Nevertheless the French admiral took special measures to guard against surprise from them, and not without reason, for two days afterwards the Celestials attempted their revenge. At four in the morning a Chinese boat, with torpedo and staff rigged out and ready for action, bore down upon the "Viper," one of the French fleet. A shot from a sentinel gave the alarm, and at once the electric search-lights of the "Triomphante" and "Duguay-Trouin" were turned upon the assailant, which was almost immediately sunk by the Hotchkiss gun of the "Viper."

Six months after this an equally decisive action took place near Shéipoo; but this time it was not regular torpedo-boats which were

engaged, but only two ordinary steam-launches with carried torpedoes. As they were much less fitted for their purpose than the regular boats, special precautions had to be taken, especially as to their machinery, "which was supposed to be silent, but in reality made a great deal of noise," as M. Gourdon (their commander) afterwards reported. The instructions issued were that from the moment they came near the enemy the fires were not to be replenished, all lights concealed, no noise of any kind made, and the boats to go at reduced speed, so as not to be heard. Then, at the order, full steam was to be used, the cap put on the smoke-stack, and the torpedo boom lowered; the engine was to be reversed before actual contact, and the torpedoes fired as soon as they touched the side of the enemy. Lieutenant Gourdon, who commanded boat No. 1, succeeded in exploding his torpedo under the starboard quarter of the frigate "Yu-Yen;" and in retiring the boat received two Nordenfelt balls and nine musket-shot.

Boat No. 2, commanded by Lieutenant Duboc, reached the stern of the "Theng-King," and the torpedo was exploded; but again the boom caught in the propeller, and one of the crew was killed by a musket-ball before she could disengage herself. Something like a panic was produced by the explosion of the two torpedoes, during which the "Yu-Yen" discharged both broadsides in every direction, while the "Theng-King" and the forts on shore did the same. The two ships sunk at their anchors. This happened on the night of the 14th–15th of February, 1885.

If we compare these feats of arms with those we have formerly described, we see that as much ability and courage was displayed as in the others.

In the spring of 1886, France organized some grand manœuvres for torpedo-boats, which took place in the Mediterranean, and which we shall describe by and by. These trials gave very conclusive results. At that time the "flotilla fever" was in an acute stage, while iron-clads seemed to lose favor.

About that time White, of Cowes, had upon the ways a large torpedo-boat nearly forty-six metres long, having two revolving towers, each of which carried two automobile torpedoes. Yarrow had then under construction, on foreign account, thirty-five torpedo boats. The largest, destined for Japan, was 50.60 metres long and 5.90 metres beam, with a displacement of one hundred and eighty tons. Her engine was of fourteen hundred horse-power, driving twin-screws, and she was protected by a steel cuirass twenty-five millimetres in thickness, intended by her builders to turn the projectiles of revolving cannon up to a certain angle. On account of the recent disaster to the "Unébi," this new torpedo-boat was finally sent to Japan in sections, and put together on arrival at her destination. The same year, the celebrated constructor, M. Normand, of Havre, had considered the

clothing of torpedo-boats with armor. His calculations had reference to a boat of sixty-eight tons' displacement, of the type of the "Balny." In order to protect these little vessels from the projectiles of rapid-fire guns of fifty-seven millimetres' calibre, he proposed to enclose their boilers and engines with a cuirass thirty-five millimetres in thickness. He considered that thickness to be sufficient, because such boats always attacked bows on, so as to present the smallest possible target to the enemy's guns, and under such conditions the armored walls would receive the projectiles at a very acute angle.

Following the example of other governments, Germany at first ordered torpedo-boats from Yarrow and Thornycroft, and then, taking these for models, constructed similar ones in their own ship-yards. The first one they built at home was named the "Schischau" (the name of the constructor). It had a displacement of eighty-five tons, and carried coal enough to run three thousand five hundred miles at the speed of ten knots. In a five hours' trial she showed an average speed of 21.7 knots.

The Schischau works have been very successful, for a torpedo-boat built by them for Russia made twenty-three knots an hour, while others ordered by Turkey exceeded that speed.

In 1887, Italy built some torpedo-boats of forty-two metres in length, with double rudders, lighted by electricity, and having two launching-tubes forward and two others aft, on a revolving platform. They were armed with two rapid-fire Nordenfelt guns. These new models were said to have attained a speed of 24.96 knots.

The English torpedo-boat No. 80, just completed by Yarrow, took part in the grand naval review at Spithead. She was of the same dimensions as those just mentioned, with a displacement of one hundred and thirty-nine tons. By means of ballast she was brought to the bearings which her complete armament would give her, and then maintained a speed of twenty-three knots for two hours.

The type which, up to this time, has shown the greatest speed is the Spanish torpedo-boat "Ariete," built by Thornycroft. She is forty-five metres long, 4.26 metres beam, and draws 1.52 metres. In July, 1887, the "Ariete" attained the extraordinary speed of twenty-six knots, in six successive runs over the measured mile at the Lower Hope; and she showed 24.9 knots elsewhere, with a steam-pressure of from eight to ten atmospheres. The boilers of this new type contain numerous little tubes which were not welded, in which the water is vaporized with great rapidity. The "Ariete" is provided with three masts, and her armament consists of four torpedo-launches and four Nordenfelt 40-millimetre rapid-fire guns. She has forced draught, and her smoke-stack is so arranged as to show neither flame nor sparks.

This year the Italians have on the stocks, at Leghorn, a new model of a torpedo-boat, the "Fatum," which has several peculiarities. The

length and displacement—only thirty-one metres and forty-two tons—show that she is intended only for coast work. In accordance with Normand's idea, the "Fatum" is to have a cuirass twenty-five millimetres thick, for protection from rapid-fire guns, and is intended to present only the bows to the enemy. She is, moreover, provided with a rudder at each end; she is to make a complete circle in sixty-five seconds, and is to steer as well going astern as ahead, thus never presenting anything but her bow to an enemy's fire. She is to have two launching-tubes and two Nordenfelt guns.

In March, 1888, Mr. White, of Cowes, finished a torpedo-boat sixty metres long, with two propellers and a triple expansion engine.

The Schischau works, at Elbing, are also constructing for the Italian government ten torpedo-boats which are expected to show a speed of 26.5 knots during an hour's run, and five others which are to go twenty-three knots.

To the large and daily increasing numbers of torpedo-boats the present idea seems to be to oppose cruisers and "*aviso-torpilleurs*" specially intended to meet and to destroy these pigmy assailants. Even as long ago as 1883 the English had two of these "dispatch torpedo-boats" upon the stocks. They were fifty-nine metres long, with a displacement of four hundred and thirty-five tons, and their armament consisted of one 6-inch gun, three 5-inch, and several machine guns.

About the beginning of 1887, Thompson, of Glasgow, built the torpedo-cruiser "Destructor" for the Spanish government. She measured nearly fifty-six metres in length, with a displacement of four hundred and eighty tons. This new vessel showed, in her trial-runs, a speed of twenty-three knots, and carried sufficient coal to steam over five thousand miles at a reduced speed of eleven and a half knots. Her engines are protected, not only by the coal in the bunkers, but by a steel bulk-head of from twenty to forty-four millimetres in thickness. Her hull is divided into twenty-two compartments, and the armament consists of one gun of nine centimetres, four rapid-fire guns, and two machine guns (*mitrailleuses*), without reckoning two launching-tubes,—one forward and one aft. The commanding officer has his station in an iron-clad tower. The "Destructor" has three masts and two rudders.

In the same year (1887), England launched the torpedo-cruisers "Grasshopper" and "Serpent," and also was making the trials of the "Rattlesnake," a vessel of the same class. The "Grasshopper" has a displacement of four hundred and fifty tons, double screw, and draws 2.44 metres. Her engine is of three thousand horse-power, and her speed nineteen knots. Her armament consists of a steel gun of ten centimetres, six rapid-fire 3-pounders, and three tubes for launching automobile torpedoes. She has also a search-light. The "Rattlesnake," of four hundred and forty tons, attained eighteen and a half knots upon her trial-trip, and her armament will consist of a 10-centi-

metre pivot gun, with a steel screen to protect the gun's crew, and six Hotchkiss guns.

The Italian "*aviso-torpilleur*," which was also launched in 1887, has three independent engines and three propellers. She is seventy-three metres in length, nearly eight metres beam, 2.90 metres draught of water, and a displacement of seven hundred and forty-five tons. She was expected to have a speed of twenty-three to twenty-four knots. She is to be divided into a great number of water-tight compartments, while an armored deck, below the water-line, is to protect her vital parts.

The Defense Construction Company, of Erith-on-Thames, is constructing a new type which will be 55.33 metres long and 6.08 metres beam, and to measure three hundred and fifty tons. It is covered, like the old American Herreshoff torpedo-boat, with a steel superstructure to protect the crew while working the guns and torpedoes. The armament of this "*contre-torpilleur*" comprises six 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, two *mitrailleuses*, and four launching-tubes. Her two engines are of triple expansion and develop two thousand seven hundred horse-power, driving two independent screws. Her coal supply will permit of her crossing the Atlantic at a reduced speed.

We thus see how great has been the advance since the use of the "Davids" in the War of Secession; and, having passed in review the successive transformations of the torpedo-boat, we may review, in brief terms, the improvements made since it first came into use, and thus recall its different phases of evolution.

The carried torpedo first played an important part in the American Civil War. In Europe this new weapon was at first fitted to any boat which came to hand; but such a simple arrangement was soon considered insufficient, for speed and silence were soon recognized as the indispensable qualities of a torpedo-boat. In building the "Miranda," Thornycroft endeavored to fill these conditions, and the progress made by that constructor, from 1871 to 1884, is as follows: In 1871, the "Miranda;" in 1877, the "Lightning," the first torpedo-boat of the first class, twenty-five metres long, of twenty-nine tons, and a speed of 18.55 knots. Then, in 1879, one of about the same length, but of thirty-three tons and twenty knots' speed. In 1880 one of 26.90 metres' length, thirty tons' displacement, and 22.1 knots' speed. Finally, in 1884, one of 34.44 metres, ninety-one tons, and 19.5 knots.

All the powers increased the length, tonnage, and coal capacity of their torpedo-boats. To this increase in offensive power the defense opposed obstructions,—steel nets, the electric light, and machine guns. Then they put armor upon the torpedo-boat, to render her less vulnerable to the improved light artillery, and armed them with rapid-fire guns and search-lights, so as to be able to attack heavy ships at night. The tonnage was much increased, their interiors were lighted by electricity,

just like battle-ships, so that at last one is puzzled to know whether to class any given type among torpedo-boats or counter-torpedo-boats. Must the name "torpedo-boat" only be given to the French ones of one hundred and forty-eight tons; the German, of eighty-five tons; the Austrian, of eighty-eight tons; or must we concede the title to the English "Grasshopper," of four hundred and fifty tons?

To sum up the matter: From 1871 to 1888 the length of these boats has been tripled, the tonnage increased tenfold, and the speed also in the ratio of eight to thirteen.

England has thoroughly studied the question of the torpedo-boat. Admiral Sir George Elliott, whose opinion has great weight with our neighbors, has several times expressed the opinion that this little craft is destined to fill an important *rôle* in the future sea-fights, and is a pronounced advocate of the carrying of torpedo-boats on board of the large ironclads. According to Sir George, the torpedo-boat will find occasion to administer the *coup de grace* often, during the sea-fights of the future, while the running duels are going on between the paired-off ships of hostile fleets.

In 1887 the First Lord of the English Admiralty said, in his place in Parliament, "The Council has settled the dimensions and types of torpedo-boats by the light of experience. The trials made with those of the first class, and under one hundred feet long, have shown that, in the actual operations of war, they were not capable of long cruises or of much sustained work in battle, to all of which they must necessarily be exposed. Then, in addition to the fatigue and exhaustion of their crews, it was necessary to notice that, after several hours' quick run, there was a great diminution in speed. In addition to that, the state of the sea often prevented boats of such dimensions from taking any part in outside operations, and, in consequence, the Council had decided that, in the future, vessels of greater tonnage, fit for both attack and defense, and capable of distant service, should be built. These new torpedo-vessels would be of the 'Rattlesnake' type (four hundred and fifty tons), which would be able to sustain for many hours the speed which ordinary boats could only keep up for a short time. Besides their torpedo-tubes, their armament would consist of one large piece, and several rapid-fire guns. In addition, the Council had decided upon a new type of second-class torpedo-boat, of about fifteen tons, intended to make part of the armament of ironclads, and to replace the present first-class torpedo-boats, which are supposed to accompany a fleet. The 42-metre boats would in future be principally used for the defense of harbors and coaling stations."

The English Admiralty came to these conclusions after the trials and experiments of the past year, and these conclusions are worthy of serious consideration.

The question of taking torpedo-boats on shipboard is not a new one.

The Messrs Yarrow, of Poplar, constructed, so long ago as 1878, certain torpedo-vessels twenty-three metres long and drawing less than one metre, of a speed of seventeen knots, and the hulls of steel plates of three millimetres thickness and carrying three torpedo-booms. They only weighed from twelve to fourteen tons, and were intended to be launched from ironclads during an action. The idea was that these little boats were to slip in, during the height of an engagement, and finish the work of the guns by their decisive blows. But the difficulty was to arrange for getting such boats overboard, in a seaway. The idea was never abandoned, however, and several of the powers are still endeavoring to put it into practical operation.

The United States intend to have two small torpedo-boats as part of the equipment of each of the 6000-ton ironclads which they are about building; and in 1884 the American vice-admiral, Porter, asked, in a memorandum presented to the Congress of the United States, that twenty torpedo-boats, of one hundred tons each and of twenty knots speed, be at once constructed. In addition he would have each man-of-war of more than twelve hundred and fifty tons to carry a torpedo-boat.

As the result of numerous experiments, Germany appears to have given up this combination. The German Admiralty gives preference to torpedo-vessels of tonnage sufficiently great to enable them to keep the sea in bad weather. England, on the contrary, adheres to the idea, as we have seen. At the time the Russo-Turkish war broke out Russia already owned some small torpedo-boats, and to the Archduke Constantine belongs the honor of having been the first to hoist torpedo-boats at the davits.

After the memorable fight at Sheïpoo, Admiral Courbet recommended urgently that the fleet be supplied with light boats of twelve knots speed, armed with torpedoes carried on a boom, which could be hoisted on board the larger ships.

England seems to have finally settled the matter, according to the decision of the Admiralty already quoted, and will follow fixed and rigid rules in the construction of her torpedo-vessels which are in future to be built. On the other hand, although she has never shown any particular liking for submarine boats, she is experimenting with those of the Nordenfelt type. But England seems to realize that, even if small torpedo-boats are to form a part of those unities of battle, the great armored ships, those which are to be autonomous, so to speak, and provided with undeniable sea-going qualities, must not be too small or too lightly built. In accordance with these ideas a new torpedo-vessel has been placed upon the stocks at Erith-on-Thames, of a type which would seem to answer all the desiderata of modern warfare, both in attack and defense. She is to have a length of fifty-five metres. A steel turtle-back for her whole length is to protect her crew when

working the guns and torpedoes. The motive power, placed below the water-line, will be two independent high-pressure triple-expansion engines, driving two screws, so that if one of the latter is injured the vessel can reach a port of refuge with the other. She is to have steam steering gear, worked from a shot-proof tower. Her armament—very formidable for a vessel of her class—will be Hotchkiss 6-pounders, four-barrelled Nordenfelts, and four torpedo-tubes, one forward, one aft, and two amidships. This vessel will carry a search-light, and be lighted interiorly by electricity. In addition to her other means of offense she is to have a ram.

Up to this time the construction of torpedo-boats has remained in the hands of private parties. Within the narrow limits of tonnage and length to which they have been confined, all builders have worked for speed, the preponderating factor when the question is of attacking mobile objectives.

Each constructor seems to have his specialty, so to speak. The comparative trials made in England in 1887, with no less than twenty-four torpedo-boats, by different makers, lead one to think that the best boat would be the one which had the hull built by White, the boilers by Yarrow, and the engine by Thornycroft. The two last-named builders have up to this time obtained the greatest speed. The "Ariéte," of twenty-six knots, built by Thornycroft, and the "Azor," and "Halcon," of twenty-four knots, constructed by Yarrow, may be considered models of their kind. In boats of this remarkable speed there is a tendency towards the use of heavier frames and thicker plates.

In the end one is tempted to ask whether it would not be better to partially protect torpedo-boats, as was done by Yarrow, in 1887, when building for the Japanese government, and as the French constructor, Normand, proposed in the same year.

PART III.

In very recent times a new school of thinkers has propagated the idea that armored vessels have had their day; condemning them *in toto*, and proposing to replace them by torpedo-boats and fast cruisers. A paraphrase of a very celebrated *mot* would give, in a nutshell, the theories emitted upon this subject during the last three years: "What is a torpedo-boat? Nothing. What should it be? Everything." In fact, as we have seen, the original torpedo-boat was intended for coast defense, but people very soon attempted to enlarge its sphere of action. It was desired to fit it to cut loose from the shore, and to send it to sea as the advance guard of fleets, taking stoutly the offensive. To this end every effort was made to prove that the torpedo-boat was fitted for such a part. But, unfortunately, an important factor—their small

tonnage—interfered with these views; for the little vessels, still in the experimental stage, were evidently unfit for service on the high seas.

This seductive theory, that armored vessels could be advantageously replaced by liliputian flotillas, would, if true, greatly simplify the duties of our commanding officers. It is pretended by the advocates of this idea that an armored vessel, surrounded by her protecting nets, would fall a sure prey to the torpedo-boats. Certainly an armored vessel could, while at anchor, or even under certain other conditions, surround herself with her nets; but in action this apparatus would interfere too much with her speed to permit the idea of making use of it. At such a time the most rapid evolutions would be necessary to avoid the blow of a ram; and to manœuvre quickly it is necessary to have speed.

In the second place, the torpedo-boats for which such work was proposed (thirty-three metres long and of forty-nine tons' displacement) could not follow large armored vessels under all conditions. In the Mediterranean, during fine weather, such a thing might be possible; but as for doing it on the ocean, far from land, that is another thing. It is certain that torpedo-vessels have two great advantages over armored ships,—they cost comparatively little and they do not take long to build. The possibility of blowing up, at one stroke, six hundred men and twenty millions of francs by means of twelve men and two hundred thousand francs is the basis of the theory at present in fashion.

There is no doubt that the thing can be done. We have, in Part I., given several instances where it has been accomplished, but it will not do to construct a principle upon such an aphorism; the result will never be attained except under special conditions. M. Gougéard—whose competence in such matters will not be questioned—says, "Such great results are not obtained by such trifling means. Such theories are seductive, and apt to sway one's judgment, but, after all, they are misleading." And we may add, it is experience at sea which settles the value of all such theories, and trials at sea, both by England and France, have had such results as should close the discussion. The kind of sea the vessels are to encounter is the all-important question, and boats of such a tonnage cannot meet the ocean, in its rage, with impunity. Too often, overwhelmed by the waves, they would have as much as they could do to keep themselves afloat, and at such times there would be little done in the way of launching torpedoes!

Another point not less important is that of speed. The tests for this are generally made in smooth water, with the very best coal, and with specially-skilled stokers. It is very rarely the case that a torpedo-boat ever again exhibits the speed which she has made on her trial-trips before she is accepted from the builder. There is another thing to be considered, and that is, the impossibility of telling, beforehand, how much that important factor will be reduced by a moderately rough sea.

To add to these drawbacks, the conditions of life for those on board are almost always bad. This is what an officer writes to the *Yacht:* "No human being can long support the horrible life on board a torpedo-boat. The vessel is in a constant tremor; and one is shaken, not as in an ordinary steamer, but from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. The whole system seems to be in a state of vibration, and in bad weather all the sensations become more curious and more disagreeable."

Compare with the extract just quoted the following opinion, from an English source, given just after the grand naval manœuvres of 1887. (It must be remarked that these experiences were had within sight of the land.) "The hardship incident to service in these boats is excessive, even in good weather and when the ship's company have the night in. In time of war it would be necessary to relieve the crews at least once a week, and very likely every day if there was much going on."

We have already given the opinion of the First Lord of the English Admiralty upon the subject. Nevertheless, for reasons which we shall examine, the new school has shown itself the implacable opponent of the larger torpedo-vessels. They say that it offers too great a surface to the enemy's fire: "A torpedo-boat ought to be as small as possible, so that people can live on board of her, and that she can keep the sea at all." They also announce the axiom that "any squadron which is attacked, at night, by torpedo-boats, is a lost squadron."

Now, let us suppose such a thing taking place under the most favorable circumstances: An enemy's squadron is cruising in the Mediterranean, near our coasts. This squadron keeps a good lookout, and has counter-torpedo-boats stationed on each flank; it can surround itself, at a moment's notice, with a zone of electric light which no torpedo-boat can enter into without being perceived, while machine guns are all ready to hail projectiles upon such an intruder. Under such conditions there is a notable inferiority of attack to defense, and repeated trials have proved it so.

An English opinion is as follows: "Torpedo-boats of forty metres' length" [larger, therefore, than those we have just been speaking of] "are only fit to work in calm weather. They cannot go to sea alone, nor can they accompany fleets. Their care, in such a case, would become the one absorbing idea of the commanding officer's life, and if a trifling breeze should spring up during the night, an admiral would wait anxiously for daylight to assure himself that his torpedo-boats were still afloat."

The caravels of Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic, some people say; why then should not torpedo-boats do as much, for their tonnage is about the same as that of the little vessels of the famous Genoese?

Admiral du Pin de Saint-André has very aptly answered this specious question. We need not, he says, go back to the small craft in

which the Spaniards became acquainted with the sea-voyages of Guanahani. Boats of the same size make six-months' cruises every year to Newfoundland, and generally make good weather. If they are caught in a storm they lie to, and wait until it is over. But then their shape is such that they rise to great waves, or descend like a cork into the hollows of the sea. When, on the contrary, we come to consider the tapering sharpness of the torpedo-boat's form, and remember that she must maintain considerable speed in order to meet heavy seas, we see what the admiral means when he says, "Those little wooden vessels sail on top of the waves, while the torpedo-boats go under them."

The theories of our advocates of torpedo-boats had many disbelievers; but the promoters of the idea, to their honor be it said, only asked a chance to demonstrate that the thing could be done, and that they could find and attack a squadron of armored vessels upon the high sea by means of a flotilla of such boats. The trials demanded took place in the spring of 1886, and again in 1887, and they signally failed.

Although many experiments as to the sea-worthiness of torpedo-boats were made in the years 1885–87, these small craft had long before proved that they *could, upon an emergency*, go by sea from one point to another. Thus, in 1879, two boats of the 26-metre class went from London to Brest. In the following year the "Batoum," 30.48 metres long, and of forty-eight tons, built for the Russians, made the passage from London to Nicolaieff,—a feat which attracted the attention of the whole maritime world.

In 1881 two torpedo-boats of the same class, which had been ordered by the Argentine government, made the passage from London to Buenos Ayres in sixty-two days. This voyage of six thousand miles was made without any convoy, but it was made under sail. Their propellers were not in place, and they had two bilge keels to moderate their rolling. All openings which were not indispensable were tightly calked, especially those of their two launching tubes.

In August, 1882, four torpedo-boats (33½-metre class), built for Brazil, made the passage from the Thames to Rio Janeiro without any difficulty; and in 1885, two, of thirty-eight metres length, built by Thornycroft for Chili, made the passage by the Straits of Magellan without any accident.

A torpedo-boat of sixty tons, the "Childers," went from London to Australia. This passage was justly considered a marvellous feat, but it caused the First Lord of the Admiralty to remark, "The report of the commander of the 'Childers' should convince even the most incredulous that it is absolutely impossible that these nutshells should sail upon the high seas in company with a fleet."

Once more, in 1886, a torpedo-boat built for sea work (of one hundred and ten tons, forty-five metres long, and having a speed of

twenty-four knots) by Schischau, of Elbing, for the Chinese government, made the voyage from Germany to China,—a thing unequalled in the annals of modern navigation.

These long passages were, in general, very perilous, and some total losses are recorded. Thus, in the month of November, 1886, an Italian torpedo-boat foundered about eighty miles off the Spanish coast. In August, 1878, the Russian torpedo-boat "Soulina" left Odessa for Nicolaïeff, and never arrived at her destination.

In addition, we may say that numbers of these little vessels have had serious accidents. In England the damage to their boilers was at one time so frequent that the Admiralty was moved to very active measures of prevention. Yarrow was the first to propose an arrangement which has since met approval. This was to separate the boiler from the fire-room by means of a bulk-head which had two openings which closed automatically under the pressure of steam escaping from the boiler.

In summing up, and in view of defensive means now in use and the result of experiments, it is impossible for us to give assent to the views of General Von Stosch, who has recently declared, in the German Parliament, "Give me a boat, a good torpedo, and an energetic officer, and I will wager that such an officer will destroy the heaviest of the modern cuirassed ships." The gnat has not yet killed the lion, as these innovators declare he can do. The star of the small torpedo-boat is paling; or, at any rate, several of the best-qualified judges have declared against its use upon the high sea.

Admiral Bourgois declares, without any qualification, that they are unfit for sea service; and, more recently, Admiral d'Hompierre d'Horney expressed the following opinion in the tribunal of the Chamber of Deputies: "Experience has demonstrated that if torpedo-boats are necessary and well adapted for the purposes of coast defense, it has also shown that they were of no use upon the high seas."

It seems certain, indeed, that if torpedo-boats are to be employed at sea their tonnage must be very considerably increased. Generally speaking, foreign nations are at present inclined to divide them into three classes:

1. The sea-going torpedo-boat, a regular ship of from three to four hundred tons, of great speed, and armed with torpedoes and rapid-fire guns. 2. The small torpedo-boat, intended to be taken on board of large armored vessels. Most of the powers (and notably the English) admit the great utility of this type, if used in fine weather. But if there is any considerable sea on it will be found impossible to use them. Another point which requires considerable thought is the difficulty of lowering and hoisting them again, especially if the operation is to be performed under the enemy's fire. 3. The coast torpedo-boat of the Nordenfelt type, with the hull submerged, and fitted for a very narrow sphere of operation.

The English still think that the types now in use will render good service; but they are too big to operate by surprise, and they are too small to go far to sea in search of their enemy.

In spite of their ardent advocates, it seems certain that the 33-metre torpedo-boat is not fit for sea service, and therefore they cannot accompany fleets and encounter the vicissitudes of a cruise. This type is still less capable of cruising alone, and it is therefore necessary to relegate it to its proper position; and we may say that, while it will never become "the king of the sea," it may do good service near the land, and with a port of refuge close under its lee. There is no use in asking of any arm more than it can accomplish. This thing once settled, we may still look upon the torpedo-boat as a very formidable weapon, especially for the defense of our ports,—not so much from the swiftness of its blows as from the moral effect which it undeniably exerts.

To close the discussion: should any one ask us, Which has to-day the upper hand, the dwarf or the giant? we should answer, "Neither one nor the other; one is good for the coasts and the other for the high seas."

Translated by E. S.

NOTE.—The reader will have observed that in the foregoing paper there is no allusion to the past or present state of development of the French torpedo-boat; nor is there any reference to the fact that two of their 35-metre boats were lost within a year. One capsized near Toulon, and three of her crew were drowned; the other was lost in a violent squall near Cape Barfleur, and the lieutenant commanding and thirteen men were lost.—TRANS.

ONE VIEW OF THE ARMY QUESTION.

It is only in recent years that Americans generally are beginning to realize the grand results of the Civil War, and to understand the impressions conveyed to all foreign nations, not only by the conduct of the war, but the rapidity with which the country has recuperated under the enormous burden of debt. Were it not for the hallowed dead and the maimed living veterans of this great conflict, the continued prosperity of the country, and its gigantic strides in the onward march of modern progress, might easily lead to the belief that the war was a blessing in disguise. Suffice it to say, that the results of the war are now honestly accepted throughout the length and breadth of the land, notwithstanding the occasional carping of professional politicians, and that the people earnestly desire that the peace of the nation shall never again be disturbed.

Native croakers and foreign visitors are continually discovering skeletons that are to rise up and test the Constitution, but the great body of Americans are willing to wait calmly the legitimate results of their system of government, which they have long since ceased to regard as in an experimental stage. The fear of coming evils will never induce Americans to bolster up any party in power with armies, but they have plainly shown the world that they stand ever ready as a people to uphold the right with their whole strength.

The people generally abhor foreign entanglements of any kind, and prefer arbitration of differences, with peace maintained with honor. But deep in the hearts of Americans there is a spirit of determination to have fair play and resist imposition that will always keep alive a military tendency. It is this feeling throughout the body politic that is liable to induce leaders to seek for notoriety and personal advancement by embroiling the country in hazardous questions demanding a show of courage. If the United States become involved in war in the immediate future, it will surely be this desire to pander to popular feeling rather than the adjustment of any very important questions. Some of the trifling things that involve the country in diplomatic correspondence may at any time agitate a large element of the population, which perhaps would contain voters enough to hold the balance of power between the two great parties, and in such a case Congress might be pushed unwillingly into declaring a state of war.

In view of these and many other conditions, is it not a wise plan to look into the condition of the army and defenses, in a general way, in order that the people, through their respective members of Congress, may have an opportunity of giving some expression of their wishes in regard to any military policy deemed advisable for the future?

Prior to the Civil War the country had not engaged in any struggle calling for the nation's whole strength since the Revolution, and when the grand review at the close of the war took place in Washington, and the volunteers quietly sought their homes, there was a well-justified belief that the United States were invincible, and that no foreign nation would presume to arouse a country capable of carrying to a successful termination a war of such dimensions. The war taught Americans many things, but none more thoroughly than that the military profession is not one in which men successful in other pursuits in life can necessarily reap honors. It also brought home the conviction that commanding large armies is no mere holiday affair, and that a successful conduct of war—that which obtains a maximum of good results at a minimum of cost in blood and treasure—is only to be expected from men of rare ability, coupled with much previous military study and experience. To be sure, some officers without previous military training achieved success in limited fields of action, but the history of all the campaigns evinces decisively that the greatest and most lasting results were uniformly the work of professional soldiers educated in the art of war.

Accepting this as a result of experience in the last war, we have General Scott's opinion that the prompt and effectual manner in which the campaigns of the Mexican war were conducted was due mainly to the presence with the army of so many officers trained at West Point. Ever since the formation of regular armies the tendency to higher education has increased, and in these modern days the success of armies depends fully as much upon the ability and professional qualifications of the officers as upon the courage of the men. In the absence of a large army it is quite important in this country to have at hand the largest possible number of officers educated not only in the theories of war, but familiar with all the most modern improvements relating to guns, ammunition, and material of all kinds, with all kinds of transport service, accustomed to handling men, and to performing all the duties, staff and line, incidental to actual war service so far as it is possible to acquire them in peace.

The active campaigning of the frontier has kept the bulk of the army so busy for the past twenty years that everything else had to give way. There is no better practical school for learning everything pertaining to cavalry and infantry operations than this frontier work. The stratagem and cunning of Indians must be met by similar devices, and all the practice of marching and supplying troops comes as a matter of

routine necessity. Some of the most successful generals, Federal and Confederate, learned their practical campaigning lessons on this service.

The pressure from the East and from California has narrowed down the frontier until it practically exists no longer, and Indian and outlaw alike find themselves constrained to succumb to civilization. A few years more, and a greater part of the army—all but the cavalry, perhaps—may be safely spared from Indian police duty. Is it not time, then, to be up and doing, in order that some clearly-defined policy may be adopted for the future in regard to the army?

Reasoning from the past, it may be accepted as a fact that Congress—which must be presumed to represent the people—is not in favor of any increase of the army above its present numbers. It is therefore necessary to build upon this basis within a narrow margin in any plans for the immediate future. It is not uncommon to hear Congress held responsible for all the ills that beset the army, but it is quite possible that if officers generally had access to committee records they would be astonished at the impracticable nature and great variety of recommendations laid before members of Congress. Many of the remedies proposed to remove the stagnation in promotion have been unwise and very short-sighted, calculated only to give temporary relief to a few individuals. This stagnation has been a great blight upon the service, and has undoubtedly had a deleterious effect. The English service is undergoing an experiment with a view to removing this same trouble, but it is very doubtful if their plan would be suited to the United States.

Although troops will be required for a few years longer on the frontier, it is time to consider the future of the army; for the experience the government has had in recent years in reconstructing the navy shows very plainly that, with the whole country interested and heartily in accord in the movement, guns, carriages, and ships mature very slowly. The American people owe it to themselves to have whatever army they deem it necessary to keep up as perfect as a knowledge of modern requirements can make it. Each arm of the service should be a working model for the great body of National Guardsmen and volunteers when called into service, and nothing which can be provided in peace should be left to experiment in time of war. The army has shown much progressive spirit of late years, and whenever officers could exert control to advance the education of the army in all modern requirements, it has been eagerly done.

As a class, the officers of the army are zealous, well educated, and proud of their profession. It is fairly within the mark to say that the army never, at any period of its existence, had a body of officers possessing these traits to a greater extent than those of to-day. There could be no higher compliment when it is remembered to what a high pinnacle of fame many of the *ante-bellum* officers reached during the

Civil War. These gentlemen are keenly alive to the defects, as well as the good qualities, of the army, and it is mainly from them that practicable suggestions for improvement must come.

Many of the most brilliant officers in the regular army have devoted themselves to this subject of army improvement, and their conclusions have been in many cases very similar; yet the practical result of so much study and writing has not been visible in anything done by Congress. One great result has, however, been brought about, and that is a gradual education of the army itself on many points. There is more reading and study of a professional character done in the army to-day than ever before, and its effect is visible in every garrison in the higher standard of perfection and the almost entire absence of many things which were characteristic of the army ten years ago.

The most advanced officers of the army are far from satisfied with the prospect in the immediate future, reasoning from past neglect; but it is time to recognize the fact that nearly every plan originated for improvement in the past fifteen years has had as its basis an increase of the army, which has precluded its adoption.

The late General Upton a few years ago elaborated a plan for raising an army quickly in this country, its principal feature being the assignment of regular officers, in peace, to the positions they would occupy in the war establishment. The whole subject was entered into in the masterly way which characterized this earnest soldier in everything he undertook to do; but his work lies pigeon-holed at the War Department, and is probably forgotten entirely by those who had the power to render any of his thoughts and plans effective. Many other officers have drawn up plans for improvement, and a study of Congressional debates, resulting from the introduction in Congress of bills to carry out these plans, will convince any one that the increase part of each plan killed the chances of favorable legislation.

The burning question for the army now is, not whether it shall be increased, but is the army, as now organized, best fitted to do those things which the regulars are expected to do? amongst which may be cited as the most important:

First. To provide a maximum amount of protection, in the most probable field of action, for such time as may be necessary to get volunteers into service.

Second. To diffuse the greatest amount of military instruction possible throughout the country.

Third. To provide higher-educated officers capable of commanding large bodies of men in war, and familiar with every possible contingency which can be professionally learned in peace.

To answer these simple propositions properly, and in detail, would greatly extend this article; but briefly it may be said, that as no foreign nation would be justified in undertaking an armed invasion or per-

manent occupancy of any part of the United States, the most probable use for the army will be to provide for the defense of the most important harbors and cities near the sea-coast against the sudden attacks of hostile squadrons. No one, except those sanguine people who trust everything to Yankee pluck and ingenuity, would claim that the army is at present equal to such a task, in the face of the fact that every nation having any pretense to a navy has high-power guns superior to any in the United States service. Many people put as much faith in torpedoes, dynamite guns, and other things of an uncanny nature as the Southern people did in their "Black-Horse Cavalry" and "Louisiana Tigers," to find they were only mortal after all. A Board of Ordnance and Fortifications is now in session, and will undoubtedly submit a masterly review of the whole subject; but there is no reason to hope for any early results, if past experience is of any value in predicting the fate of such reports in Congress. Even if Congress approves, and makes appropriations for guns, there are not artillerymen enough in the service to keep the guns clean, let alone operate them. In order to provide as well as possible for the immediate future, the number of foot batteries should be doubled at once, and the simplest way to accomplish this is to abolish the present artillery regiments, organize a corps of artillery, and transfer two companies from each infantry regiment to this corps as foot batteries. The infantry, at the same time, should be declared three-battalion regiments, as recommended by Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and other prominent officers; but in time of peace one battalion to remain unorganized unless authorized by Congress. This would strengthen the regulars where weak, and weaken them where the National Guard comes out strong,—that is, as infantry. The details of this plan have been carefully elaborated, and will give greater benefits and less injury to the service than any heretofore proposed. The only increase would be in field-officers, and there would be a reduction in lieutenants. This would double the ability of the artillery to defend the sea-coast.

There may exist much difference of opinion in regard to the second proposition. Officers are detailed as instructors at schools and colleges in various parts of the country, but only in a few instances is there any present or prospective good accomplished. Officers are detailed to inspect and report upon National Guard organizations; but there seems to be growing up a spirit of discontent against the introduction of the regular element in some directions, and if it extends it is not likely the War Department will embarrass officers by detailing them to such duty, but may send regular troops to encamp with the State troops as examples, which they can follow or not as they see fit.

If the term of enlistment was reduced to three years, a good many men could be instructed in the army. A law should be passed permitting young men of good character to enlist for periods of one year

in the organizations on duty at Fortress Monroe, Fort Leavenworth, and Fort Riley, and possibly a few other large garrisons, for instruction. The brightest of these would prove of value in drilling volunteers in event of need. It can hardly be claimed that all these sources are calculated to extend a knowledge of military matters very generally.

The third proposition is one which has really received the greatest impetus in the army of late, for the bringing together of the troops in each department in summer camps affords opportunities for instruction that will be eagerly availed of by the younger generation, upon whom the responsibilities must fall in the near future. Small posts are being abandoned, but at such a slow rate that boys yet unborn may be ordered to duty in some of them as grown men; this notwithstanding the places have outlived their stage of usefulness. The artillery, the cavalry and infantry, and cavalry and light artillery schools have all come to stay, and a higher grade of instruction will be given in these establishments as they get a firmer foothold, and can extend themselves beyond the elementary stage which must always characterize the initial efforts of such undertakings.

A great deal is being quietly accomplished in the army in the right direction, and those at the helm should make a determined effort to conduct affairs so that officers will no longer appeal to political and social influence; they should see that justice is meted out to the soldier, subaltern, and superior officer with an unflinching impartiality. Every effort should be made to simplify business methods in the army, so that an average business-man entering the service in war could comprehend the whole routine at once. The whole procedure and forms of court-martial should be revised and simplified.

The work of the army in the West has been faithfully performed during the past fifty years, and during the Civil War the regulars shared with the volunteers the glory of many a hotly-contested field. All that the army now needs is a modern organization and modern guns while there is no shadow on the war horizon, in order to make its efficiency correspond a little better with its enormous comparative cost.

W. H. Carter,
Sixth U.S. Cavalry.

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

FROM 1791 TO 1808.

PART II.

THE Continental frigate "Alliance," which Fennimore Cooper states "appears to have been the favorite ship of the service to the very last," was sold at Philadelphia, June 3, 1785, leaving the United States absolutely without a national vessel of any description. The ten little revenue cutters, launched in the spring and summer of 1791, were the only armed vessels controlled by the government until the advent of the frigate "United States," July 10, 1797, which event may be assumed as the foundation proper of the United States Navy.

For a period of six years and upward the revenue cutters were the sole dependence of the government so far as their jurisdiction extended upon the high seas, and as a means of conveyance and communication along the extended coast-line of the country proved themselves both active and valuable, increasing in importance and popularity with all classes, until the necessity of the establishment passed the experimental point, and its existence as a corps became an assured fact.

During the interval when the country was destitute of a navy, the finances of the new republic being unequal to the support of a marine, the revenue cutter service bore aloft the flag and pennant from Portsmouth, N. H., to Savannah, Ga., with the following vessels:[1]

Name of Vessel.	Rig.	Tonnage.	Armament.
"Scammel"	Schooner,	51 tons,	four swivels and small arms.
"Massachusetts"	"	70 "	six " "
"Argus"	"	35 "	four " "
"Vigilant"	"	35 "	four " "
"General Greene"	Sloop,	30 "	three " "
"Active"	Schooner,	50 "	four " "
"Virginia"	"	35 "	four " "
"Diligence"	"	40 "	four " "
"North Carolina"	"	35 "	four " "
"South Carolina"	"	50 "	four " "

[1] From American State Papers and documents in possession of author.

In no instance did the number of men on board the above vessels exceed three, and it was not until July 27, 1793, upon the strength of representations from officers of the service through the Secretary that there was an insufficient number of men to discharge the duties on the various vessels, that the President consented to have full complements allowed in accordance with act of March 2, 1793, which authorized four men and two boys for each cutter. An increase of pay was granted at the same time, worded as follows: "That after the 1st of April next, in lieu of compensation now established, the master shall have $40 and subsistence of a captain in the army; first mate, $26; second mate, $20; third mate, $18, and subsistence of a lieutenant in the army; and to each mariner, not to exceed $10."

The following estimate for the construction of a revenue cutter, submitted to the Treasury Department April 20, 1791, will serve as an illustration of the cost attending the building of the same. It is copied *verbatim et literatim*:[2]

			£
The hull of a vessel, measuring 68 tons,		@ 60s per ton,	189. 0
25.lbs iron,		@ 24s	30. 0
Working 25 lbs ditto		@ 20s	25. 0
Joiners bill,			15. 0
Pitch and oakum,			4.10
Painting,			7.10
			£271. 0

		£	£
10, Bolts of Duck,	@ 60s/.	30. 0	
25.lbs cordage,	@ 48s/	60. 0	
700.lbs of anchors,	@ 5	14.11.8	
Sailmakers bill,		6. 0	
Ball rope and twine,		4.10	
Rigers bill,		6. 0	
Blockmakers ditto		5. 0	
2. pumps.		1.19	
Mastmakers' bill and spars,		7.10	
Painting the bottom, Scraping, putty, screws and spikeheads,		6. 0	
			141.10. 8
Glaziers bill,			
Leather, worming, tar and spunyarn, for fixing the Rigging,		8.12	
Calvers bill,			
Head setters bill,			
Head for scuppers, & Plummers,			
Mast hoops and Jibb hanks,		.12	
2. standing topsails & flying jib,		13.10	
5.lbs rigging for ditto,	@ 48s/	12. 0	
1. Square Sail,		15. 0	
			£457.4.8

[2] Original in possession of author.

The first promotion in the lieutenant's grade was the advancement of Richard V. Morris from a third lieutenant to the rank of first. He appears to have passed over the second lieutenant's grade, and received his commission as first lieutenant under date of November 19, 1791. The first promotion to the rank of captain was occasioned by the resignation of Captain Gross, which advanced David Porter to the command of the revenue cutter "Active," his commission bearing date of July 1, 1792. The *Philadelphia Gazette* of August 27, 1797, under the head of appointments, contains the following: "Simon Gross (an officer of the American Navy during the late war), First Lieutenant of the frigate 'Constellation,' at Baltimore, commanded by Captain Truxton." Gross's name, however, does not appear upon any of the naval lists, and Mr. John Rodgers was Truxton's first lieutenant in the engagement with the French frigate "Insurgente."

Richard V. Morris, who entered the revenue cutter service as a third lieutenant, March 21, 1791, resigned as a first lieutenant in order to join the United States navy. He was a descendant of one of the historical families of the country, which has representatives still living at Morrisania, West Chester County, New York. He was the youngest son of Lewis Morris, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and he early adopted the sea as a profession. The influence of his family secured for him a commission in the new navy, with the rank of captain,—number nine on the list,—and he was probably the youngest man in the service holding that rank. He afterwards commanded the Mediterranean squadron, and died in 1814. Hendrick Fisher, John Wood, George Hugh Campbell (who died with the rank of commodore), Robert Dorsey, George Price, Jonathan Chapman, Roe Latimer, and many others resigned their commissions in the revenue cutter service to enter the navy, and many of them rose to distinction.

The first charges[3] preferred against an officer were at the instigation of Captain John Foster Williams, commanding the cutter "Massachusetts," stationed at Boston, and were directed against Silvanus Coleman, third lieutenant, December 7, 1793, resulting in that officer's dismissal.[4] Captain Robert Cochrane, commanding the revenue cutter "Unanimity," was the first officer to be cashiered on account of cowardice. The crew refused to go to sea under his command; his officers published him, June 1, 1798, accusing him of cowardice, and signing themselves, Benjamin Spurr, first lieutenant; James Hewitt, second lieutenant; and Shodesach Turner, master. Hugh George Campbell was promoted to his place, July 5, 1798.[5] The first duel fought by an officer of the service was on November 10, 1798, the principals

[3] Original papers in possession of author.
[4] *Charleston Gazette*, 1798.
[5] *Philadelphia Gazette*, 1798.

being Captain Leonard, commanding the revenue cutter "Governor Jay," and Henry M. Rutledge, who was a passenger on board a sailing packet named the "Factor." It was said that Mr. Rutledge accused Captain Leonard of acting cowardly in speaking and overhauling the "Factor" off Sandy Hook. The officers of the cutter published an indignant letter refuting the charges, signing themselves, John Squire, Jr., first lieutenant; Nathaniel Harriott, second lieutenant; W. Alexander Duer, and J. E. Fisher, midshipmen.[6] The scene of the meeting was near "Powleshook." Pistols were the weapons, distance twelve paces, and at the second fire a ball from Captain Leonard's pistol passed through Mr. Rutledge's clothes, and the revenue cutter officer declared himself satisfied.

The first additional service demanded from the corps is found in a joint resolution approved March 20, 1794, which authorized the President to employ as dispatch boats such of the revenue cutters of the United States as the public exigencies might require. As a means of communication along distant and unfrequented stretches of the seaboard, revenue cutters, from the establishment of the service, performed an arduous and important duty.

On May 6, 1796, the President approved a bill increasing the compensation of officers and men, masters receiving fifty dollars; first mates, thirty-five dollars; second mates, thirty dollars; third mates, twenty-five dollars; mariners, twenty dollars. This was brought about by the exertions of Captain Hopely Yeaton, commanding the New Hampshire cutter, who drew up the petition and induced other officers to sign it. It was then forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury with a request that he present it to Congress.[7] In the same act the President was authorized to cause such vessels as became unfit for service to be sold, and to cause others to be built or purchased in their place. The condition of the vessels launched in 1791, all of which had been hastily constructed and subjected to constant and rough usage on the coast, were more or less unsatisfactory, and in some instances had deteriorated so badly as to be unfitted for active service. With the closing of the year 1796, the fleet of revenue cutters were all but useless so far as cruising was concerned; but the officers had gained in experience, demonstrated the usefulness and necessity of continuing the establishment, and were looked upon with favor by Congress.

Owing to the disturbed state of Europe in 1797, the lofty air of disdain and indifference assumed by Talleyrand towards the United States, and the wanton attacks of French armed vessels upon the

[6] The grade of midshipman appears to have been confined to the cutter stationed at New York, and whether sanctioned by the Department or through local authority does not appear. In the early days of the service, as with the navy, many irregularities existed, rendered necessary, possibly, through lack of thorough organization.

[7] American State Papers.

defenseless merchant marine of the young republic, the importance of maintaining a suitable navy, capable of redressing wrongs and indignities as well as protecting peaceful traders, was made manifest. Through mingled sentiments of prejudice and indifference, Congress, at the close of the war of Independence, had studiously avoided voting supplies for the continuance of a naval force. When the plunderings of the Algerines upon the merchantmen bearing our flag became so flagrant as even to arouse the sluggish sentiments of Congress, that body was forced to pass a bill providing for the construction of six frigates, with a proviso that if peace with Algiers should be declared before their completion the unfinished ones should be sold. Peace was secured by the payment of a million dollars and the present of a fast-sailing frigate to the Dey. It was not without difficulty, coupled with the argument that France had captured nearly three hundred of our merchantmen, that Congress was persuaded in finishing three of the six frigates, and thus the country acquired the "United States," "Constitution," and "Constellation." The act of July 1, 1797, provided for a naval armament, in the twelfth section of which authority was given to the President to increase the strength of the several revenue cutters so that the number of men employed did not exceed thirty marines and seamen to each cutter; "and cause the said revenue cutters to be employed to defend the sea-coast and to repel any hostility to their vessels and commerce within their jurisdiction, having due regard to the duty of the said cutters in the protection of the revenue."

Hon. Samuel Sewall, chairman of the committee to devise measures for the protection of commerce, having requested the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish him with information relative to the condition and strength of certain revenue cutters, that official replied as follows:[8]

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
"December 7th, 1797.

"SIR:

"I have the honor to inform you in reply to your letter of the 1st instant, that the revenue cutter on the Virginia station[9] is a new and complete vessel, and has been armed with six 6-pounders on the main deck and four 4-pound howitzers in the cabin. The number of officers and men at present employed do not exceed what are necessary for the ordinary service of protecting the revenue; but if circumstances shall arise to render an increase of force expedient, an additional number of men will be engaged with reference to the emergency.

"The cutter stationed at and near the Bay of Delaware[10] is a new, complete vessel, sufficient to carry eight 4-pounders. This vessel will be armed as soon as suitable cannon can be procured.

"It is believed that none of the other cutters can be armed with any prospects of advantage, some of them are worn out, others require extensive repairs. The fund originally allowed for building ten cutters was so moderate that none but

[8] American State Papers.

[9] "Virginia" No. 2, built in 1797, one hundred and eighty-seven tons.

[10] "General Greene," No. 2, built in 1797, one hundred and fifty tons.

small, light vessels could be procured within the terms prescribed by law. Measures are in train for procuring a sufficient number of cannon; when it shall be ascertained that these measures are effectual, of which there is at present but little doubt, other and more efficient vessels will be built or purchased in lieu of such as have become unfit for service.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"I have the honor to be, with perfect respect, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"OLIVER WOLCOTT, JR."

There were many obstacles in establishing the new navy that caused delays; and in the equipment of the vessels it was a matter of serious difficulty to secure canvas, ammunition, cordage, and supplies. The country was young, manufactures had not been developed, warlike material had but little place with a people who were purely commercial, while docks and military equipments had neither been thought of nor considered. An old letter in possession of the writer, dated September 1, 1797, thus alludes to the subject:

"There is so great a demand for guns here for fitting out vessels that those old things that used to stick in the ground, particularly at Bowe's Corner,[11] Admiral Vernon, etc., have been taken up and sold at an immoderate price; that at Mr. Bowe's was sold to Mr. Jones for fifty dollars. I imagine it will split in the first attempt to fire it."

On February 19, 1798, Secretary Wolcott wrote to the collector at Boston, authorizing him to issue proposals, by sending "written notices to all the ship-builders of any eminence, to build of the very best materials, and to be sheathed with copper, a swift-sailing schooner, calculated (if necessary) to carry guns, and of such dimensions, as in the opinion of competent judges will be most suitable for the Massachusetts station." The proposals were to be submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, for his consideration, before a formal contract was concluded.

On March 29, 1798, the Secretary wrote to the collecter at Boston that one of the first naval constructors of the day had given it as his opinion "that it would be for the best interests of the United States to accept the proposition of Messrs. Nathan and Orlando Merrill to build a cutter of the following dimensions for Massachusetts: 58 feet keel, 20 feet beam, and 9 feet hold. Bolts to be of copper." This vessel constituted revenue cutter "Massachusetts," No. 2, and was launched during the summer.

The subject of providing a larger and heavier armed cutter, to be built at Boston, was disposed of as follows:[12]

[11] South corner of State and Washington Streets, Boston.

[12] American State Papers.

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
"April 20, 1798.

"SIR:

"I have received your letter of April 13, with the letter to you from sundry merchants of Boston. These gentlemen must be better judges of what would be the most suitable construction of an armed vessel, than I can pretend to be, and I authorize you to follow their opinion so far as it consists with your judgment. It ought however to be recollected that Congress are providing a naval force for the defence of commerce, and that a *principal* though not a *sole* object of the Cutter establishment is the *protection of the Revenue.*

"It is my wish that the work may be completed as soon as possible, and to avoid delay, I have to request you to take measures for providing guns, carriages and whatever else may be necessary to speedy and effectual equipment without waiting for further advices from this Department.

"I am, with consideration,
"Sir,
"Your Mo. obedient Serv't,
"OLIVER WOLCOTT."

General Benjamin Lincoln, with his accustomed energy, obeyed to the letter the instructions of the Secretary; and on July 2, 1798, a commission was forwarded from the Department to Jonathan Chapman, bearing date of June 30, 1798, constituting him a captain in the revenue cutter service, empowering him to assume charge of the new cutter, which had been christened the "Pickering," brig-rigged, one hundred and eighty-seven tons, and mounting fourteen guns.

The *Boston Centinel* of Saturday, July 28, 1798, contains the following in regard to the appearance of the new cutter: "Arrived, the United States brig 'Pickering,' Jonathan Chapman, Esq., commander. She was built at Newbury-Port under the superintendence of Mr. Gorham Parsons, of this town, is pierced for 14 guns, and from the observation of persons in the outer harbor when she came in, is an exceeding fast sailer. She is to be employed as a revenue cutter." In another column, headed Newbury-Port, July 27, is a further notice: "This morning the United States brig 'Pickering,' commanded by Jonathan Chapman, sailed from this port for Boston, to take in her guns and complement of men. She sailed down under a small breeze of wind, and against the tide, but went through the water like a fine sail-boat. She mounts 14 guns, and carries 70 men; is copper bottomed."

The Secretary forwarded a copy of the act of June 22, 1798, to Captain Chapman, through the collector, the communication concluding as follows: "You will inform Captain Chapman that his pretensions to an appointment, with rank in the navy, will be hereafter considered; the same observation may be made to Captain John Foster Williams. The old cutter 'Massachusetts' is to be continued in service the present season, and exclusively devoted to the service of the Revenue. The new cutter ('Pickering') is to cruise in concert with the 'Herald.'"

The Secretary of the Treasury further instructed Captain Chapman "to look out for a set of officers for whom he could be responsible, and if the necessary commissions could be made out in season for the subordinate officers, they would be forwarded by the Department." But, if the vessel was ready for sea before the arrival of the documents, the collector was authorized to sign certificates denoting the stations in which they were to serve, and commissions would be forwarded as soon as possible.

The Secretary of the Navy wrote to General Lincoln, collector of the port, Boston, on October 10, 1798:

"I have the honor to enclose a copy of the instructions, which at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, I have given to the captain of the cutter of your state, and for which you are agent. At the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, too, this cutter will come under my orders, which will be always given with a view to the service for which she was originally destined, unless particular circumstances, shall, for a short space, require a different arrangement.

"All of the regulations will be made by the Secretary of the Treasury as heretofore, but I would suggest the propriety of frequent settlements with the captain, in relation to the pay of the crew and provisions consumed. You know the rations allowed to seamen, and should judge whether due care be taken of the provisions, which without great attention on the part of the captain, which will be best increased by great attention on the part of the agent, will be found a most expensive article.

"In former letters to the captains of the cutters, I have desired them to apply to the agents for the proper supplying of arms and military stores, without well knowing what those supplies ought to be. In general, it might be right that they should always have about 40 rounds of ammunition for each gun and about 2 months provisions on board."

An act of June 22, 1798, authorized the President to increase the strength of any revenue cutter for the purpose of defense against hostilities near the sea-coast, and to employ on board the same not exceeding seventy marines and seamen.[13]

The close of the year 1798 found the service in possession of a number of well-equipped, fast-sailing vessels, suitably armed and manned with exceptionably large crews. The *quasi* war with France, with the necessity of an increased armed force afloat to meet the exigency, had clothed the corps with an entirely new character, invested it with a decided martial spirit, developed its resources, stimulated its ambitions and aspirations, and demonstrated its ability to stand worthily beside its gallant and more formidable brother, the navy, with whom it was called upon for the first time in its history, to co-operate. In fact, the threatened imbroglio with France was the direct cause of effecting the first reorganization of the revenue cutter service.

The dawn of the new year, 1799, found the service as follows:

[13] The first introduction of marines into the service.

Name.	Rig.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Men.	Captain.	Station or Duty.	When and Where Built.
"Active"	Schooner.	50 tons.	4 swivels.	6	David Porter.	Baltimore, Maryland.	Baltimore, 1792.
"Argus"	Schooner.	35 "	4 swivels.	6	Elisha Hinman.	New London, Connecticut.	Connecticut, 1791.
"Bon Père"	Sloop.	50 "	4 6-pounders.	10	John Howell.	Savannah, Georgia.	Captured, 1799.
"Diligence," No. 2	Schooner.	187 "	12 6-pounders.	50	John Brown.	Cruising in West Indies, Com. Barry's squadron.	Philadelphia, 1797.
"Eagle," No. 2	Brig.	187 "	16 6-pounders.	70	H. G. Campbell.	Cruising in West Indies, Com. Barry's squadron.	Philadelphia, 1797.
"General Greene," No. 2	Sloop.	98 "	10 6-pounders.	34	Geo. Price.	Cruising in West Indies, Captain S. Decatur, Sr.'s, squadron.	Philadelphia, 1797.
"Governor Gilman"	Schooner.	.....	.....	...	.....	Portsmouth, New Hampshire.	Purchased, 1799.
"Governor Williams"	.....	.....	8 swivels.				
"Governor Jay"	Schooner.	187 "	14 6-pounders.	70	J. W. Leonard.	Cruising in West Indies, Captain S. Decatur, Sr.'s, squadron.	New York, 1797.
"Maria"	Schooner.	.....	.....	...	.....	.....	Captured, 1799.
"Massachusetts," No. 2	Schooner.	60 "	6 swivels.	6	John Foster Williams.	Boston, Massachusetts.	Newburyport, 1798.
"Pickering"	Brig Topsail.	187 "	14 6-pounders.	90	John Chapman.	Cruising in West Indies, Com. Barry's squadron.	Newburyport, 1797.
"Scammel"	Schooner.	187 "	14 6-pounders.	70	John Adams.	Cruising in West Indies, Com. Barry's squadron.	Portsmouth, N. H., 1797.
"South Carolina," No. 2	Brig.	150 "	16 6-pounders.	50	John Payne.	Cruising in West Indies, Com. Thos. Tinge's squadron.	Charleston, S. C., 1799.
"Unanimity"	Brig.	187 "	14 6-pounders.	60	Robert Cochran.	Charleston, South Carolina.	Charleston, S. C., 1798.
"Vigilant"	Schooner.	35 "	4 swivels.	6	Patrick Dennis.	New York City.	New York, 1791.
"Virginia," No. 2	Schooner.	187 "	14 6-pounders.	70	Francis Bright.	Cruising in West Indies, Com. Thos. Truxton's squadron.	Norfolk, Va., 1797.

The advisability of utilizing the revenue cutter service as a fighting branch of the government was recognized by the third section of "An Act for the Augmentation of the Navy," approved February 25, 1799, and the President was authorized,—

"To place on the naval establishment, and employ accordingly, all or any of the vessels which as revenue cutters have been increased in force and employed in the defence of the seacoast; . . . and thereupon the officers and crews of such vessels may be allowed, at the discretion of the President of the United States, the pay, subsistence, advantages, and compensations, proportionably to the rates of such vessels, and shall be governed by the rules and discipline which are or which shall be established for the navy of the United States."

An act passed the same day authorized the commanding officers of revenue cutters to aid in the execution of quarantine and health laws in accordance to regulations emanating from time to time from the Secretary of the Treasury.

In alluding to vessels of the service, at this stormy period of the nation's history, Fennimore Cooper writes:

"These revenue vessels were generally brigs, between one hundred and fifty and two hundred tons measurement, with armaments varying from ten to fourteen guns, and crews of from fifty to seventy men. At the close of the year, many of them were taken into the navy, and we find some of their officers, soon after the commencement of the contest, in the command of frigates. The celebrated Preble is first seen in actual service, as the commander of one of these revenue vessels, though his rank was that of lieutenant-commandant, and he had been previously attached to the 'Constitution,' as one of her officers."

Campbell entered the navy with rank of lieutenant-commandant, Chapman as captain, Payne as captain of a galley, and Price as a lieutenant. In addition, a number of lieutenants resigned from the several revenue cutters to accept commissions in the navy, which fact, taken in connection with the relations existing between France and the United States, can only be viewed in a complimentary light, and as reflecting credit upon the worth and *personnel* of the fighting arm of the Treasury Department.[14]

In point of effectiveness, discipline, guns, and proportion of crews and marines to each revenue cutter, never before or since has the service attained a position carrying with it so much military prestige and importance as an armed branch of the government. Perhaps one secret connected with the successful co-operation of the revenue cutters with the naval force of the period lies in the fact that the new vessels had been built specially for the purpose of fighting. They had plenty of room on deck for the working of their batteries; they were light-draft, fleet-sailing vessels; which features especially commended

[14] As officers holding commissions in a *civil branch* of the government, their military attainments appear to have found early recognition.

them as both useful and valuable to the various squadrons to which they were attached.

Active operations connected with cruising on the coast commenced in the summer of 1798, and as illustrative of the nature of the duties discharged by the revenue cutter service of that period, a few instances will be given. The vessels composing the original ten cutters of the service had disappeared from the list with the exception of the "Active," "Argus," and "Vigilant," and although the "Virginia" was the first of the new and reconstructed cutters to take the water, she does not appear to have been actively employed until ordered to the squadron of Commodore Thomas Truxton, stationed at St. Kitts, West Indies. The "General Greene" and "Governor Jay" were the first vessels of the service to commence cruising on the coast. From the *Boston Centinel* of August 2, 1798, the following is taken:

"The 'United States,' Commodore Barry, of 44 guns; the 'Constitution,' Captain Nicholson, of 44 guns; the 'Constellation,' Captain Truxton, of 36; the 'Delaware,' 'Ganges,' 'General Greene,' and 'Governor Jay,' are cruising. The 'Herald,' of 20 guns, and the 'Pickering,' of 14, now lie in our harbor ready for sea."

On August 20, the same paper states:

"Yesterday at noon the "Herald' sloop of war, Captain Sever, and the 'Pickering,' of 14 guns, Captain Chapman, sailed on a cruise. They both saluted the town, and the 'Herald' the castle. The salutes were returned."

On August 14, 1798, the frigate "Constitution" was directed to cruise on the coast to the southward of Cape Henry. The frigate was accompanied by four revenue cutters,—viz., "Governor Jay," "General Greene," "Pickering," and "Scammel." On September 27, 1798, the brig "General Pinckney," pierced for fourteen guns, was launched at the yard of Mr. William Pritchard, to be used as a revenue cutter, and the brig "Unanimity," of the cutter service, and the British ship "Bellona" fired salutes in honor of the event. The "Pinckney," when completed, was placed upon the naval establishment, and never was classed as a revenue cutter, although built for that duty. On September 30, 1798, the schooner "Retaliation," of Philadelphia, Lieutenant-Commandant Bainbridge, and the revenue cutter "Governor Jay," Captain John W. Leonard, were cruising in company off the port of New York. On November 20, 1798, the revenue cutter "South Carolina," No. 2, brig-rigged and mounting sixteen guns, was launched from the yard of Paul Pritchard, and the command given to Captain James Payne.

As illustrative of the manner in which appointments were made at that date, the following paragraph, taken from *The Gazette and Daily Advertiser* of November 7, 1798, of Charleston, South Carolina, will be of interest.

"*The Revenue Cutter*, For this port, will be launched in a few days. Gentlemen who may wish to have commissions for the several offices on board of that vessel, are requested to apply by letter to the Collector, enclosing recommendations in their behalf, as required by the Treasury Department, and which applications will be transmitted by Friday's mail."

The revenue cutter "Diligence," Captain Brown, from North Carolina, arrived at Savannah, November 9, 1798, with ammunition for the Charleston gallies; and on December 22, 1789, the revenue cutter "Pickering," Captain Chapman, arrived at Charleston, having on board cannon purchased by the government at Halifax, to be mounted on Fort Johnson.

In January, 1799, the "Delaware" and revenue cutter "Governor Jay" were engaged convoying merchantmen from the West Indies to various ports in the United States. On the 5th of April, 1799, the revenue cutter "Eagle," Captain Campbell, captured the French privateer "Bon Père," after a five hours' chase. The *Philadelphia Gazette* thus alludes to the incident:

"She was captured near the Island of Antigua, was fitted out at Guadaloupe, mounted four six-pounders (two of which were thrown overboard during the chase), and had 55 men. She had been only a few days at sea, and had not captured anything when Captain Campbell met with her; no resistance was attempted by her crew. On approaching the city the privateer saluted, and was answered by the revenue cutter, and three or four armed ships, lying at Five Fathom Hole. We learn that Captain Campbell recaptured an English sloop, soon after he left our coast, and that since his arrival in the West Indies, he ran ashore a French privateer, which immediately went to pieces."

The following extract from an official letter, written by Gerald Byrne, First Lieutenant of the revenue cutter "General Greene," is taken from the *New York Commercial Advertiser:*

"Off the Island of Cuba,
"March 9, 1799.

. . . "On the 5t inst. at 1. a.m. we fell in with and captured the schooner 'Porpoise,' pierced for twelve guns, had one brass nine pounder and 26 men, loaded with provisions, from the Havanna, and bound to Cape Francois—she sails very fast. Captain Decatur took all the men out of her, and we have manned her between us. The 'Governor Jay' was not in sight when we captured her. We are convoying another fleet of twenty sail, bound to different ports in the United States, but none to Philadelphia. We send the prisoners home by the fleet. There are two cruisers ready to come out of the Havanna. We hope we may fall in with them."

The first revenue cutter transferred to the navy was the "Thomas Pickering," the finest vessel in the revenue cutter service at that time. The Secretary of the Navy wrote to Collector Lincoln as follows regarding the subject:

"Navy Department,
"January 4, 1799.

"Sir:

"I have the honor to request that you will be pleased to advance money to Captain Chapman to pay the crew of the cutter 'Pickering' up to the end of last

month—and that you will give all necessary aid to Lieut. Preble, who will now take the command of this vessel, in fitting her out with as much provision as she will conveniently store, and ammunition if that should be wanted for a cruise to the West Indies.

"I have the honor to be
"Yr most obed ser'vt.
"BEN STODDERT.

"BENJ LINCOLN, ESQ., Collector,
"Boston."

The "Pickering" cost thirty-two thousand one hundred and twenty-six dollars, and was looked upon as the finest vessel of her class in the service. She was lost at sea while in command of Lieutenant B. Hillar, with all on board, having sailed in August, 1800, for the Guadaloupe station. The frigate "Insurgente" was lost at the same time, both vessels being exposed to the equinoctial gale of September. Cooper states:

"Vague rumors were set afloat at the time, and it was even affirmed that they had run foul of each other in a gale, a tale that was substantiated by no testimony, and which was probably untrue, as the 'Pickering' was sent to a station, which the 'Insurgente,' under discretionary orders, would be little apt to seek, since it was known to be already filled with American cruisers."

Although the cutter "Pickering" was not transferred to the navy until the beginning of 1799, Captain Chapman's commission as captain in the navy bore date of September 10, 1798. The revenue cutter "Eagle" was transferred August 2, 1799, and her commander received the rank of commander July 27, 1799. The "Diligence," "Governor Jay," "Scammel," "South Carolina," and "Virginia" followed in rapid succession.

H. D. SMITH,
First-Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.

(To be continued.)

A FAIR GEORGIAN.

"BLESSED be he who invented baths! Whether he were Hercules or Bacchus, he deserves deification,"—a sentiment worthy indeed of the noble Greek to whose mind all the beauties, the luxuries, and pleasure of Pompeiian life were but gifts of the approving gods,—a sentiment fully endorsed by the two officers who, on a warm evening late in the month of May, 1864, sat down to contemplate the placid waters of the Etowah before plunging into their refreshing depths.

Sherman's Georgia campaign was well opened. Buzzard's Roost, Dalton, and Resaca had been left behind; scene upon scene incident to hostile invasion had passed in panoramic order; roadways, familiar hitherto to farmer or chance traveler alone, unused to rougher usage than the market van or plantation wagon or pleasure-seeking equestrian, now lay seamed and scarred in silent testimony of the passage of a mighty horde; fire-begrimed mountain-sides and desolated fields proclaimed unwelcome bivouac; ruined and deserted homesteads, tenantless hamlets, and forgotten paraphernalia, evidenced the irresistible tide of invasion and the terror which had inspired flight before it; the smiling hills, sweet with the resinous odors of the pine, redolent of the subtle perfume of magnolia and holly and laurel,—home of the songbirds of the Southern woods, verdant of foliage, varied in the hues of the abundant flora of the country,—hills which had heretofore echoed only to the voice of the songster, the occasional crack of the hunter's rifle, or the shrill whistle of a passing locomotive,—now voiced in despairing accents the tumultuous uproar of opposing hosts. War—grim, merciless, inexorable—had placed its seal upon the primeval beauty of valley and overshadowing height; the work of hours had well-nigh obliterated all semblance of a hitherto smiling landscape, and the record of yesterday accented to-day the destinies of to-morrow.

Captain Thayer, intent upon his contemplation of the scene, wrapped in thoughts alien to the purpose which had brought him and his friend to the river bank, was suddenly brought to a realizing sense of surrounding things by the sound of a mighty splash in the water, a sudden disappearance of his friend below its now agitated surface, a subsequent sputtering as the ponderous corpulence of the doctor floated into view, and the utterly unprecedented departure of that dignified personage

into song. The nature of this ditty added materially to the momentary surprise; it was short, to be sure, and extolled the virtues of a certain boy "Bill" beyond anything boys are apt to aspire to or deserve; but the youth's perfections were proclaimed with a heartiness so defying contradiction that the very hills caught up the laudatory strain till the unknown "Bill" was enthroned as hero of the hour and the scene. "No telling," the doctor subsequently, in final but unsatisfactory explanation, remarked, "what latent talents a refreshing bath will develop."

The doctor was one of the loveliest fellows in all the world. Standing nearly six feet in his boots, he tipped the scale easily at something considerably over two hundred pounds; but his height concealed his corpulence, and his handsome, refined, intellectual face was ever welcomed wherever he went. Let the march be never so fatiguing, there was always a cheery word from the doctor. Life was not all solemnity to him; he found a silver lining to every cloud. Soft-voiced as a woman, as delicate, too, of touch, those who fell under his care had cause of thankfulness. There was never with him any thought of his patient's rank or lineage; he saw only suffering humanity, which he strove to help and comfort.

His companion, a wild, harum-scarum fellow, albeit a fine soldier,—a reckless, daring rider, full of generous impulses and prone to escapade,—had imbibed an affection for the doctor rare among men,—a sentiment as heartily returned by the latter. They had shared their blankets and scant shelter, had many things in common of experience and reminiscence, and were as totally unlike as too men could be; the one reticent and with the diffidence of a girl, the other gay and fond of companionship, and with such a capacity for falling in love that the sight of a pretty face or even the distant flutter of a skirt stirred within him such uncontrollable emotion that, cost what it might, a nearer acquaintance seemed to him the imperative necessity of the hour. Not long before, this susceptibility came near to costing him liberty and commission. It was in this wise:

It was nearing the end of a warm day's march, the roads had been well-nigh intolerable, and through blinding clouds of dust marking the trail of ponderous wagon-trains and rumbling batteries, now filing in and out among bordering field or tangled underbrush, the column of begrimed and tired infantry dragged its length along. Presently the head of the column filed through a lane to the left towards a fringe of woods some six or seven hundred yards distant, where line was to be formed and a halt called for the night. A few yards to the right and beyond the lane stood a large farm-house, in front of which, near the road, was an old-fashioned pump at which many of the men were filling their canteens. A blue dress, a wealth of dark-brown hair, a little trim figure, caught the captain's eye upon the piazza, from which

point of vantage the "Yankee" was being subjected to quiet criticism and, doubtless, mental vituperation; but the sight of a woman—a pretty girl at that—awakened all his gallantry, and he then and there resolved upon a nearer view and better acquaintance. Spurring ahead, he reined in near the piazza and, with a profound bow to the young lady, said he hoped she was not alarmed at the presence of so many troops, and acquiescing in her request to place a guard upon the premises till the column had passed, accepted the responsibility of that office himself, and, dismounting, fell into conversation. The army passing was in her eyes a vandal horde,—a belief quite patent to the captain, though, with lady-like tact and perhaps pardonable timidity, she put no such sentiment into words; but "Father and three brothers are on our side," she said, in admission of natural partisanship. It was after some few moments' conversation that the old story of scant supplies, the fear of starvation, the hard condition of absolute self-reliance which the war imposed was repeated. One of the old women upon the place begged a little whisky to make "camfire" with, as she expressed it, and this he promised to bring over from camp that night if he might be permitted to call,—a permission readily, under the circumstances, granted; so a little later, the weary column having dragged itself well out of reach, he took his leave and rode away. A lad of about twelve was coming across the field behind the house as he left,—an innocent enough little chap, no doubt, but, like many another small brother, possessing capabilities of mischief under advisement, as the captain later learned, and very nearly to his sorrow.

The army was resting for the night, supper had been some time over, and men one by one, tired and eager for rest, dropped from out the circle round the camp-fires and sought such shelter as was at hand; the pickets far out in front, open-eyed, intent, in the shelter of friendly thicket or opportune shadow of stately pine, listened to the night-sounds—the sighing of the winds, the hoot of an owl, the falling of a cone upon the soundful foliage of the undergrowth—with suspicious tolerance; occasionally the crack of a rifle or distant voice of some irate teamster, the sentry's challenge, the loud-mouthed, senseless braying of a mule here and there along the length of the opposing lines smote upon the ear with strange and weird insistence. Outside the group of tents constituting the head-quarters to which Captain Thayer was attached, well back in shadow, their presence unsuspected by any but the captain himself, three horses held by a couple of orderlies stood awaiting his coming.

Entering his tent after quitting a party of officers who in low tones were discussing the probabilities of the morrow, he dropped the front walls, blew out his candle, and, slipping quietly out beneath the canvas in rear, mounted his horse and, with an injunction of silence to his men, rode away. The night was cloudless; the moon, late of habit,

had not yet risen, but the stars sparkled with the soft brilliance peculiar to a Southern sky; the shrill sound of the katydid, the distant lowing of a steer in lonely separation from his kind, the rhythmic falling of the stream from the height of some impeding rock or fallen bough, the faint pattering of their horses' hoof-beats upon the soft spongy carpet of the woods accented the stillness which boded over the sleeping hosts.

Reaching the picket-guard upon the road they had to follow, Thayer drew aside the officer in command, held a moment's parley with him, and, pressing spur to his horse's flank, sped onward into the night. On either side fields destitute of grain, in rich, rank crop of weed and briery tangle, one limit outlined by the dark stretches of the bordering woods, the other lost in the engulfing darkness of the night; in front the winding road, deep in its all-pervading dust, trending towards distant hills which, dark and soft of outline, stood against the starlit blue.

Riding into the space before the house, the party dismounted; one of the men was directed to keep eye and ear alert for any hostile approach, the other to hold the horses ready for a hurried mount, and the captain entered the dimly-lighted hall. The elder party and young lady were there to receive him; the former expectant of the promised "vehicle," the latter blithe and gay as became one of her years and charms. The boy, though, was absent,—a fact which conveyed to one somewhat familiar with the possibilities of treachery in fair secession maidens a suspicion that all was not well; and failing to receive a satisfactory account of the absentee, which he coupled with a certain nervousness the young lady evinced, he concluded to give additionally stringent orders to his men. Stepping to the door, he saw his own trusted orderly running towards the house, and at the same time plainly detected the sound of horsemen coming down the road. The lad's absence was explained in a moment. Turning towards the horses, he found the man in charge stupidly and hopelessly drunk. He had emptied nearly a whole bottle of the whisky in one of the saddle-bags, and lay, his hand still holding the bridle-reins, in blissful ignorance of his danger or of aught beside. Extracting the other bottle with which he had provided himself from a saddle-bag, and handing it in to the elder woman, he remarked—"The fulfillment of my promise, madam. Your scheme was well laid, but will hardly succeed; do neither of you dare to open this door till I am gone." A moment later the drunken wretch was lying in the brush beyond the stone wall across the road, safe enough from observation, and the two others in the saddle trotting for the lane. The night had grown very dark; light clouds were drifting across the heavens, dimming the star-light; there was a suspicion of rain upon the wind which, in fitful gust, dust-laden, swirled along the road; a friendly picket-fire flared feebly in the dis-

tance; clattering towards them came the expectant horsemen. Turning down the lane they could hear the voices of the other party, and, fearful lest a run for it would draw fire from their enemies, they turned into a field hard by and, finding shelter behind a granary, awaited results. It was a moment of intense suspense, for they knew what capture meant,—capture, too, on such an errand; the ridicule of it would cling to them forever. Hardly had they dismounted and stood by the horses' heads when they plainly heard, "They turned down here," and breaking into a gallop their pursuers dashed by their hiding-place in full chase. Now was the time for action. Springing into his saddle, the captain drew his pistol and, followed by his orderly, dashed into the road. "Follow and do as I do," he cried, and down the lane they went together. A hundred yards from the picket, they had noticed, as they came out, a road bearing away across the fields, and Thayer knew their would-be captors must take that or return by the lane, and he resolved to effect the former if he could. Nearing this road and fearful of closer approach to the picket, the pace of the forward party plainly slackened.

There was no time for hesitation. Turning in his saddle, he called to his orderly, "Now!" and away they went, straight for the party in front, discharging their pistols and yelling like Comanches. Believing themselves in turn pursued, and with no time to face the danger, off went the gray-coats in mad career across the field, and the others, making straight for the picket, escaped by the stratagem. Murder, like a great many other things, will out, and the next morning at breakfast the general, with his eye upon the gallant captain, remarked, "I thought I heard somebody ride into camp late last night. Gentlemen, if any of you leave camp after dark hereafter, I wish to know it and the nature of your errand as well."

Steadily the army advanced, swung itself across the Etowah, and encountered the most stubborn resistance, attended with fearful loss of life to both the Union and Confederate forces. New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, and Dallas—fields of impetuous onslaught and heroic defense—cleared away any lingering doubts existing in the minds of either of the great commanders as to the military genius of his adversary. The quick perception of Sherman, his absolute annihilation of natural or artificial impediments to his progress, the confidence he inspired in his own troops, the respect he compelled in his enemy both through the prestige he brought to the one and the personality he daily evinced to the other; the masterly retreat of Johnston, the genius with which he impressed necessity without attendant loss of faith or determination among his followers, the resurrection of Hope from the ashes of Defeat, born of an absolute reliance upon his invincibility, presented a picture to the world of renowned leadership and undaunted courage pre-eminent in the annals of modern warfare.

Allatoona, just beyond the Etowah, had been occupied as a base of supplies, and there also were established large hospitals which now were crowded with shattered heroes of the blue and the gray; there they lay, side by side, within the confines of that neutral ground, their weapons laid by, their feud forgotten; here, an eye illuminated by the light of dawning convalescence; there, the dulled submission to immutable decree; but everywhere the pervading sanctity of man's humanity to man,—the cheering word, the tender nursing, or the sad, soft voicing of a prayer for an eternal rest.

For a few days there was a cessation of onward movement,—an interval of rest hailed as a benediction by man and beast; a time for needed repairs and rehabilitation of body and belonging. The scorching Southern sun was deepening the mountain shadows through added luxuriance of foliage; the bud of yesterday was to-day the full-blown flower of its kind; the murmurous voices of the streams now soft and sweet within the densities of overshadowing tree and aspiring undergrowth, now clear and silvery as in gleeful mood they caught the sunbeams in the clearer spaces; the flaunting shimmer of the golden grain, sparse and scattered in sad impression of the blight upon the times, were light and shadow in the outspread scene.

The doctor was that day riding towards Allatoona. "Will you ride with me?" he asked the captain. "There is a poor fellow there whom I wish to visit and, if possible, assist."

"With all the pleasure in the world," was his reply, and a moment later they were ready for the road.

"By the way," said the doctor, "let your man hang this medicine-chest across his shoulder; it might be needed."

Later on his thoughtfulness was rewarded far beyond the limit of expectation. Their road lay to the north and east of their camp across a sterile stretch of ground, through stately pines, with never a deserted cabin or neglected field to temper the severity or break the monotony of the ride. The roadway was deep in impalpable dust, from which the passing wagon-trains evolved hot, blinding clouds; so dense, in fact, that men all looked alike and the animals of a team were undistinguishable one from the other. Occasionally a side road, running parallel with that mainly traveled, easy for horsemen but unsuited to the uses of heavily-laden wagons, afforded a respite from the intolerable glare and choking dust. When some three or four miles from the journey's end, finding one of these retreats, they entered it and were casting about for water (that in their canteens having become too hot for use) when they descried, a stone's throw from the road, a neat-looking, small, one-storied cottage, a veranda along its front, clean dimity curtains across its rather undersized windows, a light smoke curling from its single chimney. A simple rail-fence separated the house and its small enclosure from the road. The forms of flower-beds could be traced in

the luxuriance of overrunning weed; a well, beyond the angle of the house, proclaimed the "Mecca" of their hopes. Dismounting, they were made doubly sure of the place's occupancy by the opening of the door, within which stood revealed an elderly lady, dressed in black, a widow's cap of spotless white upon her head, and her gray curls resting on a brow serene and fair. The gentlewoman proclaimed itself in form, in look, and in utterance, too, as she said,—

"Good-morning, gentlemen; will you not come up and rest?"

"Thanks, madam," Thayer said; "but we stopped only to ask permission to fill our canteens at your well."

"Gladly, sir," she replied; "but my servant can do that for you."

Declining the proffered civility, the captain stepped to the well, drew from its depths a bucket of cool, delicious water, and, filling the canteens, turned to the lady with the remark, "This is an oasis indeed; ten miles through such a road as lies beyond this fringe of timber is anything but pleasant."

"No," she replied; "but one could scarcely expect much more in the wake of two large armies. But will not you and your friend walk in; we can at least offer you a resting-place."

Beckoning to the doctor, and directing the orderly to loosen the horses' girths, he turned to enter the house, but such a vision of loveliness was before him that he stood rooted to the spot.

"My daughter, Miss Barrow," explained the old lady. "She has been ill some time."

Including both ladies in his respectful salutation, "Thayer," he said, "is my name, of General ——'s staff. Fate has indeed been kind in directing our footsteps hither. The gentleman with me is our doctor, and as good fortune has it he has brought his medicine-case. Here, doctor," he added, as that worthy came upon the piazza, "is a patient for you. Ladies, let me present Dr. Murray."

Had the doctor known he would have met a woman anywhere along the lane he would have braved all the dust and heat and discomforts of the thoroughfare a dozen times over before submitting to the encounter, for he was diffident as a girl himself, and cherished his exalted ideas of womanhood at a safe distance; but here he was, caught beyond possibility of escape.

Some men entering a sick-room bring in with them hope and light and an influence better than half the drugs in the world, and such was the case with Dr. Murray. Blushing like a school-girl, and with an apology for his travel-stained appearance, he advanced to the bed upon which the young lady half lay, half reclined, resting on pillows of snowy whiteness, a pretty, simple wrapper about her form, beneath the folds of which peeped out a foot Hebe herself might have envied.

She was a young lady of perhaps twenty; taller, apparently, than the majority of women, slender and lithe of form; her hair, as it lay

in unconfined wavy masses falling below her waist, was like a shower of sunbeams, and her eyes, gray with a dash of blue in them, soft, confiding, set in a frame of which all the lines were curves, looked up full of a tender inquiry.

A low malarial fever and the lack of medicine and proper food seemed to be the result of the doctor's diagnosis; and while he extracted from the slender store at hand such drugs as were for immediate use, promising to send more when he should return to camp, the captain forthwith constituted himself courier for the occasion, and said something too to the mother which brought the tears to the old lady's eyes and a fervent "God bless you, sir! God bless you!" from her lips.

Riding into Allatoona later on, the doctor exhibited a surprise he did not feel when, after a long silence and as though in soliloquy, Thayer exclaimed, "By Jove, isn't she beautiful? Swear to me, old man, you will never breathe a word of this at camp." And the doctor swore it.

There was little to be done at the hospital. Human skill, taxed to its utmost, could but alleviate the suffering of the poor fellow Murray had ridden so far to succor. Slowly but surely, and in full knowledge of the fact, the brave color-sergeant's life was slipping away. Several amputations had been already performed, but that insidious enemy, "hospital gangrene," baffled every effort to arrest its progress; the end was but a matter of days, perhaps of hours, and the man begged to be spared further molestation; so, with hearts saddened by the sights they had seen, they turned their horses' heads homeward.

They rode very slowly on the backward track, at least for a few miles, for the orderly's horse carried, besides his rider, a very large and well-filled sack, and all the saddle-bags seemed to have grown plethoric as well; and when, with loads lightened, they later in the evening looked back and saw Mrs. Barrow watching them from the door of her cottage, which they had just quitted, they were happier than they had been for many, many days before, and a vision of a sweet fair-haired girl was ever before them as they pursued their onward course into the night.

There are times when a man wishes to be alone,—when the presence of his dearest friend is exasperating,—and in such a mood was Thayer when camp was reached; but, judging from the light flooding through the opening of his tent, and the sounds proceeding therefrom, he saw a night of it before him, and, sure enough, the sentinels were relieved several times before the blessed moment which he so earnestly desired arrived.

At length he was alone; the last reveler had disappeared within the recesses of his own tent; the sentry paced to and fro with measured tread; the stars were on the wane; the gray tint of approaching day showed above the eastern hills; a song-bird, disturbed in his sleep,

caroled to his mate; the soft wind, laden with the fragrant odors of the night, gently stirred the foliage; nature was awakening while man still slept. Thayer let fall the curtains of his tent and threw himself upon the bed. Tired as he was, he could not sleep; the incidents of the day, the unwelcome intrusion of the night, had banished sleep effectually from his eyes. Lighting his pipe, he lay there emitting great wreaths of smoke and watching them as they sped upward, enlarged, broke into irregular masses, and disappeared, to make place for others, creating a "gorgeous firmament for his fancy to riot in." What was it that kept passing before his mental vision so constantly? There was nothing so very much out of common in the day's experience after all; yet, let his mind roam where it would,—far back to his Northern home, to scenes in other climes, to the treasured memories of cadet experience, wherein in panoramic order sweet faces and fair forms thronged by,—it seemed at every turn there arose before him the wan, appealing visage of the lovely girl he had seen that day. He could remember nothing in all his eventful past that had appealed so strongly to those sentiments of pity and solicitude which so quickly kindled within him in the presence of misfortune. "Heavens!" he thought, "hers is but one case in many. This Southern country must be full of misery; can I relieve it all? Well," he mused, "I am glad I happened that way to-day, at all events, and—she—was—very——" And in his dreams he carried on the thought, for his pipe had fallen from his hand; tired nature had succumbed, and he slept.

Some hours later he sought his friend the doctor, and together they formulated a scheme by which relief was to reach one family of destitute Southern women, at all events, and during the course of the day various little boxes and phials grouped themselves upon the doctor's camp-chest, and Thayer was seen to go several times to the commissary, and somebody asked him if he was preparing for a separate expedition, and thought he proposed to live well if the quantities of stores which crowded into his mess-tent meant anything; but he was equal to chaff of that kind, and in the face of it all the accumulation went on. Why it was that he was so long shut up with the general that afternoon nobody every did know, but there was a look of interrogation on a good many faces when he came sauntering back to his tent, though he had nothing to offer in explanation.

That night he pleaded fatigue and went early to bed; but about nine o'clock (a late hour for people to be astir in camp except on occasion) his orderly quietly awakened him with the remark, "All ready, captain," and, drawing on his boots and overcoat (for the nights were chilly) and strapping his pistol-belt around his waist, he stepped out and made his way to the rear of the camp, where he found awaiting him his own and another orderly, each with a large sack across his saddle, while on his own horse were the doctor's saddle-bags well filled

with the much-needed supplies which he had prepared during the day. His destination was a good ten miles away over the same dusty road he had traversed the day before, through the same lonely stretch of unbroken woods; but there were no wagon-trains to encumber the route, and that sweet, suffering girl was beyond. Silently they rode away, stopping only to water their horses at the little creek which was tumbling musically along a hundred yards from camp, and a moment at the picket farther out beside the road, then into the night.

> "So lonely 'twas that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be."

For over two hours not a word was spoken; in weird array shadows gathered at either hand; the falling of a cone, carrying in its flight a sapless twig against which it had impinged, the chirp of a cricket, the distant sharp *staccato* of a frog in unwearied iteration of his plaint, the whir of a bat shadowing its flight across the road, fantastic forms, habitants of the moon-illumined forest, the occasional click of an interfering shoe, spoke eloquently through the stillness to soul and sense.

Midnight chimed from his watch as Thayer came in sight of the cottage, its gable revealed in the moonlight which flooded through an opening in the trees, the body of the building wrapped in their broad shadow. A soft light shone from a single window. Dismounting, he approached the house. "Perhaps," he thought, "they are all asleep. I will leave my packages upon the piazza and slip off as noiselessly as I came." But surely he heard voices, one of them a man's. Whom could it be? He had understood they knew none of the Union army, and yet they evidently had a visitor. Thayer knocked gently. A faint, smothered cry, the opening of a door at the rear of the house, and hurrying footsteps smote upon his ear. "What devil's work is this?" he thought, and he was upon the point of starting in pursuit when the door opened and Mrs. Barrow, pale, trembling, a beseeching look upon her handsome face, stood before him, and beyond her, crying as though her heart would break, was the fair object of his solicitude.

"What is it?" he said. "Has any one disturbed you, or rudely intruded here?"

"No, no," sobbed the poor girl; "do not search; be as merciful as you have been generous; let him escape; he is all that is left to us."

"No harm shall come to him, whoever he may be, so far as I am concerned; but calm yourself, please," and, going to the bedside, Thayer bent tenderly over the frightened girl and, taking her wan, outstretched hand in his, said softly, "Fear nothing; be your visitor father, brother, or lover, he shall be safe for your sake had I met him face to face." And struggling through her tears a sweet, trusting smile thanked him as no words could have done.

Turning to her mother, Thayer explained that he regretted the lateness of his visit, but that so many curious eyes were upon him he could not well have come in the day. He had brought, he said, some medicines from the doctor, and begged her acceptance of some supplies from his own over-large stock.

"No, do not thank me; it has been the greatest pleasure of my life," he added. "And now we must restore quiet here; this excitement will never do for our patient; the doctor is emphatic as to rest. Here are his directions, carefully written by himself. He was willing, you see, to trust me as the bearer of dispatches, but not in the explanation of their contents. To-morrow, if possible, he will come himself, and, lest he should get lost, I'll come with him. May I?" he said, turning towards the fair invalid. But he did not need an answer; something told him he would not be unwelcome. "My men and I will catch an hour's sleep upon your piazza, Mrs. Barrow, and then steal silently away, for we must be back in camp before the rest are astir. No, no," he added, declining the proffer of her own room, "we would not disturb you for the world; besides, we must watch our horses, and a saddle is a splendid pillow and a saddle-blanket positive luxury. Let the doctor see to-morrow, Miss Barrow, that you are an obedient patient. You must do all you can to get well now, for all our sakes, and before I say good-by to you, indeed, you are to pilot me through the intricacies of your flower-beds, you know. Good-night." And he held the little hand perhaps an instant longer than occasion positively demanded, while their eyes met in mutual confession of a love their lips had no need to utter.

An hour later three horsemen were galloping along the road unmindful of the dust, the darkness, or the distance. Thayer whistled softly as he rode, in musical accompaniment to his thoughts, while the exhilarating influence of the early morning air, the elastic spring of his horse, the bright and beautiful hope, yet undefined, to which the past hour had given but the semblance of a form, conspired to make him forget all save the ringing of the "joy bells," soft and faint in the distance, yet coming nearer to his consciousness as every moment passed.

Was it love at last? Was this the absolute surrender, the subjugation of self in presence of a mightier factor? And he touched his horse's flank with the spur and dashed ahead with a shout which, gathering strength as it rushed through the long aisles of the forest, was caught up by the distant hills and came back in answering acclaim, "At last! at last—last—last," till lost amidst the multitudinous voices of the awakening world.

When, a few moments later, he entered his tent and, lighting his pipe, that faithful and soothing companion of his solitary hours, threw himself upon his bed, he felt himself the happiest man in all the

world. The neutral tints in life's picture seemed suddenly instinct with a bright and varied coloring. The day was dawning with a brilliance in keeping with this new aspect of his being; anticipation took the place of retrospect; a guiding star had arisen to light him on.

Thayer had never before been brought face to face with a problem so difficult of solution as that which offered itself now. Life had discovered few disappointments to him as yet; it had never been brought home to him that "misery treads sometimes on the heels of joy." The sunny places in life's pathway were the only ones his feet had trod; present joys had more strongly appealed to him than any foreshadowings of possible trials to come. Fate or chance had been lavish of her bounty; the bright pages of the past contained no hint of lingering shadow in the scroll of the future. Now he felt himself drawn irresistibly into the vortex of life's responsibilities; the kaleidoscope had turned and henceforth would forever turn, and in the shifting scene he alone could not stand still. What, he thought, if he had not read aright the look she gave him when they had parted? Could it be that he had been mistaken; that he had confused gratitude with love? He was so sure of himself, had he been unwarrantably so of her? His introduction to the serious matters of life was not a pleasant one; he felt scarcely able to grapple with them. He would see the doctor. He always had in trifling matters appealed to his maturer judgment; he would do so now in this real emergency.

The doctor was never a boisterous man, but generally, when amused, indulged in a quiet chuckle which conferred upon any matter disturbing his accustomed gravity the full measure of appreciation it deserved, and so he received Thayer's announcement.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" he asked.

"Need it be any less sincere because it is?" Thayer replied, somewhat nettled. He almost wished the doctor knew nothing of any former experiences of his of a similar nature, for this knowledge had taken off the keen edge of that appreciative sympathy he sought. The doctor probably imagined this a case of infatuation which would fade away in the light of some future experience.

"Perhaps not," answered the doctor. "But look here, Thayer, what the devil are you going to do about it? Hadn't you better wait until the campaign is over, and if some murderous bullet don't settle it for you, which God forbid, settle it yourself then? You cannot do anything now that I know of, and for every reason it is better to wait, and perhaps the young lady won't have you at all; that feature is worthy consideration, surely."

"Yes; but I would not need anybody's advice in that case," retorted Thayer, knocking the ashes from his pipe and resentful of this view of the matter; "the thing would settle itself, only I'd be awfully

hard hit. But I'll find out this evening, and if all is well, what then ?"

"We'll talk of that as we ride home to-night," said the doctor. "I am to go up with you, you know. By the way, how was Miss Barrow last night? She should be lots better to-day if she followed my directions."

"I'm sure of that," said Thayer; "both she and her mother promised implicit obedience."

"Then we shall have her on her feet before we leave, at all events," the doctor replied, "and that should bring you comfort enough in one day. Now go and get an hour's sleep; you look as though you had been up all night, and there may be a long ride before us to-day, as I heard the general say he thought he should look over the line."

Fortunately for Thayer the "line" was not inspected that day; detailed orders in anticipation of an onward move had to be prepared, and so the day was passed quietly in camp. A blessed boon to all was the arrival of a mail,—a large one, too, and the first they had received for over a week. Letters and papers kept everybody busy, and Thayer was left in undisturbed possession of his tent during all of the morning and part of the afternoon, hours which he employed in writing up his own correspondence and in the selection of some papers and periodicals he had promised to bring with him that evening. Towards night it was noised about the camp that on the morning of the second day the corps was to move; its rest was over. On, on, this time towards Marietta. From blinding dust the roads were now deep in mud; rain poured down in torrents; it seemed as though heaven's flood-gates had opened, swelling river and creek, and rendering advance doubly difficult; but that indomitable energy and inflexible determination characterizing all of Sherman's actions, intolerant of opposition of whatever nature or from whatever source, drove forward the mighty host which he commanded towards the fulfillment of his purpose.

Thayer had but one day left, and he felt that upon its issues hung the solution of the problem of his future life. True to their promise, he and the doctor rode that night to Mrs. Barrow's cottage. Wet and cold, they drew rein at the gate not long before midnight. The inappropriateness of the hour struck them both, but the night was the only time they could escape the observation and inquisitive questioning of their comrades, and that they desired above all things. Even at that hour, however, they were heartily welcomed,—both mother and daughter appreciating what might have befallen had not this first chance meeting taken place. Mrs. Barrow had prepared for them a nice little supper, "so happy," she said, "to have something to offer you, after the long, cold ride in the rain."

It seemed very delightful, they thought, to be at the tidy table, the handsome old lady presiding; her daughter, propped up with pillows,

near by, the bloom coming again into her cheeks, the sweet voice stronger in its accents, and a look of such thankfulness in her speaking eyes. What better repayal could they have asked than that? What happier thoughts to carry with them than those growing out of this strange encounter?

"Miss Barrow," asked Thayer, after supper, when the doctor was busy with some directions to the mother, "do you mind telling me whom your visitor was the other night?"

"Not at all," she replied; "it was my brother. He knew I was sick, and in some way managed to steal through the lines to see me. He is in Johnston's army, you know."

"Happy man to have a sister to visit," replied Thayer. "I only hope he will not fall into strange hands; it might go hard with him."

"He will not come any more. Heaven only knows if ever we will see him again. Father was killed early in the war, and he is all that is left us."

"God grant no harm may come to him," Thayer said, reverently; "and when you pray for his safety, as I know you do, will you not remember the stranger who to-morrow must bid you good-by, perhaps forever?"

"Oh, sir," she answered, "it will ever be my sweetest pleasure to ask God's blessing on your life, for to you I feel I owe my own; but do you really go to-morrow?" and the faint bloom which he had been made so happy to see as he first entered the room died out and left her pale as death. Then, as he looked at her and their eyes met, it flashed back again for one short minute, suffusing face and neck and giving him the answer to the question he so longed to ask.

Drawing his chair closer to the bedside, he replied, "Yes, day after to-morrow we break camp and move on, too far, I fear, for the possibility of my return; but"—and he took her pale little hand in his—"I love you, dear, and your sweet image will bear me company to be my guide and comfort everywhere; and then when I do come, after this weary campaign is ended, I shall find you waiting, shall I not?" Gently her hand closed on his own in mute but eloquent assent, and in her eyes there shone the light of an answering love more eloquent even than the soft-voiced words, "I will be waiting," which fell from her lips. And so, as on the wild waste of bad-land prairie the traveler meets a flower, delicate and strangely beautiful, breathing its fragrance and shedding its bloom upon the sterile plain, there came to Thayer, amid the busy, shifting, cruel scenes surrounding him, the tender light of a love all unsought settling calmly upon his life as a benediction, angel-voiced and laden with the tones of happy promise.

Next evening Thayer rode over to take his leave; to say good-by for some time to come,—he knew not how long; it might be till the campaign ended, at any rate. Full of hope and expectancy, but with

an undefined dread of some fateful happening, he stood in the little front yard of Mrs. Barrow's house, two delicate little hands clasped over his arm and a pair of sweet, questioning eyes upturned to his.

"And you will remember, dear," spake the soft voice of his betrothed, "to be very careful. Now, remember, I shall be waiting and watching for your return."

"Never fear, little one," was the reply; "the bullet would have to be indeed well aimed that could break through the charm with which your sweet love has surrounded me. My only solicitude is for you; but with this"—and he drew from his pocket a safeguard in the general's own handwriting, from whom he had begged it when he had told him of his newly-found joy—"you will be at least free from intrusion, and you are well supplied with stores; so be brave and patient, dear; get well and strong; live in the present; have no to-morrow, for to-morrow never comes, and before your to-day is ended I will be here." And so it was all arranged that as soon as the campaign ended Thayer was to return to claim his bride, and, with expressions of their hopes and fears and vows and promises, the time came for him to say good-by; the night was coming on and he had far to ride. For one moment Thayer left his companion to say farewell to her mother, and then, standing beside an arbor-vitæ tree, his arm about her waist, her head nestling upon his breast, while the last rays of the setting sun kissed the luxuriance of her beautiful hair, he looked down into the loveliest eyes that had ever been upturned to his, and as she pinned a spray of the arbor-vitæ in his button-hole, the only talisman she had to offer beyond the thrice-blessed one of her own sweet, trusting love, he strained her to his heart, invoked God's blessing for his darling, and, springing into the saddle, dashed out of sight, not daring to look back lest his love should prove stronger than his duty.

The middle of September had come round; Atlanta had fallen; the disastrous change of commanders in the army opposed to Sherman had borne its fruit; the dark and bloody days intervening between Kenesaw Mountain and Jonesboro' were numbered with the past; the lines had closed in about the Confederacy; the men who had fought with a heroism unexampled in the history of the world were succumbing to the inevitable; the great armies of Georgia were resting. At Chattanooga, within the limits of a camp upon the hill overlooking the town, there were preparations for a wedding. Captain Thayer's impatience would brook no further delay, and it had been all arranged that so soon as the campaign ended he would take his betrothed to Chattanooga and be married there by a chaplain, an old-time friend who had shared with him the privations of Knoxville and shown what manner of creed he embraced upon many a hard-fought field,—a man who could always be seen where the fighting was the thickest, a man who lent an arm to help and a voice to cheer when help and cheer

were needed. Pap —— he was called,—a man revered by the highest and lowest in degree, a man whose towering form and commanding presence imparted courage to the weak and an added determination to the strong, a man such as Vicars was, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

The camp was gay with decoration, for it was the camp of Thayer's old regiment, and whatever ingenuity could suggest in the arrangement of flag and sword and rifle and evergreen was put into execution. The arms were stacked on three sides of a square, the colors crossed at the centre, and immediately before them a pavilion of canvas festooned with flags and wreaths of green, an arch at its opening entwined with boughs of myrtle and fir and laurel, and whose crown supported the three letters "A. E. I.," formed of dainty buds of white and scarlet roses, the letters symbolizing "*fealty,*" which, in pursuance of his fancy, Thayer had had imbedded in diamonds in his engagement-ring to his bride.

The band of the ——th was a famous one, and a stand had been erected for it at the entrance to the square. Many of the officers' wives, when the regiment had gone into camp at Chattanooga, had come down from the North to be with their husbands while they might, and one and all took the interest women ever do in such occasions, which accounted for the tasteful arrangements of the table spread under a couple of hospital-tent flies near by. Mrs. Danes, the colonel's wife, was especially determined that Ned Thayer's wedding should be as much of an affair as the resources of Chattanooga could make it. She was fond of Ned, as she was of most of the youngsters, and the romantic element in her nature, so long supposed buried beneath the weight incident to the cares of three boys and a couple of girls of her own, came bubbling up fresh as a native spring, which was very nice of Mrs. Danes, considering the disappointment she inwardly felt that the friendship between her Amy and Ned Thayer had not ripened into something stronger. But there was nothing small about the little woman save her stature; her heart was right. "It was not to be," she said to herself, and that ended it. So soon as Mrs. Barrow and her daughter had arrived at the Bishop House, two days before, there had been a steady stream of visitors to them, and Nellie Barrow had led them one and all captive; her beauty, her modest diffidence, the strange, romantic incidents culminating in her coming among them, appealed more strongly than anything had ever done to their womanly sympathies, and in the light of her past sufferings, the abandonment of her home, the sweet, trusting manner of her relinquishment of the traditions and environments of her life, following unfalteringly that duty to which love led the way, drew to her the love and tenderness which woman can so lavishly bestow or so cruelly withhold. The wedding, so far as the bridal party was concerned, was to consist of the principals alone, with Dr. Murray as best man, and so it happened that at eight o'clock one beautiful night in

September—the sweet strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin floating out upon the air, the soft light of many Chinese lanterns transforming the camp into a scene of enchantment, the moon and stars looking down from on high, the pretty costumes of the ladies, the flash of light from the bayonets—there stood before the chaplain, who, with his flowing white beard and simple gown, looked like a chosen apostle of peace, this man and woman, whom a strange destiny had brought together, asking to be made man and wife. Never had the lights of heaven looked down upon a fairer bride; never before had the heights of Chattanooga been graced by a fairer scene. Nestling at the foot of the towering hills, stretching out into the valley, in scattered fashion the city lay, its tiny lights like fire-flies in the distance paling in the fiercer glare of camp-fires scattered here and there upon the outspread scene; to the right the river trending westward,—its waters kissing the feet of historic hills, within whose fastnesses the erstwhile echoes, rudely awakened by cannon roar and defiant shout of man, had scarcely settled to their accustomed rest. Lines of earthworks and frowning batteries spoke eloquently of the past and gave promise of reliance in the future, while in grateful contrast to war's grim suggestions were the lessening noises of the city's busy stir,—the faint murmur and sigh of the wind amidst the pines upon the mountain,—the far-distant rumbling of an in-coming train with its load of living freight and its messages of gladness or despair,—the quiet rest settling down upon the earth,—the surrender of the day to the mystic spell and sovereignty of the night.

Dressed in a simple gown of tulle fashioned in the style of a day gone by,—a resurrection from the treasured belongings of some fair woman who, her day of conquest over, had made graceful relinquishment of her sway to the daughters of a later generation,—a single strand of pearls encircling her fair throat, and on her bosom a handful of jessamine exhaling a perfume delicate as the odors from sun-kissed Araby, her hand within her lover's, the gentle night wind wooing the tresses of her abundant hair, Nellie Barrow was a vision fair as

> "All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
> Could call up into life."

The beautiful words of the service were spoken, the final prayer and benediction said, the band crashed out in exultant strain, a cheer long and full of heartiness went up from the thousand throats of the throng of men who had stood sponsors to the scene, and a sweet, trembling little rebel had changed her faith, a soldier won the crowning battle of his life.

WILLIAM C. BARTLETT,
Captain U.S.A.

THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE NATIONAL GUARD BY ARMY OFFICERS.

"Show me a People energetically busy; heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will;—I show you a People of whom great good is already predicable; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working they will learn; they have, Antæuslike, their foot on Mother Fact: how can they but learn?

"CARLYLE."

THE existence of standing armies dates from the middle of the fifteenth century, from the fall of feudalism; the *principle* of the present continental system of raising armies by conscription was first established in 1813, when Prussia rose to throw off the French yoke; but the system itself was not fully developed until 1859; finally, the perfection of the system, or the *nation in arms*, is a growth of the past twenty-five years. Russia, Germany, France, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Spain have all adopted this system more or less completely, and in all these countries there is the pomp and circumstance, the bustle and the noise of war mingled with the quiet pursuits of peace on all sides.

Great Britain and the United States have been content with small standing armies and voluntary enlistments. Yet we have not forgotten that no nation has ever become civilized without wealth, nor wealthy without the power and the will to defend its wealth; nor has any nation begun its full development in the occupations of peace until it has shown what it could accomplish in war. It is for that reason that we study the art of war, therefore have we our volunteers, our militia, our National Guard. It seems at first sight surprising that we should *volunteer* to prepare ourselves for war. No doubt there are attractions, —social entertainments, uniforms, and what not,—but at the soul of it there is a deeper reason, a true, honest, and intelligent love of country, such as no European can comprehend, and a mingling of another high quality,—admiration for bravery,—for, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, we are still, in a small way, hero-worshippers, and therein love of the brave is the principal element.

For a long time the militia organizations of the several States went their own way, entirely apart from the regular army, but of late a feeling has developed for a closer union on both sides. The campaigns of 1866 and 1870 called our attention to the great European armies, and convinced us of the utter insignificance of our regular army in case of a great war with any foreign nation; special attention was thus di-

rected to the militia as the first available source of trained soldiers. In the past the volunteer or militia system, in comparison with the system of forced conscription, has not proved a success as a whole; but this has probably resulted from the imperfect manner in which the instruction was conducted, as proven by the exceptions in our civil war, such as the Seventh New York and the Fifth Maryland.

The instruction, then, of the National Guard is the great factor determining its efficiency; and efficiency, of course, is the ultimate object to be attained. The effect of the association of the officers of the regular army with the National Guard is the first consideration before us. The importance of such association was first felt by the National Guard, but of late years it has been thoroughly appreciated by the regular army at large. The advantages on both sides are great; to the army officer war is his profession; and, whether he has had experience in active campaigns or not, he has a better knowledge of the subject than the average militia officer; he can at least instruct in the customs of the service and routine duties, both of which are the results, in the army, of the experience of the best soldiers our country has produced; the army officer himself is benefited by intimate relation with the kind of troops which will constitute the main material available in case of war; he will see in the camps of instruction larger bodies of men than are to be found at the ordinary army posts, and he will be induced to *think*, and think seriously, on matters that before were purely mechanical.

The capabilities of the army officers vary indefinitely, yet that the average is good history has proven. With regard to the graduates of the Military Academy it is not necessary to make any remarks; but, since objection is sometimes made to the *young* graduates, we would remind our readers that all our present general officers, who are graduates, —Generals Schofield, Howard, Crook, Stanley, Gibbon, Ruger, and Merritt,—were but young lieutenants when the war broke out, and they surely showed themselves capable of instructing the volunteers and the militia. We would also like to quote another authority, not because it is at all necessary, but because it is an entirely unprejudiced opinion, and one that is an honor to the country, since the Military Academy is the country's institution:

> "I give it as my fixed opinion that, but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace, without the loss of a single battle or skirmish.
>
> "WINFIELD SCOTT."

Neither do the non-graduates need any comment, for the records of soldiers like Generals Terry, Miles, and Brooks speak for themselves; and that great body of officers, constituting the large majority of the

regular army, have also their records, and have done their part to give the army its present good character.

Experience, no doubt, is of great advantage in all professions, especially in that of arms, where action is predominant; but careful study is often better than practice, if the lessons taught by the latter be not taken to heart. When Germany entered on the campaigns of 1866 and 1870 she had had no war for fifty years, no *experience* or *practice;* she had simply (but thoroughly) *studied* the art of war; her enemies had had the experience, but had not profited by its lessons: which was of the greater benefit?

Occasionally the older officers of the militia feel incensed at the idea of having their troops instructed or inspected by a young army officer; but, even if they did lead a company at Gettysburg, even if they "were soldiers when these lieutenants were in the cradle," that is no reason in itself why they should not be instructed by them if the lieutenants know more about the art of war *now.* Of course, such a feeling is very exceptional, and is probably in all cases directed towards individuals who are not fitted for their duties. Nevertheless, the report of an experienced officer carries so much more weight with it than that of a younger officer, that it is almost a necessity to detail the older officers for this work; but, if we may be allowed to make a suggestion in regard to this work, which has been so recently developed and so well executed, as evidenced in the last report of the Adjutant-General of the Army to the Secretary of War, it would be that one or more younger officers be associated with the older and more experienced officer, in the former the qualities of energy, brightness, and a thorough knowledge of details predominating; in the latter, wide experience, general knowledge, good judgment, and tact; the older officer to instruct, the younger to assist and be instructed.

Considering merely the purely military part (drills, guard duty, skirmishing, etc.), the most striking feature of the reports of the special inspectors of the militia, contained in the Adjutant-General's report, is the great attention bestowed on details of drill, and the comparatively little notice taken of actual preparation and preparedness for war. Of course, drill is a very necessary preparation for war, but the National Guard (and, indeed, some few army officers) seem to think that drill is all that is possible in time of peace, that *all* is accomplished when the company or battalion can make an immaculate wheel, that everything depends on the position of the little finger with respect to the seam of the pantaloons. Would it not be better to drill a little less perfectly (not that any such falling away is at all necessary), and know a little more about the attack and defense of positions, the posting of outposts, or the conduct of advance and rear guards? We do not wish to underrate the value of drill or attention to details; on the contrary, we are as much impressed with the necessity for care and consideration of all

such apparently insignificant points as any one; but we desire that our military men should not lose sight of the fact that the great end and aim of all our labor is not that we may do well on the drill-ground, but that we may know our duty on the battle-field, that we may be able to *fight* well. Our present drill-tactics (which we hope soon to see improved) is no doubt somewhat at fault in this matter; perhaps, too, the limited time excludes everything but drill. But the extent to which the taste for fine distinctions has been developed is shown by the decisions of the War Department on points of tactics, rendered necessary by this tendency to extreme details and fixed forms. The militia are too prone to lay great stress on very unimportant points (of course, we refer to the younger militia officers, and not to those who had war experience), as every officer who has been associated with them has no doubt experienced; but this is quite natural, since drill is nearly all they are interested in, and the regular army has set them the example therein. But the army is no longer setting so poor an example; in every military department there are marches, outposts, reconnoissances, commands acting as advance guards or rear guards, troops of cavalry pursuing or intercepting other troops, etc., and the Infantry and Cavalry School, at Fort Leavenworth, is teaching an excellent course in this practical military work. In complete contrast with our attention to unimportant details and tendency towards fixed forms stands the last German infantry drill-tactics, wonderful in its elasticity, allowing great latitude in all directions, for all formations and movements.

The individual training of the soldier is the main element of success in battle, and, consequently, the nations of Europe are vying with one another in this great work to raise the private soldier to the height desired, physically, mentally, morally. The physical means are gymnastics (including setting-up drill) and bayonet exercise; gymnastics render the muscles pliable and put them under control of the will, and give strength to the body,—strength gives confidence, and confidence means energy and spirit; while bayonet exercise is still necessary that the men may know how to handle their arms at the final assault, since even the latest wars have furnished examples of hand-to-hand encounters. These two courses can be carried on at the armories; in camp the time should be given to the principal object of the individual training, the instruction in the duties on the firing-line as skirmishers under all kinds of circumstances.

The highest aim of the instruction in the school of the company should be the correct execution of a front attack according to the tactics, the strengthening of a firing-line, the withdrawal of a firing-line, good fire discipline, and the most perfect handling of the musket. The mere drill can again be learned at the armories, while the time during the encampment should be given to the attainment of the ultimate object, the preparation of the company for service on the firing-line.

The battalion is the unit of command on the line of battle, the largest body that can be commanded directly; its instruction, therefore, sums up the instruction of the soldier and the company, and is conducted, consequently, with the greatest care. Its course of instruction includes drill movements and battle tactics; the former can be partially taught in the large armories, the latter must be taught entirely in the camps of instruction. The great tendency in both drills and battle formations is towards fixed forms, and it should, therefore, be the endeavor of an inspector to try and limit the movements and modes of execution to those strictly practicable in actual war. If movements are continually practiced in time of peace which are wrong in time of war, they are not only a waste of time but may be actually dangerous. If the men, for example, are in the habit of seeing their battalion commander continually in the front in drill movements, they will be disconcerted in time of war when they do not find him there, but see him, where he belongs, with the reserve company. The result will be that the battalion commanders will be compelled to go out in front; and so it was found at St. Privat, where such an error resulted in the loss of nearly all the field-officers of the infantry of the Guard. "All this is very honorable and brave," says Hohenlohe, "but not necessary, and of very serious consequences to the army and the country."

The objects of the schools of the soldier, the company and the battalion, are here stated and analyzed, because they should be kept constantly in view; and the inspector should base his estimate on the degree of perfection attained in relation thereto.

A glance at the various reports included in the Adjutant-General's report will convince any one that the objects of things are not always kept in view. For instance, in one case the police of the camp-ground within the line of sentinels was excellent, but the men's sinks were filthy. What is the object of policing a camp if not to insure the health of the command; and which is of the greater importance, clean sinks or an immaculate parade-ground? Again, in one command the drill was good, but the guard-mounting and guard duty very poor; now which of these will be of the greatest immediate practical value in time of war: drill, which insures good discipline mainly and prepares for all else involving the mere movement of troops, or the proper performance of guard duty, on which the safety of the entire command may depend? So we find another command very good in all drill, but very poor in skirmishing; in other words, it is just ready to be prepared for field service. Finally, the ultimate object, actual preparation for service in the field, or thorough instruction in the first duties that will fall to a command in case of actual war, and in the present battle tactics, on all the various kinds of ground, is scarcely accomplished at all.

To illustrate what is meant by this, let us suppose the inspector requests the battalion commander to place the battalion in a certain position, and give the necessary orders and execute the proper movements to attack a point directly in front,—supposing the battalion to form part of a general line; or, in another situation, to defend the position; or, supposing the battalion to serve as advance-guard for a command on the march, and to come suddenly upon the enemy, the measures to be taken, etc. These, surely, are among the very earliest events of a campaign, and should not be learned by sad experience. In connection herewith we recall the experience of a brother officer, a lieutenant of a light battery, who, when directed by an energetic inspector to post his battery in position to attain a certain object, and having executed the order, said to the inspector, who was complimenting him for his good judgment, "Yes, sir; but I would like to have you know that my knowledge in this matter was not derived from any instruction I have received in the battery, but from my own study."

The time required for such work, it may be objected, is not available, but that we cannot grant, as three days, properly utilized, would be quite sufficient for the consideration of at least six different situations, which would give a fair insight into the use of the battalion in modern war in almost all its applications. Such work would constitute a fitting conclusion of the encampment, and an inspection on the last day, in which the battalion might be required to perform two or three of these practical evolutions, would serve to determine its actual battle value.

The inspector, then, should call attention to the general object of each particular step in the course of instruction, and should indicate how all the measures adopted bear on the attainment of this object. There is no body of men anywhere more anxious to learn than the officers and men of the militia; this is constantly testified to on all hands. They simply need direction.

We do not wish to be understood as objecting to drill in any way, but merely desire to indicate that drill is not the ultimate object of military training, but rather a step in the process. It may be said, there is no time for any further work beyond drill. This may be true in many cases where the drill is still imperfect; but it certainly is not true for many regiments who drill well; these can go on to something higher.

The great step taken by the army of late in the practical field-instruction of the troops will, no doubt, soon be followed by the National Guard, and carried to such perfection as to make it indeed the bone and sinew of the nation in times of trouble and danger.

JOHN P. WISSER,
First Lieutenant First Artillery U.S.A.

A REMARKABLE EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.[1]

THE pages of history are full of surprises. They fully justify the old proverb, that "Truth is stranger than fiction." Nothing is more romantic than the romance of reality. The facts related in the following narrative may, perhaps, furnish another illustration of the truth of these suggestions. They would doubtless have been published several years ago but for the efforts of the War Department in Washington City to suppress them, and to keep the official papers locked up in its archives which contain a history of the arrest, trial, and execution, as spies, of Colonel William Orton Williams and Lieutenant Walter G. Peter, of the Confederate army, in the month of June, 1863. This action in regard to these records has been taken, as I am informed, out of deference to the wishes and feelings of relatives and friends, many of whom remained loyal to their country and government during the Rebellion, and some of them, indeed, held prominent positions in the army and navy of the United States. Twenty-five years have elapsed, however, since these unhappy events took place, and, as time assuages our griefs and reconciles us to the decrees of fate or of Providence, and as some of the parties most deeply interested are no longer living, I have deemed it proper to avail myself of the facts and papers in my possession on the subject by giving them to my readers for their information. It is due to the public at the same time that these facts should be made known, in order that the responsibility for the sad catastrophe and the unfortunate fate of these men should be placed where it properly belongs.

The story of Major André is familiar to the readers of English history in every part of the world. For one hundred years his untimely end has been read and discussed, often with throbbing hearts and eyes brimming with tears, and yet the interest felt in the fate of that gallant officer is, apparently, as great now as on the 1st day of October, 1780, when he was led to execution by command of General George Washington himself. Military authorities on both sides of the Atlantic have almost universally conceded the propriety of the action taken by Washington in that matter; but there have been many of his admirers, then and since, whose reverence for that illustrious patriot

[1] This article is, by request of a number of officers, reprinted from an early number of UNITED SERVICE magazine, first series. The matter of which it treats has within the past few months been much discussed in the service journals and elsewhere.

would have been greater if he had mitigated, in some legitimate way, the severity of that painful sentence. Few, indeed, of his contemporaries, who at that time debated so warmly the merits or the demerits of that course, could have dreamed that eighty-three years afterwards—or, to be more precise, on the 9th day of June, 1863—a lineal descendant of Mrs. George Washington should have perished in the same ignominious way, under circumstances which present, to say the least, a series of remarkable coincidences; yet such is the fact, and Colonel William Orton Williams was the chief conspirator, actor, and victim in the awful tragedy, taking with him in the crime and its punishment a cousin, named Walter G. Peter, also of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia.

Colonel Williams was the son of Captain William G. Williams, who was for twenty-two years a well-known officer of the Topographical Engineers of the United States army, and who was mortally wounded at the battle of Monterey, during the Mexican war, on the 21st day of September, 1846. Captain Williams was born in the city of Philadelphia, of English parents, by whom he was taken to England, and for a time sent to school at Exeter; but having a strong desire to return to America, his father brought him back and placed him in an educational institution in Kentucky. Here the youth developed such strong military aspirations that an appointment to a cadetship at West Point was secured for him in the year 1818. After pursuing his studies at the Military Academy for two years, he obtained a leave of absence, and, going to France, he entered the Polytechnic School of Paris, where he remained two years, when he returned to West Point, and in two years more completed his course at that institution and was graduated with high honor. He was a man of remarkable proficiency in many branches of learning, was a poet and painter of no inconsiderable merit, and in other respects was greatly accomplished. He was, at the same time, devoted to his profession, and was a most efficient and capable officer, but he was extremely haughty and overbearing in his manner, and was, consequently, unpopular with his brother-officers and fellow-soldiers. His distinguished gallantry and bravery, however, at the battle of Monterey were considered sufficient to hide a multitude of sins, and his death was greatly lamented. As an engineer officer he had served in the Cherokee country; at Charleston, South Carolina; on the Niagara frontier, and in other localities within the limits of the United States. Many years before his death he had married Miss Columbia Peter, a daughter of Thomas Peter, who was, in the early part of the present century, a prominent citizen of Georgetown, a large property-owner in the District of Columbia, and one of the intimate personal friends of George Washington. Thomas Peter had married Martha Parke Custis, who was a grandchild of Mrs. George Washington, and long resided in Georgetown, where, in the year 1804, he built

the old mansion now occupied by Mrs. Kennon, the widow of Commodore Beverly Kennon, an officer of the United States navy, who, among others, was killed on board the "Princeton" by the explosion of a gun, in the year 1844. Mrs. Kennon is also a daughter of Thomas Peter and a sister of Mrs. Captain Williams.

One of the fruits of the marriage of Captain Williams and Miss Peter was a son, born on the 7th day of July, 1839, named William Orton Williams, who became the leading actor in the deplorable train of events about to be related. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Kennon were also the sisters of G. W. P. Custis, the former owner of the Arlington estate and the father of Mrs. Robert E. Lee.

It will thus be seen that W. O. Williams was the direct and lineal descendant of Mrs. George Washington. General Washington himself left no children. With Williams was associated a cousin, Walter Gibson Peter,—a grandson of Major George Peter, the brother of Thomas Peter,—who was born on the 18th of October, 1842, and who, when they were boys together, had formed for Williams a most devoted and romantic attachment. In personal graces and accomplishments William Orton Williams bore great resemblance to his father, Captain Williams, and was possessed of a genius very much like that of Major André. He was of a poetic temperament, had considerable skill as a painter, but was thoroughly devoted to the military profession. While pursuing his academic studies at Alexandria, Virginia, his greatest pleasure was found in assembling the boys of the school, organizing them into companies, and in drilling them in the tactics of the day. He wished very much to go to West Point, but an elder brother, who subsequently became Major Lawrence A. Williams, of the United States regular army, was already there, and he failed to secure the coveted appointment as a cadet.

After completing his studies, he was employed for a time in the service of the Coast Survey, but his great ambition was to become a soldier; and through the assistance of friends he obtained a commission as a lieutenant in the Second Cavalry Regiment of the United States army. Shortly after he was appointed an aide on the staff of General Winfield Scott, then commander-in-chief of the army, with head-quarters at Washington City. This was in the early part of the year 1861, and the ominous threatenings in the Southern horizon already indicated the outbreak which culminated in the war of the Rebellion. Colonel Robert E. Lee was General Scott's chief of staff, and was also on duty at the War Department, in Washington. As in the case of Major André, so in that of Lieutenant Williams, a love-affair was, indirectly at least, the cause of the course of events which ended so disastrously for both, and which led both to an infamous and shameful death on the scaffold. Lieutenant Williams was passionately devoted to Eleanor Agnes, the daughter of Colonel Robert E. Lee, who was then residing

at Arlington. While on duty in Washington he made frequent visits to the young lady, both before and after Colonel Lee resigned his commission as an officer of the United States army. These visits came to the knowledge of General Scott and Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, who were naturally apprehensive that, in those critical times, especially in the months of April and May, 1861, Lieutenant Williams might carry across the Potomac information of a valuable character to the conspirators in Virginia. They ordered him, therefore, to discontinue those visits. He promised to do so, but the temptation was too great, and he continued to make clandestine visits to Arlington. This fact again coming to the knowledge of the officers above mentioned, they ordered his arrest in the early part of the month of May, 1861, and sent him to Governor's Island, near the city of New York, where he was kept in confinement for several weeks, until any information he might have had in regard to army movements would have been useless to the Confederate authorities, when he was released. Shortly after, on the 10th day of June, he resigned his commission in the United States army, and abandoning a brother, Major Lawrence A. Williams, and numerous relatives and friends in the loyal States, as well as his country and his government, he followed the pernicious example of Colonel Lee, and went South to support the fatal cause of slavery, State sovereignty, and secession. How much his conduct was influenced by devotion to those destructive ideas, or by his attachment to Colonel Lee's daughter, it is, of course, difficult to determine. Taking with him letters from many distinguished persons whose sympathies were with relatives and friends in the Southern army, he was gladly received by the Confederates, who were charmed with his handsome appearance, his military bearing, his varied accomplishments, and the enthusiasm with which he enlisted in their cause. He was immediately commissioned as a colonel of artillery and assigned to duty with Bishop-General Polk, then commanding in Western Kentucky, with head-quarters at Columbus. Here the ardent and impulsive temperament of Colonel Williams, combined with a haughty and overbearing manner, which was intensified by the strictest ideas of discipline, new and distasteful to the volunteer soldiery of the West, involved him in a difficulty with a private, which resulted in the death of the soldier. This affair made Colonel Williams unpopular in General Polk's command; and, although he behaved with great courage and gallantry at the battle of Shiloh some months afterwards, he was transferred to the staff of General Bragg, then in command of the Confederate forces in Tennessee, where he remained until the 1st day of June, 1863. As in the darkest hour of the Revolution treason was invoked to bring about results which could not be secured by open and honorable warfare, so during the Rebellion, when the cause of the national government was passing through its period of deepest gloom, the same cowardly agencies were called into existence by the

Confederates to accomplish their destructive purposes. Had the dark and treacherous designs of Benedict Arnold been successful, the result must have been the separation of the Northern from the Southern colonies, and the final conquest of all by the British Crown. Had Williams and Peter succeeded in their attempt, in all probability the army of General Rosecrans would have been destroyed, the East might have been separated from the West, and secession made an accomplished fact. But fate determined otherwise, and André perished at that critical period of the Revolution as Williams and Peter did at a corresponding period of the Rebellion.

The campaign during which were fought the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Corinth, with many minor engagements, had ended, in the summer of 1862, by the retreat of General Buell's army of United States troops across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River. The friends of the Southern Confederacy were greatly elated and those of the Union were equally depressed. General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland, recruited its depleted ranks, and marched south to Nashville, Tennessee, in the latter part of the same year. The flower of the Southern army, under General Bragg, was assembled at Murfreesboro', about thirty miles southeast of Nashville. Both sides had made extraordinary efforts for a conflict, which was expected to be decisive in its character. General Rosecrans advanced and delivered battle on the last day of December, 1862. At the close of that day the advantages were most decidedly with the Confederate troops. Massing his forces upon the right wing of the Union army, which was at the time weakened by too great an extension, General Bragg fell upon it, crushing it completely, and driving it back with terrible loss upon the rear of the centre and left. General Rosecrans nevertheless held his ground, although almost entirely surrounded by the enemy, who was then greatly superior in the number and efficiency of his cavalry. On the 2d day of January, 1863, when the conflict was renewed, General Bragg was driven back with great slaughter, and, at the close of the engagement, retired in a southerly direction to repair his losses and recruit his shattered command. Notwithstanding the immense efforts put forth by both parties, the battle of Murfreesboro', or Stone River, as it is sometimes called, was indecisive. The National troops retained possession of the field, but it was by a precarious tenure. Their line of communication with the rear, every mile of which required protection, was more than two hundred miles in length. About ten thousand men on each side were killed, wounded, captured, or otherwise placed *hors de combat.* The Confederate army had sullenly retired some thirty miles south, and the whole of the surrounding country was vexed with the incursions of his cavalry. General Rosecrans fixed his head-quarters at Murfreesboro', and began preparations for a farther advance upon his oppo-

nent. Directly south of Nashville, twenty miles distant, on the line of the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, and on the turnpike also leading south from the former city, lay the town of Franklin. At this point rested the right wing of the Union army. About twelve miles east was the village of Triune, something less than half of the distance to Murfreesboro', which is also directly east of Franklin. A division of the Union army, under the command of General Gordon Granger, was stationed at Triune. It will thus be seen that the forces under the direction of General Rosecrans were disposed in the form of a triangle, of which Nashville was the apex, while Franklin and Murfreesboro' occupied the other angles. Franklin is a dull and sleepy, but pleasant town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, surrounded by a rich and fertile country, and containing a number of wealthy families, nearly all of whom were the friends and advocates of secession. It is located on the left bank of the Harpeth River, a stream flowing in a northwesterly direction and discharging its waters into the Cumberland. On the right bank, opposite the town, and on a rocky bluff which rises to the height of one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred feet from the bed of the river, was a fortification of considerable strength, inclosing some three or four acres of ground, and commanding not only the town of Franklin, but the railroad and turnpike bridges and the surrounding country in every direction. This post was called Fort Granger, and, at the time the occurrence took place about to be detailed, was in charge of Colonel John P. Baird, of the Eighty-fifth Indiana Volunteers, with portions of other regiments, including also a force of cavalry and artillery. The Sixth Kentucky Cavalry was encamped in a grove near the turnpike, some four hundred yards from the fort. This regiment was commanded by Colonel Louis D. Watkins, who had been, before the breaking out of the Rebellion, a lieutenant in the Fifth United States Cavalry of the regular army. From what has been already said, the importance of this place can be readily estimated. If it could be captured and a large rebel force interposed between Nashville and Murfreesboro', the destruction of the army under the command of General Rosecrans was inevitable. On the road leading south from Franklin, directly in front of Fort Granger, at the towns of Spring Hill and Columbia, from ten to twenty miles distant, was stationed a large force of cavalry and artillery commanded by General Van Dorn, an old army officer and one of the most brilliant of the Confederate leaders. This force included the commands of Generals Forrest, Wheeler, and other noted officers. In a northeasterly direction General John Morgan was collecting a large force in the vicinity of Lebanon, and the evident intention of the Confederates was to fall upon the rear of General Rosecrans's force at Murfreesboro', cut off his communications with Nashville, and thus capture or destroy in detail the whole Union army. The first and most important step in

this programme was the capture of Fort Granger. Such was the situation, in a military point of view, when Colonel Williams conceived the daring and treacherous enterprise which he shortly afterwards undertook. Full of a desire to distinguish himself in some bold and dashing movement, knowing from his experience in Washington how business was conducted and orders issued at the War Department, having probably in his possession the uniform he wore while an officer of the United States regular army, he undertook to render a brilliant service to the cause of secession by entering the lines of the Union troops and obtaining such information as might lead to a magnificent success for the Confederates. As Fort Granger was so desirable an acquisition, he induced his cousin, Lieutenant Peter, then serving on the staff of General Wheeler, to join him in his scheme of treachery. Having completed their preparations in pursuance of their dark and desperate undertaking, Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter, disguised in Federal uniforms, and mounted on fine horses, with forged orders, letters, and passes in their pockets, approached the entrance to Fort Granger and demanded admission at a late hour in the afternoon of June 8, 1863. Their coming occasioned some surprise, as skirmishing had been going on constantly for several days in almost every direction, and the fort was practically invested by the enemy. However, as they wore Federal uniforms, and presented orders in regular form from the Secretary of War, and from the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland at Murfreesboro', they were admitted, and upon their entrance they presented the following papers, all of which were forgeries. They read as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1863.

"Extract Special Orders, No. 140.

* * * * * * * *

"IV. Colonel Lawrence W. Auton, Cavalry, United States Army, and Acting Special Inspector-General, is hereby relieved from duty along the line of the Potomac. He will immediately proceed to the West and minutely inspect the 'Department of the Ohio,' and the 'Department of the Cumberland,' in accordance with special inspector's instructions, Nos. 70, 82, and 140, furnished him from this office and that of the Paymaster-General.

"V. Major George Dunlop, Assistant Quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Colonel Auton for duty.

"By order of the Secretary of War,
"E. D. TOWNSEND,
"Assistant Adjutant-General."

"COLONEL LAWRENCE W. AUTON,
"United States Army, Special Inspector-General."

For some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, as far as I have been able to learn, Williams changed his name when he joined the Southern army. Usually his signature was L. Orton Williams, but sometimes William L. Auton or Orton. His correct name was William Orton Williams. The Orton was taken from the name of one of the branches of the Lee family in England, which was known as the Horton, and subsequently as the 'Orton branch, whose arms are given in the genealogy of that family. It becomes easy, however, to descend from one miserable subterfuge of falsehood to another, and so these young men assumed names which did not belong to them for the purpose of carrying forward their base and treacherous designs. The following is the forged order under which Dunlop, alias Peter, acted:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1863.

"Extract Special Orders, No. 140.

* * * * * * * *

"VI. Major George Dunlop, Assistant Quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Colonel Auton, Special Inspector-General, for duty.

"By order of the Secretary of War.
"E. D. TOWNSEND,
"Assistant Adjutant-General."

"MAJOR GEORGE DUNLOP,
"Assistant Quartermaster, on special duty."

They also presented the following forged letter from General James A. Garfield, Chief of Staff for the Department of the Cumberland:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
"MURFREESBORO', TENN., May 30, 1863.

"COLONEL,—The major-general commanding desires me to say to you that he desires, if you can spare the time at present, that you will inspect his outposts before drawing up your report for the War Department at Washington City.

"All commanding officers of outposts will aid you in this matter to the best of their ability.

"The general desires me to give his respects to you.

"I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"J. A. GARFIELD,
"Volunteer Chief of Staff, and Acting Adjutant-General.

"COLONEL L. W. AUTON,
"Cavalry, Special Inspector-General."

These documents were inclosed in an unofficial envelope, upon which was written the address: "Colonel L. W. Auton, Cavalry,

Inspector-General United States Army," and across its face the following forged pass:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
"MURFREESBORO', May 30, 1863.

"All guards and outposts will immediately pass, without delay, Colonel Auton and his Assistant, Major Dunlop.

"By command of Major-General Rosecrans.

"J. A. GARFIELD,
"Volunteer Chief of Staff, and Assistant Adjutant-General."

There were two unusual features about these documents, which would have been noticed by an experienced officer. One was that printed forms were used for such orders, whilst the above were entirely in manuscript. Another was the fact that General Garfield was not an assistant adjutant-general. But, as Colonel Baird was not thoroughly conversant with military formalities, these discrepancies were overlooked, their statements were accepted as true, and they were permitted to go through the fort and give it a thorough inspection. In the mean time they represented to Colonel Baird that they had been surprised by a party of rebels while taking dinner at a house near Eaglesville, a little village some miles distant in the direction of Murfreesboro', that their orderlies, overcoats, and baggage had been captured, and that they themselves had barely escaped with their lives, which accounted for the fact that they had at the time strapped to their saddles citizens' overcoats. They represented themselves as being destitute, for that reason, of many necessary articles as well as money, that they desired very much to go to Nashville that night, and requested of Colonel Baird a loan of fifty dollars, which he advanced to Williams at once, taking his note for that amount. After partaking of some refreshments, and apparently in the most cheerful manner, they mounted their horses and started in the direction of Nashville. Just as they were passing out of the fort, Colonel Louis D. Watkins, of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, entered on horseback, followed only by an orderly. As he passed Williams he caught a glimpse of the side of his face, and a consciousness of recognition came over him, though he could not at once determine or locate the individual who had attracted his attention. Riding up to Colonel Baird, who was near at hand, he inquired who the men were he met as he came into the fort. Colonel Baird replied, "They are inspecting officers of the United States army, who have just been making us a visit." Colonel Watkins remarked that "There must be some mistake about this. I think I recognize one of those men as an old army officer, now in the Confederate army." After a moment's consultation, for there was no time to be lost, Colonel Watkins, with his orderly, immediately started in pursuit, determined to overtake Williams and Peter, though the latter were riding rapidly

towards Nashville. Giving his orderly instructions to unsling his carbine as they rode along, and to fire on the men they were pursuing if they refused to return with them, they overtook the self-constituted inspecting officers about six hundred yards from the fort. Without betraying any excitement, in a bland and pleasant tone of voice, Colonel Watkins rode up to them and politely requested them to return, as Colonel Baird desired to see them again before they went to Nashville, and suggested that perhaps an escort should be furnished them for their protection on the way. Just as André's presence of mind forsook him at the supreme moment when he was brought face to face with a tremendous danger, so these men failed for an instant to comprehend the situation, and in that instant their doom was sealed. Williams, during the moment when their destiny hung in the balance, had some misgivings, put his hand upon his pistol and almost determined to fire upon Watkins, put spurs to his horse, and probably he could have made his escape without much difficulty; but lulled into security by the easy tone and manner of Colonel Watkins, seeing no others in pursuit but the two I have mentioned, and confident that his own adroitness and skill would find a way out of any trouble, he courteously consented to return to the fort. This was all the more remarkable, as they were well armed and mounted, and their escape was almost certain if they made the attempt. But fate had decreed otherwise, and they returned to inevitable destruction. On their way back Colonel Watkins remarked, "Gentlemen, I will not trouble you to ride back to the fort, but if you will halt at my quarters, which are near the turnpike, I will send for Colonel Baird, and he can come here to see you." To this they consented, and, having dismounted, entered Colonel Watkins's tent, where a guard, without their knowledge, instantly and quietly surrounded them. They soon became nervous and manifested impatience at the delay caused by the non-arrival of Colonel Baird. Presently one of them, looking out at the door of the tent, saw that they were prisoners. "What does this mean, Colonel Watkins?" they instantly asked. "It means," replied Colonel Watkins, "that you are suspected, and for the time being you are prisoners. If you are what you represent yourselves to be, you will only be delayed a short time; but we must be convinced of that fact before you are released." They stormed and raved greatly, and threatened to denounce Colonel Watkins and Baird to the Secretary of War for the outrage they were perpetrating in delaying officers on special duty from Washington, but the cool demeanor of Colonel Watkins was proof against all such demonstrations. Whilst this conversation was in progress Colonel Baird entered. "Let me see your papers again, please," said he to Colonel Williams. The papers, letters, and orders were glanced over and returned. Turning to Lieutenant Peter, he said, "Let me see your sword, please." Realizing the peril of their situation, and be-

coming greatly alarmed, they both protested against what they called an insult, but finding resistance useless, they submitted; the sword was drawn by Colonel Baird from its scabbard, and upon its blade the telltale words were etched, Lieutenant W. G. Peter, C.S.A. "Let me look at your cap, please," Colonel Baird said again. The cap was removed, the white flannel havelock lifted, and again the same characters appeared on the facing. The same articles worn by Colonel Williams were examined, and similar revelations made. They were almost overcome with confusion for a moment, but quickly rallied, and preserved their coolness ever after. "Gentlemen," said Colonel Baird, "this is a very bold game you have been playing." "Yes," replied Colonel Williams, "and it came near being a perfect success." From this moment their guilt was neither doubted on the one side nor denied on the other. In the mean time, while Colonel Watkins went in pursuit of the so-called inspecting officers, Colonel Baird sent the following dispatch to General Rosecrans:

"FRANKLIN, TENN., June 8, 1863.

"To BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD, Chief of Staff:

"Is there any such Inspector-General as Lawrence W. Auton, Colonel United States Army, and Assistant, Major Dunlop? If so, please describe their personal appearance, and answer immediately.

"J. P. BAIRD, Colonel Commanding Post."

Shortly after the developments above related took place the following reply was received:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
"June 8, 10.15 P.M.

"COLONEL J. P. BAIRD, Franklin:

"There are no such men as Inspector-General Lawrence W. Auton, Colonel United States Army, and Assistant Major Dunlop in this army, nor in any army, so far as we know. Why do you ask?

"J. A. GARFIELD, Brigadier-General, and Chief of Staff."

In reply to the question propounded by General Garfield, Colonel Baird transmitted the following telegram:

"FRANKLIN, TENN., June 8, 10.30 P.M.

"To BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD, Chief of Staff:

"Two men came into our camp about dark, dressed in our uniforms, with horse equipments to correspond, saying that they were Colonel Auton, Inspector-General, and Major Dunlop, Assistant, having an order from Adjutant-General Townsend, and your order, to inspect outposts, but their conduct was so singular that we have arrested them. They insisted it was important to go to Nashville to-night. The one representing himself as Colonel Auton is probably a regular

officer of the old army, but Colonel Watkins, commanding cavalry here, in whom I have the utmost confidence, is of the opinion that they are spies, who have either forged or captured these orders. They can give no consistent account of their conduct. I want you immediately to answer my last dispatch. It takes so long to get an answer from General Granger, at Triune, by signal, that I telegraphed General Robert Granger, at Nashville, for information. I also signaled General Gordon Granger. If these men are spies it seems to me important that I should know it, because Forrest must be waiting their progress.

"General, I am your obedient servant,

"J. P. BAIRD, Colonel Commanding Post."

The possession of the order said to have been given by General Rosecrans fully convinced that officer that in all probability they were spies, and he instructed his chief of staff, General Garfield, to order a court-martial at once. The following is the order, brief, peremptory, and to the point:

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
"MURFREESBORO', June 8, 12 P.M.

"COLONEL J. P. BAIRD, Franklin:

"The two men are no doubt spies. Call a drum-head court-martial to-night, and if they are found to be spies, hang them before morning without fail. No such men have been accredited from these head-quarters.

"J. A. GARFIELD, Brigadier-General, and Chief of staff."

On this order Colonel Baird acted with promptness. A court of commission was speedily organized, which began its labors at once at his head-quarters. The detail for the court, with a *verbatim* copy of its proceedings, findings, and sentence, will be found elsewhere. There were few men who slept that night within the limits of Fort Granger. The excitement was intense. Not only was great interest felt in the result of the trial, but speculation was indulged in to an unlimited extent as to the future movements of the enemy, who was supposed to be in the vicinity, in strong force, ready to act upon the information he might receive from the absent officers. These officers, however, were never to return. Finding that they were to be promptly tried by a court-martial in obedience to orders from General Rosecrans, they acknowledged their guilt. Colonel Baird, when satisfied as to the true character of his visitors, proceeded to inform General Rosecrans, as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, FRANKLIN, June 8, 1863.

"To GENERAL GARFIELD, Chief of Staff:

"I had just sent you an explanation of my first dispatch when I received your dispatch. When your dispatch came, they owned up as being a rebel colonel and lieutenant in the rebel army; Colonel

Auton by name, but in fact Williams, was once on General Scott's staff, and belonged to the Second Cavalry of the regular army. Their ruse was nearly successful on me, as I did not know the handwriting of any commanding officer. I am much indebted to Colonel Watkins, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, for their detection, and to Lieutenant Wharton, of General Granger's staff, for the detection of the forgery of the papers. As these men don't deny their guilt, what shall I do with them? I communicate with you because I can get an answer sooner than by signal, but I will keep General Granger posted. I will telegraph you in a short time, as we are trying to find out and believe there is an attack contemplated in the morning. If Watkins can get anything out of Auton I will let you know. I am, general,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. P. BAIRD, Colonel Commanding Post."

In the mean time, the court-martial ordered by General Rosecrans had organized, and in the silent watches of the night was proceeding with its mournful task. There was no question as to the guilt of the prisoners. "Out of their own mouths they were condemned," as was declared, on a similar occasion, by an American officer during the Revolutionary War. Colonel Baird saw rising before him the painful task of executing these handsome and accomplished officers as common spies, and his generous and sensitive nature shrank from the unpleasant duty. While the court was taking the confession of the prisoners,—which constituted in reality their principal task,—Colonel Baird, searching for some way of escape, sent the following dispatch to General Rosecrans:

"FRANKLIN, June 9, 3.25 A.M.

"To GENERAL GARFIELD, Chief of Staff:

"Colonel Watkins says that Colonel Williams is a first cousin of General Robert E. Lee, and he has been chief of artillery on Bragg's staff. We are consulting. Must I hang him? If you can direct me to send him to be hung somewhere else I would like it; but if not, or I do not hear from you, they will be executed. This dispatch is written at the request of Colonel Watkins, who detained the prisoners. We are prepared for a fight.

"J. P. BAIRD, Colonel Commanding Post."

General Rosecrans was strongly of the opinion that the men were spies when he learned that they had presented orders or letters purporting to come from him; he was apprehensive and uneasy in regard to the military operations of the following day, and was, therefore, anxious to hear the result of the trial, and if guilty, that they had been executed without delay. The confession of the men themselves removing all doubts in the matter, he determined to hasten their punish-

ment before the enemy could profit by their information. Being a man of tender and sympathetic feeling, he was somewhat apprehensive that his judgment might be overcome by appeals for mercy; therefore, when he retired to his sleeping apartment, between three and four o'clock in the morning, he gave positive instructions to General Garfield to have his former orders promptly carried out, with directions, at the same time, not to bring him any more telegrams, dispatches, or appeals of any kind whatever on the subject. In pursuance of these instructions, General Garfield subsequently sent, through Major Bond, the following telegram to Colonel Baird:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
"June 9, 4.40 A.M.

"COLONEL J. P. BAIRD, Franklin:

"The general commanding directs that the two spies, if found guilty, be hung at once, thus placing it beyond the possibility of Forrest's profiting by the information they have gained.

"FRANK S. BOND, Major and A.D.C."

This dispatch left Colonel Baird no discretion. Its terms were as brief, but as positive and as emphatic, as the famous dispatch of Israel Putnam in Revolutionary history. Nothing remained to be done but to carry the order into execution. The men had confessed their guilt. The early dawn of a June morning was at hand, and no one could tell how soon the sullen and threatening tones of artillery might be heard which would indicate the approach and expected attack of the enemy. Williams and Peter were informed that their doom had been pronounced, and that their execution must take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. They protested against the sentence which had been decreed against them. They denied that they were spies in the ordinary sense of the term, although they admitted that they had entered the Federal lines wearing the uniform of United States officers, and with forged orders, letters, and passes from commanding officers of the Union army upon their persons. Like André, if they were not spies in the ordinary sense of the term, it was because of the boldness and daring which characterized their scheme of villainy, and which made them all the more criminal and all the more dangerous. They did not explain the grounds upon which they made the plea that they were not spies under the peculiar circumstances which surrounded them. This is to be regretted, as it might have thrown some light upon certain features of their conduct which have never been fully comprehended. That two officers of their rank and character should have undertaken so serious and dangerous an enterprise, knowing as they did the inevitable consequences of detection, is remarkable, and no full explanation of their objects and purposes has ever yet, to my

knowledge, been given. Finding that they were about to be executed, they made the following request, which was transmitted by telegraph to Murfreesboro':

"FRANKLIN, June 9, 1863.

"To BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD:

"Will you have any clemency for the son of Captain Williams who fell at Monterey, Mexico? I protest our innocence as spies." (A portion of the dispatch is illegible. It appears to be signed by Lawrence W. Auton, formerly L. Auton Williams.) Williams then adds, "I send this as a dying request." The dispatch is concluded by Colonel Baird, who says, "The men are condemned, and we are preparing for their execution. They prefer to be shot. If you can answer before I get ready, do.

"J. P. BAIRD, Colonel Commanding Post."

General Garfield, remembering the course pursued by General Washington in the case of Major André, refused their request to be shot, and determined that the sentence should be carried into execution as originally ordered. He knew nothing whatever at the time of their personal connection with, or relationship to, the Washington family. Probably it would have made no difference in the decision or in the final result, but it would have lent a new and romantic coloring to their deliberations had they known that the young men upon whom they were sitting in judgment were so nearly connected with that distinguished family. Colonel Williams made a most touching and earnest appeal, first for his cousin, Lieutenant Peter, who was his companion and associate in the execution of the plot, though he was not responsible for its original conception and preparation; second, that they might be shot, if their death were fully determined. Williams alone assumed the responsibility of the scheme, whatever it might have been, and Peter had been led into it by his attachment for his elder and more experienced companion in arms, who had, in the beginning, induced him to desert home and friends and follow the fortunes of the so-called Southern Confederacy. While the preparations were being made for their execution they wrote letters to their friends, gave directions as to the disposition of their worldly effects, and requesting a visit from a clergyman, had the sacrament administered to them by the Rev. Robert F. Taylor, who was the chaplain of the Seventy-eighth Illinois Infantry. The dawning of the day found men at work constructing a scaffold. This was done on a wild-cherry tree, which stood about one hundred and fifty yards from the railroad, on the right hand side going south from Nashville towards Franklin, and a short distance from the bridge—on the north side—which crosses Harpeth River. On an eminence to the left stood Fort Granger, where all these sad and solemn scenes were being enacted. The cherry-tree stood on the left bank of a little brook, which makes its

way a short distance below the bridge into the Harpeth River. Captain Julius H. Alexander, of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, and provost-marshal of Franklin, was charged with the execution. It was a most painful duty, and was discharged with extreme regret by all concerned. Colonel Baird shed tears when he announced the judgment of the court-martial and the order of General Rosecrans to the unhappy victims in this mournful transaction: Colonel Watkins took charge of their effects, and as a memento of old and more pleasant army associations, he was presented by Williams with the fine black horse which the latter had ridden into the fort. At 9 o'clock A.M. Captain Alexander reported the gallows ready. The troops of the garrison and vicinity, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery, which were under arms during the morning, were disposed in an open square around the spot assigned for the execution. A guard conducted the prisoners, who behaved with the greatest possible coolness and self-possession, through the gateway of the fort, across an open space of ground in the rear, thence across the railway to the cherry-tree, where two ropes hung dangling within eight feet of the ground, ready for the bloody sacrifice so soon to be offered up. Two poplar coffins lay in the vicinity. Dr. Wilson Hobbs, Surgeon of the Eighty-fifth Indiana Infantry Regiment, Dr. William Forrester, of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, and Dr. Samuel C. Moss, of the Seventy-eighth Illinois Infantry, were detailed to pronounce upon the extinction of life in the bodies. At nine o'clock and twenty minutes the guard, marching with arms reversed, arrived with the prisoners at the place of execution. Lieutenant Peter was almost overcome with grief and terror as he looked upon the scene, but Colonel Williams promptly restored his courage by saying, "Dry those tears and die like a man." Taking their places upon the cart, Captain Alexander tied a linen handkerchief over the face of each one and adjusted the ropes. They then asked permission to take a last farewell, which was granted. Clasping Peter in his arms, Williams said, "Good-by, Peter; let us die like brave men." The scene was one of awful solemnity. Many of the spectators turned away in tears, unable to look upon the sorrowful sight. The ropes were again adjusted, the cart moved from under them; they dropped in the air, and in two minutes Lieutenant Peter ceased to struggle. At three minutes Williams caught hold of the rope with both hands and raised himself up, and in five minutes his struggles also came to an end. The pulse of each continued to beat for seventeen minutes, at twenty life was extinct, and at thirty minutes they were cut down and placed, dressed as they were, in the coffins which had been prepared for them. With Colonel Williams was buried a gold locket,—worn with a chain around his neck,—which contained the portrait of his intended wife, with a braid of her hair, and a portrait of the same person, which he carried in his vest pocket. Lieutenant Peter also wore about his neck, with a gold chain, a locket containing a portrait of his wife. Their

requests that these lockets and portraits should be buried with them were complied with, and they were consigned the same day to one and the same grave in the burying-ground of the town of Franklin. Their effects were sent to Murfreesboro', to be sent through the lines to their friends.

At half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the 9th day of June, 1863, the following brief dispatch from Colonel Baird to General Rosecrans announced the fact that the last act in this terrible and bloody tragedy had been performed,—that Colonel William Orton Williams and Lieutenant Walter G. Peter, late of the rebel army, had made all the atonement it was in *their* power to make for the dark and desperate crime they had committed, had expiated their guilt upon the scaffold, and that the places which had known them in the heat and strife, the smoke and thunder of battle, should know them no more forever:

"FRANKLIN, June 9, 10.30 A.M.

"To GENERAL GARFIELD, Chief of Staff:

"The men have been tried, found guilty, and executed, in compliance with your order.

"I am ever yours,

"J. P. BAIRD, Colonel Commanding Post."

The sorrowful story has been told. The mournful tragedy was complete. The brilliant hopes and promises of early youth and manhood, in so far as these young men were concerned, were doomed to end in a shameful and ignominious death as spies in a camp where they should have held high command, and as enemies of a country and a government they should have been proud to assist and defend. Williams, at least, if not Peter, had taken a solemn oath "that he would bear true allegiance to the United States of America; that he would serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies and opposers whatsoever, and that he would observe and obey the order of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over him, according to the rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States." In utter disregard of this tremendous obligation, he had not only abandoned the path of patriotic duty himself, but had seduced his cousin into the same course, and both had left their homes and friends in the District of Columbia to engage in a wicked cause, to die an infamous death, and to fill at last a dishonored grave. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust" was all that could be said by the most tender of friends or the most ardent of admirers over the grave which hid from the light of the sun all that remained of two ambitious, highly-educated, and accomplished young officers, who forgot the teachings and the example of the illustrious heroes and worthies of the republic, and sought for glory in the iniquitous paths of slavery

and secession. Who did all this? is the question which naturally forces itself upon us when we remember the unhappy occurrences of that gloomy morning. Who were the authors and architects of the ruin and death which resulted from the attempt to divide by imaginary lines communities bound together by every tie of language and religion, of public and private interest, feeling, and affection? If Lord Clarendon could say, speaking of the death of André and the war of the Revolution, "If there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be infamous and execrable to all posterity," how much more infamous and execrable should be the memory of those by whom and through whom the late war of the Rebellion was precipitated upon the country!

W. F. Prosser.

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

ORDINARY changes do not commonly much astound us in this world of change, but when it comes to changing the iron-clad dress-coat in which the West Point cadet has so long captivated the youthful female mind!—then, indeed, we realize that the world moves. We have heard people bewail the changes in the army and navy uniforms of the last generation, and there will be those who will deprecate any change in the cadet uniform from similar sentimental considerations; but even these last will be converted, we think, after reading the article entitled "The Uniform of the West Point Cadet," by Captain James R. Pilcher, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army, published in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* for September.

The weight of argument is principally directed against the cadet's dress-coat, but the dress-hat comes in for its share of criticism in this well-considered article. The writer was a member of the Medical Board at West Point, in June, 1888, and "they had every facility afforded them for making an inquiry of the most searching description." "In order to test the sensations experienced while wearing the coatee" (which must be tight to insure a tolerable fit), one of the members of the board put on the coat of a cadet the circumference of whose chest was the same as his own. At first it seemed hardly possible to bring the edges of the coat together, but after availing himself of the instructions of the owner of the garment, who practiced upon him the manœuvres customary among the cadets in getting into the coat, he was able to fasten it about him. Discomfort to the extent of actual pain was experienced, particularly at the level of the ninth rib, which was pressed inward, although the amount of compression was greatest at the waist. The chest movements were greatly impeded and confined, while thoracic and, in particular, abdominal respiration was markedly limited. . . . The lower ribs are compressed, and a deformity of the thorax is produced which frequently requires several years of common-sense apparel before the elasticity of the young man's frame can entirely correct it. In order to ascertain beyond question whether the alleged pressure of these coats actually existed or not, and, if so, to what extent, girth measurements were made of fifteen members of the graduating class chosen at random, at the chest and waist, both over the coat and

about the nude body. These measurements showed that there was an average compression of an inch and a half; in one case it was three and three-fourths inches, while in but a single one was there no compression." Upon this Dr. Pilcher enters into a physiological argument against continuing the use of the coatee, being encouraged thereto, no doubt, by the fact, "that the report of the medical examining board referred to has resulted in the recent adoption, as an addition to the cadet uniform, of a blouse which can be worn on certain occasions."

Last summer—on July 31, to be precise—there took place, in Paris, a ceremony of more than usual interest, and which, indeed, eclipsed for a few hours the attractions of the Exposition. The occasion was the bringing home of the remains of the grandfather of the French President from Magdebourg, where he had died, an exile, in 1823.

The elder Carnot's character for honesty, ability, and inflexibility caused him to be honored with the highest trusts under the revolutionary commissions, the republic, and the first empire, and, as the "organizer of victory," he will always retain a conspicuous place in the annals of the French army.

Upon their exhumation the German military authorities rendered Carnot's remains the honors due to a general of infantry, and some of the French papers appreciate the action, after a fashion, one of them saying that the German Emperor "honored himself by doing honor to such a memory."

The *plaque* of copper upon the coffin of Carnot was found to bear the following inscription:

"Carnot (Lazare-Nicolas-Marguerite), lieutenant-général des armées françaises, né à Nolay, en Bourgogne, le 13 mai, 1753, mort à Magdebourg, le 2 août, 1823."

At the same time there was reinterred, in the Panthéon, the remains of Marceau, the young general of twenty-four, who was killed at Altenkirchen and buried at Coblentz; those of Latour D'Auvérgne, "first grenadier of France," whose ashes were brought from Bavaria; and the body of Dr. Baudin, who was killed on a barricade during the coup d'état of December 2–3.

After the four were deposited in a crypt of the Panthéon, President Carnot laid the first stone of a monument to "the glory of Hoche and Kléber."

"Magicienne," the type of a new class of unarmored swift cruisers of the British navy, was built on the Clyde by Elder & Co., and is two hundred and sixty-five feet in length, forty-two feet extreme breadth, and twenty-three feet in depth. The hull is of Siemens-Martin steel, three-eighths of an inch in thickness, covered with two sheathings of teak, and the wood covering coppered. Schooner-rigged.

Ram stem of phosphor-bronze, built into the protective deck and frame. Twin propellers, three-bladed; nine thousand horse-power; six 6-inch 5-ton guns,—two on sponsons on the upper deck, amidships, two on the forecastle, two on the poop; nine Hotchkiss quick-firing 6-pounders, one 3-pounder, and numerous Nordenfelts. She has six torpedo tubes, —four on the broadside and fixed tube fore and aft. She is lighted by electricity, and has three powerful search-lights,—one on the forward conning-tower and two aft.

Of course the naval manœuvres of last summer occupied the principal space in the English service journals, and it may be said that, on the whole, they were productive of good.

Truth remarks, *à propos* of them, "No one, I suppose, doubts that the naval manœuvres do an immense amount of good; but there is a ludicrous air of unreality about the whole thing. It is true that we cannot let our ironclads ram one another, fire loaded cartridges, or discharge real torpedoes. But there is one way in which the realities of war might be brought home to the service with excellent results. When a commander has theoretically suffered a heavy defeat or lost several valuable ships, under circumstances which lay them open to criticism, why should he not be tried by court-martial, and, if the charge were proved, either be degraded or dismissed the service? I would not have him shot, unless it were a very bad case. In this way we should weed out the duffers before a real hour of danger arrived, and the manœuvres would acquire an entirely new interest."

From one who was on board the "Howe" during the recent manœuvres in what is described as a "fearful night" on board that battleship, it is reported that, ill ventilated at the best, the exigencies of the war game and the stormy character of the weather prevented the fans from working, while every cranny through which light might stream was closed. As a result the atmosphere was positively thick. Under such conditions the result could hardly be otherwise, without ventilating fans, with the heat and grease fumes from the engine-room and the exhalations from a floating population, crew and officers all told, of between five and six hundred souls pent up below decks. Many of the marines and the new hands among the blue-jackets, it is said, suffered terribly from sea-sickness. Lord Charles Beresford says that a year's continuous life in a torpedo-boat would ruin the finest organization in the world. If so, it is asked, how long will it take to impair the physique of seamen and officers destined to service in ships like the "Howe" and the "Rodney?"

The "Anson" and the "Collingwood" seem to have been two of the "admiral class" which were well tested. They had a gale which was

the first to which any of them had been exposed. On a Thursday they had the wind with a force of eight to nine, and on the Friday morning it blew, in squalls, as hard as ten. On the first day they were outside the Hebrides and the Orkneys, the gale at northwest to north, and the ships dipped into the wild sea tremendously, taking tons of water on their forecastles, which rushed about in great cascades until it found its way over the side again. The spray frequently washed right over the superstructure and bridges, while the seas constantly washed over the quarter-deck, with the result that the admiral's skylight and hatchway, as well as those of the wardroom, had to be battened down, and large quantities of water got below and spoiled carpets and converted the officers' quarters into shower-baths; but the cabins forward were far worse. Everything there was soaked, and they were inches deep in water. "The 'Anson' and 'Collingwood,' in fact, proved themselves to be very wet ships in a heavy sea, but remarkably steady; they could have fought all their guns through the worst of the gale, which very few other ships could have done. They are also good 14-knot steamers, able to keep up fourteen, and go fifteen for a spurt."

Engineering says, in regard to the subject, "We will conclude these few notes on a subject of the hour by an expression of gratitude that we are given these manœuvres at all. Those who can carry their minds back to the days of the Crimean war will remember how dearly we paid for the experience necessary to the successful management of what may be called the business part of a great war. Now we are getting that experience bloodlessly, and it remains to be seen whether the authorities have sufficient good sense to profit by this experience. We trust such may be the case, but the operation appears to be a slow one."

Apart from the insufficient and insufficiently-instructed stoker force, the *Engineers* seems to lay the blame of failure of so many vessels at the late manœuvres upon the modern craze for lightness of machinery and boilers, and remarks that, for some years, the object has been to reduce the weight and dimensions of the machinery and its dependencies, and that the result has been arrived at even sooner than the writer thought,—facts speaking louder than any verbal remonstrance. The authorities, alarmed by the constant disasters to engines and boilers, are already contemplating increase of weight and dimensions. Even before the splendid fleet at Spithead had begun its mimic game of war several ships were practically disabled, "mostly the result of forced draught, that scourge of boilers." The causes of such accidents are easy to state. To economize weight, thin tubes are used, and under strong tension they give way, especially under forced draught. In other words, the endeavor is to get from a boiler more steam than it can normally furnish. There is an intention at the Admiralty in future to add twenty

per cent. to the boiler weight, the result of this experience. Mr. Weyl, the veteran naval writer in *Le Yacht*, asks, in view of these experiences, whether it would not be better to retrace the path a little, and to content ourselves with less speed and more reliability. "What," he says, "signifies a speed of twenty knots, on paper, if, as has happened with some of the new English cruisers, they can hardly make fifteen or sixteen knots without some accident?"

Truth says, in regard to the "Fixed Defenses" of Paris, "The French will either beat the Germans in the field, or the Germans will beat them. The walls of Paris will not help the French to victory, or save them from defeat. I say exactly the same about this foolish craze of Lord Wolseley's for fortifying London. While we retain command of the sea, invasion is impossible. Lose that command, and even a Chinese wall round our shores will not save us from starvation."

In the present year there are 19,201 officers in the French army,—from colonels to sub-lieutenants. In the infantry there are 11,491; in the cavalry, 3042; in the artillery, 3362; and in the "Génie," 946.

"Russia has given an order for the entire rearming of the army with a new type of breech-loader tested to carry six thousand feet, and to penetrate at that distance three boards, each one an inch thick, placed half a yard apart. The calibre being smaller than that of the present types of rifles, the soldiers will be provided with a larger number of cartridges. It is also stated that a noiseless powder will be used, and the initial velocity increased almost to what is believed to be the limits of possibility. The War Office is making arrangements to have the new rifle manufactured at once and distributed to the army with as little delay as possible.

On the subject of smokeless powder, Colonel I. Shakespear, Royal Artillery, writes to the *London Times:* "In your columns there is an account of a 'smokeless powder' proving highly satisfactory during an extensive review of large bodies of troops at Spandau, inasmuch as neither artillery nor rifle fire produced smoke. But the real business question is, Does it propel? For a field of battle requires projectiles at speed. Of several samples sent me during the last eight months, each and all are more or less void of smoke; but practice carried out by myself has proved that some are inferior to others as propellers. For instance, while one of the samples showed only ordinary power, another sample proved that one ounce of it alone gave twice the penetration of three ounces of the well-known black powder."

Some time ago we referred at length to the military employments of dogs, and we find in a paper read before the Royal United Service

Institution upon the subject the following suggestion: "In these days of naval warfare, when such a very sharp lookout has to be maintained against the approach of torpedo-boats at night, the dog might materially assist those employed in keeping watch; he might also be useful, in foggy weather, in the prevention of collisions by giving timely warning of the whereabouts of approaching craft; and further, when night-attacks or assaults have to be made on shore, the various uses to which we put the military dog could equally well be undertaken by his naval *confrère*."

The *Illustrated London News*, which now devotes several columns each week to "American Matters in Europe," speaking of the addition of four stars to the American Union, says, "To add four stars to the thirty-eight already placed in the blue field would seem an easy matter, but Commodore Walker, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, did not find it so. So many suggestions were offered that the commodore found himself overwhelmed with material. The law prescribes that the flag shall have thirteen stripes to represent the thirteen original States, but it has nothing to say about the arrangement of the stars. It is fortunate the law-makers exercised forbearance, for there have never been statesmen acute enough to foresee the number of States the Union will have, nor to arrange an artistic device for disposing of the additions which the enlargement of the republic from time to time renders necessary."

After a partial history of the adoption of our flag, the paper goes on to say, "It is not generally known that a battle was once fought in Ireland under the American flag. In 1790 a Boston contractor went to Londonderry to build a bridge, and when he had finished it he opened it to the people of the town, after first decorating it with the stars and stripes. For some reason he was ordered to close the bridge, and, on refusing, a detachment of British soldiers was sent to enforce the order. There were present several Boston mechanics, and, interpreting this action of the military to mean an insult to the flag, they gave battle to the red-coats on the bridge. It was a fierce contest, in which several persons were killed and wounded."

Without doubt the most remarkable case of salvage upon record is the raising of the "Sultan" and placing her in safety in the dock at Malta, by the contractors, the Messrs. Baghino. The value of the naval stores on board the "Sultan" was £10,000, while the cost of her guns and ordnance stores was estimated at £44,700. The first cost of the ship was £374,777,—roughly speaking, over $2,000,000 for ship and contents. For raising her Messrs. Baghino are to receive $250,000. An English service journal says, "The Italians have recently given us an expensive but instructive lesson in what can be

done by a specially-designed salvage vessel working in an open channel."

It is decided that, for the future, English men-of-war are to be fitted to carry a supply of fresh water in the double bottoms of the engine-room and boiler compartments. This water will be used in the boilers. All new ships are ordered to be altered to meet this order before being commissioned.

"One difficulty which has to be met when large steel castings are used for stern frames, etc., in ship-building, is that of transport from the steel-works to the ship-yard. This was exemplified recently in the case of a casting turned out by Messrs. Jessop & Sons, of Sheffield, for one of her Majesty's ships building at the Thames Iron-Works and Ship-building Yard. Owing to the size and shape of the casting, both lines of railway (the Midland) were fouled by it during the transit. The whole distance from London to Sheffield was worked as a single line, divided for the purpose into nine sections, each of which was run without a stoppage, and nine light engines were engaged in the work."

The *London Times* correspondent in St. Petersburg says, "The War Office in London has issued orders to the British officers of the Home and Indian armies who are at present studying the Russian language in St. Petersburg and Moscow, strictly forbidding them to wear their uniforms on any occasion whatever, and enjoining them not to importune the British ambassador. These instructions have caused a sensation among the English officers as well as among their Russian military friends. There have lately been several military spectacles and reviews which English officers have been anxious to witness. 'Why are you not in uniform?' said a Russian prince to one of our officers who was lately invited by his Russian friends to attend. 'Because,' replied the British officer, 'we have been ordered not to wear our uniforms on any occasion, and, in fact, to make ourselves as little conspicous as possible. We are told that the Czar does not like to see British officers in uniform at ceremonies unless they are introduced to his Majesty, and we can't all be presented.' 'It is not true,' rejoined the prince; 'we are surprised that any such secrecy should be made about your presence in Russia.'"

The Mangin fortification is thus described in the columns of the *New York Times:* "Of all the marvellous inventions connected with the art of war shown at the Paris Exposition, those of Commandant Mangin are considered the most remarkable. The foundry of Saint Chamond, one of the largest for metallic castings in France, has been engaged in working upon the models submitted to the directors of the works by the above-named officer, who is said to be one of the greatest

authorities in Europe in the matter of the new explosives,—melinite, fulminate cotton, roburite, etc.

"Commandant Mangin has just issued a brochure entitled 'Les Nouveaux Explosives et la Fortification,' in which he says that, of all the methods of strengthening permanent fortifications, the most serviceable of late years has been the composition known as *béton*, which is after the order of, though far more durable than, Portland cement. In the model Eclipse fort, exhibited in the military section of the Exposition, steel, iron, and béton are employed. The Mangin fort is an immense monolith of béton sunk underground, inside which are placed all the armament, accommodation for garrison, stores, etc., with revolving towers on the Eclipse principle, made of steel and armed with ordnance of great range and penetrating power. From this block or platform of béton, the upper portion of which is on a level with the ground range, at the several angles of the monolith,—

"1. An Eclipse revolving tower, armed with two cannons of fifteen centimetres.

"2. Two similar towers, affording flanking fire, armed with the same.

"3. Four smaller towers, on the same principle, armed with quick-firing guns.

"4. Four steel-cuirassed towers of observation, also Eclipse.

"In the centre of the fort, and sunk under a species of shell-proof deck of béton, three metres thick, are placed the accommodations for the garrison, and necessary compartments for machinery, ammunition, and stores. A garrison of fifty or sixty men is sufficient to work the revolving towers, the guns, and the machinery. The garrison gains access to all parts of the fort by means of a gallery about two hundred metres long. This gallery is sunk in a sort of well below the surface of the platform, with which it communicates by a flight of cylindrical or spiral stairs. By means of hydraulic pistons the gallery rotates with the greatest facility, thus enabling each gun detachment to be changed or reinforced. Commandant Mangin completes his defense by a system of railway batteries circulating outside the fort, with guns disappearing, somewhat on the Moncrieff system, and protected by earth-works. These circulating batteries enable the garrison to bring a concentrated fire upon any threatened point of attack. An intrenched camp upon the Mangin system would comprise twenty forts four kilometres apart, a railway eighty kilometres in circumference, with five hundred guns of various calibres, at a cost of seventy millions of francs, or less than half the expense of similar defensive works under the old method of intrenchment. At Bucharest not long since the rival systems of the German revolving tower, invented by Schumann and constructed by Grüson, and that of France, invented by Mangin and undertaken by the directors of the Saint Chamond Arsenal Company, were pitted against each other, the result being an

unqualified success for the latter, although at the trial the system was by no means so perfect as at present. Since then great improvements have been carried out, and the forges of Saint Chamond have produced a revolving Eclipse tower six metres in diameter, armed with two guns of fifteen centimetres calibre and protected by a cuirassed shield of iron twenty-four centimetres thick. Here the movable part of the tower rests upon the head of an hydraulic piston, and can be raised or depressed at the will of one man."

The third quarterly number of the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, for 1889, is unusually rich in illustrations. In the article descriptive of the Naval Ordnance Proving-ground Lieutenant Gleaves remarks that Greensbury Point "was well adapted for the work on hand and in contemplation" at the time the ground was taken up by the government, "but, with the long-range guns and the multifarious ordnance tests and experiments with high explosives which have attended the development of the new armament, the location of the ground is in the highest degree unsuitable. Congress has appropriated $40,000 for the purchase of a new site, but the Bureau of Ordnance has not yet succeeded in finding a desirable place, although diligent search has been made.

The article entitled "Electricity on Board War Ships," by O. Dana Greene, late Ensign U. S. Navy, treats more particularly of the application of electric motors on shipboard. In regard to electric range-finding he says, "One of the latest applications of electricity to nautical and military purposes is the range-finder, also invented by Lieutenant Fiske. It is impossible at present to obtain the details of the apparatus, but it is known to consist of an electrical device by means of which the exact position of two telescopes at the ends of a base-line of known length is automatically given. As applied to the 'Chicago' and the 'Boston,' the Bureau of Ordnance has insisted that the range-finder shall give accurate indications of the distance of objects on any and all bearings, and that it shall not interfere in any way with the working of the ship or any part of its armament or equipment. It is expected that this invention will increase the ease and value of fleet evolutions, since every ship will have absolute knowledge of her distance from the others; and that it will lessen the dangers of coasting, since a vessel can plot her exact position as often as desired, having the means at hand for ascertaining both her distance and her bearing from any landmark, buoy, or light-ship within sight. As an example of the accuracy of the instrument, it may be stated that the average error of twenty observations, half by night and half by day, was less than one per cent., the ranges varying from five hundred yards to twenty-six hundred yards, the instrument being the first one constructed and necessarily crude."

Another article in the *Proceedings*, by Lieutenant-Commander F. P. Gilmore, upon "Ship-Building and its Interests on the Pacific Coast," contains information of the highest interest and importance.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* is responsible for the following piece of information: "The Russian army, it appears, has a grade of officer peculiar to itself,—namely, a *sage-femme* for each fortress. The advertisement that appears in a Russian paper seeking competitors for the situation states that the emoluments amounted to about thirty pounds a year, and a sub-officer's apartment."

The same journal informs us that "Night operations, the swimming of rivers by cavalry, and other exercises of an unusual kind are occupying much attention in the military circles of the continent. Recently the Russian papers gave interesting particulars of the successful passage of the Dnieper by a party of Cossacks, and now we notice that at Darvitz, on the Elbe, certain officers and men of the Seventeenth German Dragoons, under the orders of Prince von Reuss, have executed a like operation. The object in the latter case, however, was somewhat different, for, whereas in Russia the Cossacks themselves swam, leading their horses, the purpose of the German experiment was merely to discover under what conditions it is possible for a large body of cavalry horses to swim a considerable river guided from boats. It was successfully shown by this and other operations that, under such conditions, horses can swim a long distance without great fatigue. In another place Lieutenant von Schierstödt traversed sixteen hundred metres in seventeen minutes, in quiet water, with two horses of his own."

One more extract from the *Gazette:* "Another gun burst,—one of the 38-ton muzzle-loaders of the 'Ajax' this time,—supposed to have been done by a shell breaking up in the piece. Was this caused by a too sensitive fuse, or have we another instance of double loading? Or did the gun droop at the muzzle? We can ask a number of questions, but shall we get any answer? Parliament is no longer sitting, and the probability is that we shall not. Yet it is all important that an explanation should be given, and given speedily. Our blue-jackets and marines are already getting scared about these guns, and nothing but a thorough elucidation will give reassurance. There is the 'Victoria' without a gun, one of her 110-ton breech-loaders; and Elswick and the Naval Ordnance Department are said to be at hammer and tongs as to who is to pay for the wasted ones. What is the matter,—more drooping at the muzzle? Surely it is time that a new departure was made in this gun-construction business, or we shall be landed in a hole some day."

A series of articles, entitled "L'Evolution du Torpilleur," have been published in the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, which gives full credit to us for the initiative in the business. We wish that our space permitted us to reproduce them, as they are highly interesting.

In the same journal we find a most valuable paper, entitled "First Help on the Battle-Field," by Dr. Chassaigne, of the army, which, among other points, shows that the proportion of killed to wounded in the Crimean war, the Italian campaign of 1859, the Prussian loss in 1870–71, and the Turco-Russian war of 1877–79 varied from one killed in thirty-three men and one wounded in seven to one killed in forty-nine men and one wounded in eight.

To a question propounded in the House of Commons just before its adjournment, and *à propos* of the reported deficiency in the lists of naval lieutenants and in the Engineer force of the British navy, Lord George Hamilton announced that there were actually eight hundred and fifty-seven lieutenants on the Navy List, of whom seven hundred and eighty-two were at sea at the time of last summer's manœuvres, thirty-eight were serving in the Coast Guard and thirty-seven were either sick or on half-pay. He added that it was proposed to carry the lieutenants' number up to one thousand, and to increase the number of cadets.

During the past few months a Chinese squadron—officially commanded by Admiral Ting, but really by Admiral Lang, an English officer—made a cruise, the first object of which was exercise and fleet-manœuvres. The squadron consisted of the "Ting-Yuan" (of seven thousand five hundred tons), "Tsing-Youan" and "Chih-Youan (of two thousand four hundred tons), "Lai-Youan" and "King-Youan" (of two thousand eight hundred tons), the "Kwang-Tai" (of five thousand eight hundred tons), "Kai-Chi" (four thousand three hundred tons), and the "King-Tsing" (three thousand four hundred tons). The squadron remained some time at Chemulpo, the port of Séoul, and then sailed for Vladivostock, touching at Port Hamilton and other places.

The Japanese fleet is constantly being augmented, both French and English builders, as well as their own ship-yards, being employed. A flying squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Inouyé, and composed of the "Takachiho-kan" (the flag-ship), "Hantwa-kan," "Fuso-kan," "Katsuvagi-kan," and "Musashi-kan," made a cruise to Vladivostock, the ports of Corea, the north of China, and elsewhere.

The *London Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* for September contains, in addition to other valuable and interesting matter, an article entitled "The Canadian Campaign of Montgomery and Arnold," to

be continued in the October number, which has peculiar interest for American readers. The same remark applies, in even a greater degree, to the article upon "Captain Mayne Reid and the Mexican Campaign of 1847." No doubt many old officers will recall the fact that Mayne Reid served as a lieutenant of New York volunteers in that campaign, under the command of Colonel Ward Burnett. Reid was badly wounded at the storming of Chapultepec, and ever after suffered from the effects of the injury, but survived until 1883. A whole generation of boys have enjoyed his books of adventure, of which a new and handsome edition has recently been published.

In the same journal Admiral Colomb is publishing a series of articles of an interesting nature, tracing the development of naval warfare. The illustrations accompanying the text do not do the latter justice, being, in some cases, reprints of well-known wood-cuts, or plates from Charnock.

Colburn's *United Service* says: "We are apt to consider the Americans a decidedly unmilitary people, and this opinion is confirmed by some of them in England. In the matter of military literature there is, however, no dearth of writers and publications in the United States, and the institutions and associations connected with their army and militia are evidently well managed. In one particular, indeed, they have gone ahead of us; for while we have no periodicals with contents relating almost exclusively to cavalry matters, they have an excellent magazine with the above title" ["Journal of the United States Cavalry Association"].

"Whether there is a place in our military literature for any such publication is doubtful, because with us it is not customary to write or speak of the operations of cavalry apart from their intimate connection with those of artillery and infantry.

"The June number of the magazine named above contains much that may be read with advantage by British officers of all arms. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* If it be fair and wise to learn from an enemy, how much better is it to take lessons or hints from those allied to ourselves by descent and sympathy,—'our American cousins.'"

We have recently received some numbers of the *Volunteer*,—a monthly journal which dates from April last. It is of good appearance, and no doubt full of interest to the military of New England; for, as is printed on its title page, it is "the only military magazine in New England."

The military spirit has been very judiciously fostered in New England,—ever since the late war, especially,—and such a publication as the one named above seems to be the natural outcome of such interest.

In the remarks of Major Frost (of the Massachusetts team, which went to England last summer), published in the August number, the following words occur: "The prime reasons for our success were good material, absence of sickness and accident, nerve, good shooting, and the best of coaching. In the last respect, particularly, the Britishers are extremely weak. Our competitors were the acknowledged crack riflemen of Europe, and the matches not only demonstrated the superiority of the men, but of the service arm and regular ammunition of this country.

E. SHIPPEN.

SERVICE SALAD.

Readers of "The United Service" are cordially invited to contribute to this department items of either fact or fancy, grave or gay, instructive or only entertaining; in short, any literary flotsam and jetsam likely to interest our subscribers.

Some Physical Facts Relative to the Great Southern Oceans.

(*From London Nautical Magazine.*)

A SEA with no shores, an unbroken roll of water with no bounds, is not experienced in the Northern hemisphere. Its roll of water is interrupted by vast continents, and its oceans are separated; but the Southern oceans have no such boundaries. They begin and they end we know not where, and in inverse proportion to their size is our knowledge of their secrets. All that we are acquainted with is some few meteorological and other facts connected with certain portions of them only, and we can only hope that others navigating these seas will add their quota to the general knowledge. I know myself the difficulty experienced on this comparatively new steamship route when first I made acquaintance with it, and the impatience I felt—I may say, a sense of neglect—that no one had taken the matter in hand from a steamship point of view, to give such instructions as a man might follow who wished to run no needless risks and yet do the best possible with the ship under his command. I do not imagine my remarks will be considered conclusive, but they have the merit of being founded on personal experience.

I think that a certain amount of misconception has arisen about this great Southern sea, and I make this statement with very great respect for the authorities that have collected and put before us the sole information possessed on the subject from a seaman's point of view. In other words, it is not in my opinion the bugbear that it has been painted, and I think its dangers have been considerably exaggerated. The object of my making these remarks is that seamen in steamers who may in future traverse this route may have their minds divested, to a certain extent, of the cautions which are given them relative to it in the Admiralty sailing directions.

These manuals were written at a time when ships were small, and many of them ill-found and unable to withstand bad weather in any sea. When the great circle route to Australia and New Zealand was first commonly used, both the best ships afloat and the worst were used on it indifferently, and I doubt not that rumor considerably magnified the difficulties of a new route. But a certain amount of risk is inseparable from a sea life, and in the endeavors of the compilers of the Australia Directory, 1876, to keep ships on the safe side, they have, I think, caused many vessels to sail over many miles of unnecessary ground. Maury, in his physical geography, has, I think, taken a fairer view of the risks of a moderately high southern passage; but seamen remember that in the event of their having a difference of opinion with an iceberg as to the rule of the road, the Australia Directory would, in the problematical event of a Board of Trade inquiry into the question, be called upon to decide the question by a foregone expression of opinion, that latitude 40° S. was the proper parallel to run down easting in.

I shall now summarize the results of fifteen voyages, extending over a period of six years, and varying in latitude from 45° to 54° S.

Between the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand ice has been seen twice by

me,—once in June, 1884, a small berg to the northward, and in sight of the Crozets; and again in February, 1886, in latitude 49° 30′ S., longitude 100° E., a few small scattered bergs. This being so, is the fear of ice, or the danger of meeting it, enough to justify the extra length of passage which running easting down in latitude 40° S. would cause to a fast steamer? The white water on the ice-chart reaches the latitude 45° S., and even that is not the northern limit of ice at times; but its course is erratic, and cannot be depended upon.

Between New Zealand and Cape Horn there is, however, at times a greater quantity of ice encountered between 54° and 56° S., longitude 117° to 120° W. I have seen a stray berg both in May and April on different voyages; but if ice is to be seen anywhere on the route in the autumn and winter months, that is the place for it. It appears to be the locality of a sort of eddy, which detains ice that was on its way north. From latitude 55° to 58° S., longitude 154° W. to 120° W., there appears to be a well-defined current, bringing up the ice from the Polar regions during the spring and early summer months. I have met with it twice in different years in the months of November and January. At other times I have searched in vain for a trace of it; but on the two occasions I mention it set to the northeast true, was discolored, and totally different in appearance to the usual color of sea-water, and was also in places thick with sea-weed and various kinds of floating matter. We passed, perhaps, thirty icebergs on each occasion; but in that latitude the light at that season of the year was never out of the sky, and no inconvenience was experienced. I am speaking now from a steamer's point of view only, and think that the miles saved by this assimilation to the great circle course compensate for the extra trouble and risk. If it becomes foggy,—a very frequent contingency in the latitude of 60° S.,—the only thing is to wait until it clears, if in any doubt. Of this I am convinced, both from my own experience and what others have told me, that latitude 60° S. appears to possess a monopoly of fine weather and smooth water. Light easterly winds and always a suspicion of fog appear to be the rule in that locality; and, as far as I can gather, the majority of steamers engaged in this route appear to have chosen latitude 57° S. as the best compromise obtainable. Here, again, the practice of steam clashes with the present sailing directions, although Mr. Towson, in *Findlay's Pacific Directory*, recommends 57° S. as the composite track during the months from June to December from Australia to Cape Horn. This may, perhaps, appear a small matter, but when on the parallel of 50° S. a large steamer has run in one day three hundred and forty-miles, and only neared her port three hundred miles, it grows almost too irksome for endurance.

It would be extremely interesting if some one well acquainted with ice navigation would state his views as to how far an iceberg may be seen on a dark night. As far as my own experience goes, there is not much trouble in picking them up in a moderately dark night, but a few notes from some one experienced in this matter would be welcome to many. I have not found the surface temperature of the water to be any guide as to the presence of ice, further than indicating the vessel has entered a current presumably from the polar regions, as being colder. A thermometer in the open air on the bridge will, if fairly sensitive, give unequivocal signs if there be ice in the immediate vicinity. An iceberg will also in *clear* weather, and in close proximity, give a distinct and loud echo if the steam-whistle be sounded.

My remarks so far may be summed up briefly. Between the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, latitude 46° to 47° S., is a good parallel to run down easting in, having kept to the northward of the Crozets. The latitude of 57° S., reached by a composite course from New Zealand, is also a good parallel on which to run for Cape Horn. I should also say that I have made the best passages by going outside Diego Ramirez and the Falklands, as against either the Straits of Le Maire or Magellan.

A few remarks on the subject of the winds of the Southern Oceans may perhaps be interesting to those who may have to make its acquaintance when first

in command on this route, and making these remarks I wish to state explicitly that they are made from a steamboat point of view; that is, that where a sailing-vessel may remain in one wind system traveling with her, thereby experiencing its changes in the normal manner, a steamer is enabled to, and does frequently, steam from one system to another, thereby experiencing changes of wind which from the theory of the law of storms can in no way be accounted for. Generally speaking, in the Indian Ocean the wind system travels within a point or so of east true, generally to the southward of it; but between New Zealand and Cape Horn it does not appear to be at all a matter of such regular occurrence. As nearly as I can judge, they sometimes come up from the southeast, and sometimes commence with a light southerly wind,—falling glass,—changing to southeast and east, and blowing hard, and then gradually becoming fine again with the glass rising. This, however, is an exception, but one of many in support of my statement, that an occasional low pressure recurves to the northwest.

The stormiest part of this route is that between the prime meridian and Kerguelen's land, and southward of the Cape of Good Hope. In all my wanderings I have never passed through a locality where on occasions gales of wind blow with such violence and so frequently. It is not so every winter, but it occurs, I presume, periodically, as do the ice years.

An experience I once had towards the latter end of June satisfied me completely, and it occurred in endeavoring to make with a large, full-powered, and perfectly-loaded steamer the great circle track from England to Hobart without calling at the Cape of Good Hope. On three separate occasions I had to keep away from a southwest gale on the beam, at short intervals, the force of wind being nearly hurricane strength, and it ended in going to the northward of Prince Edward's Island, the Crozets, and Kerguelen's land, instead of being to the southward. Of course I could have driven the ship there, had I been so minded to knock her to pieces uselessly; but with clear room to run I did not think it worth while to do so.

Far finer weather is experienced if a departure is taken from the Cape of Good Hope, and a composite course steered to the northward of the islands, until the latitude of 46° S. is attained; but until the warm water from the eastern turn of the Agulhas current is passed, the weather is there even more variable than when past Kerguelen's land, but it is possible to take a westerly wind off Agulhas and carry it all the way to Hobart. I did so on one occasion, and on arrival at that port obtained the wind diagrams from the *Melbourne Argus* for the days since passing Cape Leeuwin, and found that a high pressure had traveled to the eastward with us from that date, and was by inference the high pressure next the low one to the southward of us, which had traversed the breadth of the Indian Ocean at a rate of about three hundred and thirty miles a day. There can be little doubt as to this matter, for when a steamer sets square canvas, and carries it all the time she is steering a straight course, the same wind system must be keeping her company.

It is needless to say much on this subject of the brave west winds; but there are at times, even in steamers, very sudden shifts. For instance, from north, blowing hard with rain, to southwest in certainly less than ten minutes. And the warnings of the barometer are not always to be relied on. I should rather say that a barometer may be *very* low for several days with fine weather, and then rise gradually with no alteration in the weather. But there is always the chance, with the glass down to 28.50 or thereabouts, that a southerly gale may come on suddenly and blow very hard. This will last for more than a day, and blow itself out. And in an extremely hard westerly gale, with snow, I have known the glass fall to 27.70 in latitude 48° S.

Whilst on this subject of shifts of wind I should like to state a proposition of my own, or rather an inference I have drawn from my experience of these winds. It may perhaps induce argument and throw light on the matter. It is, "That the axis of a wind system in

the middle latitudes of the southern hemisphere is inclined considerably towards the equator."

In advancing this theory, which will doubtless be pulled to pieces, there are grounds for such belief on my part, and without it it is difficult to understand the sudden shifts of wind experienced, even the shift from northwest to southwest. This is not usually as sudden as is commonly supposed, and is the most frequent one. Still the change sometimes is almost the work of a minute. But what seaman has not frequently run for hours with a northwest wind and a lightening of the sky in the southwest quarter which has told him the southwest wind was there but unable to reach him? Perhaps it has eventually come suddenly or not, as the sharp intersection of the winds has reached him or not.

In furtherance of this theory, I have often asked myself, "Why, if this is not so, do we not encounter the easterly gales one has a right to expect with a low glass to the northward?"

The answer to this is difficult: Between the equator and 60° S. latitude there are no easterly gales of corresponding strength to the westerly currents experienced, that much is certain. What goes on to the south of 60° S. I do not know, as I have not been there; and now I am speaking from experience. But, seeing that the barometer falls as high southern latitudes are approached usually, may not the easterly wind be expending its energy as a sort of up-take of corresponding strength to the westerly winds, thereby causing the low barometer which is commonly experienced, as are westerly winds, but with very many exceptions. This theory of the inclination of the wind's axis in the direction indicated would, I think, account for it all. But as the approach to Cape Horn from the westward is usually accompanied with a decided change of weather, I do not imagine that the rule obtains either in that vicinity or near New Zealand, where there is land enough to exert a disturbing influence.

I may also observe that there are times when light easterly winds, perhaps increasing to moderate strength, may be encountered all the distance between New Zealand and Cape Horn.

To sum up. Between the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, latitude 46° S. is a good latitude to run in. Further south the weather appears more unsettled, and latitude 49° S. is commonly worse than 53° S., but with a passenger steamer or a deep ship 46° S. will be found to give fairly successful results. The sea-water seldom falls below 45° F., but that, of course, varies a little with the seasons, but no one that has not experienced it would credit the great difference that has always appeared to me between 46° S. and 49° S. so far as weather is concerned.

In conclusion, I should like to hear testimony to the great amount of fine weather frequently experienced on these passages. In the depth of winter I have twice gone from New Zealand to Cape Horn with almost absolutely smooth water and fine weather, and it is a matter of frequent occurrence between the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand to enjoy lovely weather the entire distance. I sincerely hope these few jottings of mine, in idle moments, may induce others to follow my example and place on record trifles, apparently, but which may yet prove useful in discussing in the future the characteristics of the "Home of the west winds."

WM. CAIUS CRUTCHLEY, F.R.G.S.,
Lieutenant R.N.R., Commanding S.S. "Haikoma."

Naval.

RELATIONS between the American navy and the British are pleasanter than would be imagined from the desperate efforts of one party in the States to set the two countries at variance. When Americans were in dire peril from the rising of negroes on the Island of Navassa, a British gunboat, the "Forward," Lieutenant-Commander Gray, steamed to the rescue and carried off the American survivors. And the other day when there was fierce fighting in Honolulu it was the American warship "Adams" that landed a squad of marines for the protection of British interests. British interests could not

have been in better hands, for the American marines are a crack corps, as steady as a rock, and as brave as lions. This is what ought to be.

E. SHIPPEN.

THE SONG OF THE KEARSARGE CREW.

'TWAS early Sunday morning, in the year of '64,
The "Alabama" she stood out along the Frenchman's shore.
Long time she cruised about, long time she held her sway,
But now she lies beneath the wave just off the Cherbourg Bay.

CHORUS—Hoist up the flag,
Long may it wave
Over the Union, the true and the brave.

A Yankee cruiser hove in view, the "Kearsarge" was her name
(It ought to be engraved in gold upon the scroll of fame),
Her timbers made of Yankee oak, and her crew of Yankee tars,
And at her mizzen peak she flew the glorious Stripes and Stars.

A challenge unto Captain Semmes, bold Winslow he did send,
"Bring on your 'Alabama,' and to her we will attend.
We think your boasting privateer is not so hard to whip;
We'll show you, sir, the 'Kearsarge' is not a merchant ship."

'Twas early Sunday morning, in the year of '64,
The "Alabama" she stood out, and cannons loud did roar.
The "Kearsarge" stood undaunted, and quickly she replied,
And let a Yankee eleven-inch shell go tearing thro' her side.

The "Kearsarge" then she wore around, and broadside on did bear;
With shot and shell and right good will her timbers she did tear.
And when Semmes found his ship must sink, down came the stars and bars,
For rebel gunners could not stand against the Stripes and Stars.

The "Alabama" she is gone, she'll course the seas no more:
She met the fate she well deserved along the Frenchman's shore.
And here is to the "Kearsarge"—we know what she can do.
And here's to Captain Winslow and his brave and gallant crew.

The anniversary of the sinking of the "Alabama," June 19, is a great day on the "Kearsarge," when a good dinner is served, toasts are drunk, and the old song is sung by the sailors.

MILITARY MISCELLANIES. By James B. Fry, Retired Assistant Adjutant-General, Rank of Colonel, Brevet Major-General, U.S.A., New York: Brentano's. 1889.

General Fry's preface has not only the merit of modesty, but of brevity, for it consists of less than four lines,—"There is nothing new in this compilation. My purpose is to put some facts, opinions, and comments into book-form for the convenience of such military students as may find occasion to refer to them."

The book consists of a number of essays and criticisms, and is divided into two parts. The first part, of two hundred and seventy-five pages, deals with serious professional topics, as may be seen from the titles,—"Notes on Theoretical and Practical Military Matters," including the "Duties of an Adjutant-General," "The Command of the Army," "Justice in the Army," "Law in the Army," "A Military Court of Appeals," etc.

Part second, while treating more or less of soldiers, or of military matters, comes rather under the head of general literature, as will be seen from the following table of contents: "Abraham Lincoln;" "An Acquaintance with Grant;" "Grant and Matthew Arnold;" "Halleck and Grant;" "Nicolay's 'Outbreak of Rebellion;'" "The First Battle of Bull Run;" "Smith's 'Confederate War Papers;'" "Dodge's 'Campaign of Chancellorsville;'" "Doubleday's 'Chancellorsville and Gettysburg;'" "De Trobriand's 'Four Years

with the Army of the Potomac;'" "Pittinger's 'Capturing a Locomotive;'" "Keyes's 'Fifty Years' Observation of Men and Events;'" "'Killed by a Brother Soldier,' Nelson and Davis;" "Custer's Defeat by Sitting Bull;" "Farrar's 'Military Manners and Customs;'" and an appendix.

It may readily be seen that these are most stirring and suggestive topics; and while all readers may not agree with General Fry in all his views, they may be sure that they will not find a dull page in the book.

H.M.S. "TYNE," on July 28 last, convoyed four torpedo-boats from Plymouth, England, to Bermuda,—Nos. 30, 31, 32, and 69. First-class "Yarrow," one hundred and twenty-five feet long, manned by three officers and thirteen men. The torpedo-tubes, machines, guns, and torpedoes had been removed and put on board the "Tyne," which had been specially fitted for watering, coaling, and towing them if necessary. They were towed across the Bay of Biscay and cast off near Cape Finisterre, afterwards steaming by themselves, and only being taken in tow occasionally (while small defects were made good), which was not always an easy matter at night or in a heavy sea. Vigo and Madeira were visited *en route* for coal and water, and to rest the crews, sleep being sometimes difficult for them at sea.

After leaving Madeira, the thirtieth parallel of latitude was followed, and Bermuda was reached on August 21. Fine weather was experienced nearly the whole way, except one night in the Bay of Biscay, and for four days after leaving Madeira. It should be remarked that fresh water alone is allowed to be used for the boilers, and this was supplied in rough weather by means of a hose five hundred and twenty feet in length, which was drifted astern with a hawser lashed to a life buoy, and picked up by the boat.—*Illustrated London News.*

THE old publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Bros. have fallen into the prevailing fashion, and are issuing standard novels at twenty-five cents a copy. They send us as samples of this new series, Henry Greville's "Marrying off a Daughter," translated by Mary Neal Sherwood; Mrs. Ann S. Stephen's famous book "Fashion and Famine," and last, but not least, "Cliquot," by Kate Lee Ferguson, a disciple of the Rives school, and rather more passionate and vivid, in her portrayal of love-scenes, than Miss Rives herself.

"MARK."

(*From The American Field.*)

THE heavy mists have crept away;
  Heavily swims the sun;
And dim in mystic cloudlands gray
  The stars fade, one by one;
Out of the dust enveloping
  Comes marsh and sky and tree,
Where erst has rested night's dark ring,
  Over the Kankakee.

"Mark right!" Afar, and faint outlined
  A flock of mallards fly.
We crouch within the reedy blind
  Instantly at the cry.
"Mark left!" We peer through wild rice blades
  And distant shadows see,
A wedge-shaped phalanx from the shades
  Of far-off Kankakee.

"Mark overhead!" A canvas-back!
  "Mark! Mark!" A bunch of teal;
And swiftly on each flying track
  Follows the shotgun's peal;
Thus rings that call, till twilight's tide
  Rolls in like some gray sea
And whip-poor-wills complain beside
  The lonely Kankakee.

EARNEST MCGAFFEY.

THE detachment of American marines present at President Carnot's closing reception at the Paris Exposition made a fine impression. *Le Mond Illustre* has a full-page engraving of the scene, giving the place of honor to the American representatives, and in its text says the marines appeared to perfection. *Galignani's Messenger* says the marines have been the most noticeable body of men in attendance.

The Play.

(*From the Sunday-School Times.*)

I SIT a mute spectator in the pit,
And watch the Tragi-Comedy of Life;
The buffoon's laughter, and the flash of wit,
The love that leavens, and the assassin's knife.

And just because an act is yet to come
(The fifth, that evens all, and dries our tears),
My foolish thoughts are dark and troublesome,
And over-sad the tangled plot appears.

But if I still remain, as others do,
Trusting the playwright, sitting with my friends,
Methinks the story will prove sweet and true,
And I shall read its meaning as it ends.

RICHARD E. BURTON, PH.D.

WHY is it that the United States Navy Department can give points to the British Admiralty and then beat it any time for completeness in the supply of requisite information on naval matters? Doubtless there is a quantity of news about what is going on in other countries stowed away in pigeon-holes behind the dolphins at Whitehall, but our naval officers complain they cannot get at it. When will the British Naval Intelligence Department, for example, supply such a valuable work as the "Information from Abroad" series, which annually reflects such credit upon the United States Office of Naval Intelligence? By the courtesy of the United States naval authorities we have just been supplied with a copy of the eighth volume of this most useful publication. It is a bulky volume of eight hundred pages, including a complete index, and it deals with such important and interesting subjects as naval mobilization and improvement of naval war material. There are papers on "Naval Mobilization and the Manœuvres of 1888," by Lieutenant S. A. Stanton, United States Navy; on "Armor Protection," by Lieutenant F. Singer, United States Navy; on "The Development of the High-Power Gun," by Lieutenant Vreeland, United States Navy; "Naval Gunnery," by Lieutenant Meiggs, United States Navy; "Fish Torpedoes," Lieutenant Newton, United States Navy; "Propulsion," Engineer C. W. Rae, United States Navy; "Electricity for Naval Purposes," by Commander Bradford, Lieutenant Veeder, and Ensign G. Wilkes, United States Navy; while Ensign Bernadue deals in the fullest manner with the development of the resources of the United States for the production of war material. Altogether, one of the best volumes of an invaluable series.

The Cost of Recent Wars.

WHAT the cost in life and money of the wars (with few exceptions) since the Crimean War has been is shown by the following statement, published by the statistician, Dr. Engel:

	Loss of Life.	Expenditure.
Crimean War	750,000	£398,000,000
Italian War (1859)	45,000	60,000,000
Danish War (1864)	3,000	7,000,000
Secessionist War (1861–1864):		
(a) Northern States	280,000	900,000,000
(b) Southern States	520,000	460,000,000
German War (1866)	45,000	66,000,000
Expeditions to Mexico, Cochin China, etc	65,000	40,000,000
Franco-German War (1870–71):		
(a) France	155,000	600,000,000
(b) Germany	60,000	.....
Servo-Bulgarian Rising	25,000	35,000,000
Russo-Turkish War	250,000	225,000,000
South African Wars	30,000	1,750,000
Afghan War	25,000	2,650,000

The total loss of life in the wars mentioned was 2,252,000; but in this aggregate the victims to disease are not included, nor those who, in consequence of wounds received or broken health, died prematurely. The expenditure in money amounted, in round numbers, to close upon £2,500,000,000.

AN item has been going the rounds of the European papers, as follows: "A plan has just been devised to buoy up any one who happens to fall overboard. Three impermeable pockets are sewed into the clothing, occupying no more room than ordinary pockets. Each of these pockets has an opening at the bottom, and near this opening is placed a chemical powder which gives off carbonic

acid as soon as it is wet. When the person falls into the water the powder makes the pockets inflate like leather bottles, thus becoming life preservers. As the pockets open below, the heaviest rain will not affect them, and nothing short of complete immersion."

For convenience as a life-saver this is almost equal to the steel cuirass in a waistcoat, so popular at the outbreak of our civil war, and which so soon disappeared after people took the field in earnest. Fancy a fisherman or a pilot going about his business in such a rig; or a drill of sailor-men, with the order "charge pockets!"

As for ladies, it does not seem to apply, for the usual position of their pockets would cause inconvenience if they were inflated. E. S.

LORD HOWE was at anchor in the Magnarinne, on the French coast, during a gale, which he attempted to ride out with two anchors ahead. He was reading in his cabin, when the lieutenant of the watch entered with a woe-begone countenance and reported that the anchors had come home. "They are much in the right of it," coolly responded the captain; "I don't know who would stay out such a night as this."

A SEAMAN, well primed with prize-money, ordered a gold ring. Upon being told by the jeweler that it was usual to have a verse engraved on them, he had the following one made:

"When money's low the ring must go."

Afterwards he ordered a pair of silver buckles, and, thinking they, too, needed verses, he ordered the jeweler to have the following engraved upon them:

"If that won't do—the buckles too."

ALL the world's a stage, and to enable every one to act his part well needs that he shall be in perfect health. The very best of actors require prompting occasionally, and so it is with the functional parts of our bodies, they sometimes require prompting. A sluggish liver, impaired digestion, or weak stomach, if taken in time, only need a little prompting to set them right, but if neglected may lead to complications that will necessitate a physician's care. An article that has, comparatively speaking, been but recently introduced in America, is by far the best little prompter in all the aforementioned cases. We refer to Beecham's Pills, a staple article in England, having been before the British public for over fifty years, and already in great demand in every other English-speaking country throughout the world. These pills are really a wonderful medicine, arousing and strengthening the system, and prompting every organ to the proper performance of its part. It has recently been shown that they are nine times more used in England than any other patent medicine, and have the largest sale of any in the world. In fact, they are the World's Medicine. No home in America need be without this famous and inexpensive remedy, for although they are proverbially pronounced to be "Worth a guinea a box," they can be obtained of any druggist for twenty-five cents, or from the Sole Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will forward them to any address upon receipt of price.

THE following cablegram was received on the 12th instant by Gaunt and Janvier, sole agents for the sale of Pears' soap in the United States:

"*Paris Exposition*, 1889.

"Pears obtained the only *gold medal* awarded solely for toilet soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction."

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Any getable Book is here, or will be got.

The newest Books are always on our new-book table. BOOK NEWS lifts their covers and tells if they're worth a closer acquaintance, and gives the Wanamaker price. 5 cents,—50 cents a year.

You can write for what you want and be served as well as if you came to the store.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Phila.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

At a meeting of the Commandery-in-Chief, held in Philadelphia, October 16, 1889, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander-in-Chief.—Bvt. Maj.-Gen. **R. B. Hayes**, of Ohio.

Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief.—Rear-Admiral **A. Ludlow Case**, of New York.

Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief—Gen. **Nelson A. Miles**, U.S.A., of California.

Recorder-in-Chief.—Bvt. Lt.-Col **John P. Nicholson**, of Pennsylvania.

Registrar-in-Chief.— Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Albert Ordway**, District of Columbia.

Treasurer-in-Chief.—Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **John J. Milhau**, of New York.

Chancellor-in-Chief.—Capt. **Peter D. Keyser**, of Pennsylvania.

Chaplain-in-Chief.—**H. Clay Trumbull**, of Pennsylvania.

Council-in-Chief.— Bvt. Brig.-Gen. **Orlando M. Poe**, U.S.A., Michigan; Maj. **John P. Rea**, Minnesota; Bvt. Maj.-Gen. **Eugene A. Carr**, U.S.A., Missouri; Maj.-Gen. **Lew Wallace**, Indiana; Col. **Thomas L. Livermore**, Massachusetts.

The following-named gentlemen have been elected Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion:

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Stated meeting held October, 16, 1889.

To the First Class.—Bvt. Capt. **Robert Ayres**, U.S.A.; Bvt. Capt. **John L. Benzon**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Edwin McC. Boring**, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. **Z. P. Boyer**, U.S.V.; Capt. **John C. Brown**, U.S.V.; Capt. **Ralph Buckley**, U.S.V.; Capt. **George S. Clarke**, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. **Robert P. Crawford**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. and A. Surg. **Gerald D. O'Farrel**, U.S.V.; 2d Lt. **John R. Hallowell**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. and Asst.-Surg. **Elmore C. Hine**, U.S.V.; Capt. **P. F. Hodge**, U.S.V.; Bvt. Lt.-Col. **Alfred H. Keith**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Charles H. Kirk**, U.S.V.; 2d Lt. **William B. Kroesen**, U.S.V.; Maj. and Surg. **Theodore B. Lashells**, U.S.V.; Capt. **William H. Longwell**, U.S.V;; Capt. **Owen B. MacKnight**, U.S.V.; Bvt. Lt.-Col. **Theodore H. McCalla**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Willis McKown**, U.S.V.; Maj. **Joseph Moore**, Jr., U.S.V.; Bvt. Lt.-Col. **John W. Newell**, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. **Edward Overton**, U.S.V.; 2d Lt. **William J. Patterson**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Edward H. Parry**, U.S.V.; Col. **James Sheafer**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **D. W. Searle**, U.S.V.; Surg. **John C. Spear**, U.S.N.; Bvt. Lt.-Col. **James P. Speer**, U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Charles C. Townsend**, U.S.V.; Capt. **W. Warren Wattles**, U.S.V.; Maj. and Surg. **John W. Wishart**, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. **William W. Wiltbank**, U.S.V.; Act. Mast. **William Wright**, U.S.N.

To the First Class in Succession.—**Arthur Haviland.**

To the First Class by Inheritance.—**James S. de Benneville, Olin F. Harvey, John T. Lewis, Jr.**

To the Second Class.—**Henry B. Goodwin, James Hancock.**

New York Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 2, 1889.

To the First Class.—1st Lt. **Louis G. Fisher**, U.S.V.; Com. **Francis M. Ramsay**, U.S.N.; 1st Lt. and Adj. **John M. Bailey**, U.S.V.; Bvt. Maj. **James V. Lawrence**, U.S.V.; Capt. **James Inglis**, Jr., U.S.V.; 1st Lt. **Samuel G. McKiernan**, U.S.V.

To the Second Class.—Dr. **Reynold W. Wilcox.**

California Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 2, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Lt.-Col. Joseph Hyde, U.S.V.; Lt.-Col. Augustus Griffin Bennett, U.S.V.; Maj. William Arthur, Paymaster U.S.A., Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Maj. Abijah Thurstin Hudson, Surg. U.S.V.; Capt. George Walter Kelley, U.S.V.; Act. Vol. Lt. Com. Charles Atherton French, U. S. N.

Wisconsin Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 2, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Edward Oertel, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Watson Dean Crocker, Capt. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.— Frederick Edward Magdeburg.

Ohio Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 2, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Don Albert Pardee, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Francois Marie Helveti, Lt-Col. U.S.V.; Charles Hay, Capt. U.S.A.; Frank White, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; John McIntyre Lemmon, Capt. U.S.V.; Daniel Morrison Harkness, 1st Lt. and Bvt. Capt. U.S.V.; William Clinton Caldwell, Ass't Surg. U.S.V.; Adolph Reutlinger, 2d Lt. U.S.V.; Samuel Slade, Capt. U.S.V.; Reuben Linnel Nye, Bvt. Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Isaac Benton Kinkead, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Louis Keller, Capt. U.S.V.; William Rice Milward, Bvt. Col. U.S.V.; Henry Dornbusch, Capt. U.S.V.; Joseph S. Fisher, Capt. U.S.V.; John Noble Beach, Surg. U.S.V.; David Hastings Moore, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; John Thomas Morgan, Capt. U.S.V.; George Nelson Stone, Capt. U.S.V.; Robert Bane Davidson, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Otho Hiram Binkley, Bvt. Col. U.S.V.; Edward Lowell Anderson, Capt. U.S.V.; David King, Lt.-Col. U.S.V.; Pliny Dudley Cottle, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

To THE FIRST CLASS, BY INHERITANCE.—Guy Stuart Comly, John L. Neilson, Surg. U.S.N.; Bickham Ward Lair, Theodore Freelinghuyson Davis.

To THE SECOND CLASS.— William Marshall Scofield, Charley Dawes Cavett, Mifflin Brodhead Brady, John Beatty, Jr., Harry Leroy Hawthorne, 2d Lt. 2d U.S.Art.; William Mather Turner.

To THE THIRD CLASS.—Aaron Perry.

Minnesota Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 2, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—1st Lt. Edward I. Grumley, U.S.A.; Capt. Charles L. Lumbardo, U.S.V.; Capt. William D. Hall, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; Henry Parker Goodenou (by inheritance).

Missouri Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 5, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Alfred Kinkaid Taylor, Capt. and A.A.G., U.S.V.; Rynd Edward Lawder, Maj. U.S.V.; Wm. Leander Burlingame, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Albert McKinney, Maj. and Paymaster, U.S.V.; John Subert Mott, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Lambdin Eskridge Irwin, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; Amos Henry Caffee, Maj. and Surg. U.S.V.

To THE SECOND CLASS.— Horton Pope.

Kansas Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 2, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Joseph Payson Wright, Lt.-Col. and Surg. U.S.A.; Aaron Ivins Comfort, Bvt. Capt. U.S.V.; William Gallaher, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

Iowa Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 8, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Frank Gray Clark, 1st Lt. U.S.V.; George Reed Skinner, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; George Washington Holmes, Capt. U.S.V.; William Leidy Alexander, Capt. U.S.V.; Harvey Nelson Brockway, Capt. U.S.V.; Lore Alford, Capt. U.S.V.; Edwin Palmer Walker, Bvt. Maj. U.S.V.; Joseph Henry Swan, Capt. U.S.V.; Martin T. V. Bowman, 1st Lt. U.S.V.

Colorado Commandery.

Stated meeting held October 1, 1889.

To THE FIRST CLASS.—Ceylon Henry Olney, Capt. U.S.V.

TRANSFERS.

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Capt. D. Pratt Mannix, U.S.M.C., to District of Columbia Commandery; Lt. David C. F. Curtis, to New York Commandery.

California Commandery.

Maj. Samuel Tobey Cushing, U.S.A., 1st Lt. Alexander Macomb Wetherill, U.S.A., and Chief Eng. David Jones, U.S.N., to Kansas Commandery; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Chauncey McKeever, Lt.-Col. U.S.A., and Lt.-Col. Ryal T. Frank, U.S.A., to District of Columbia Commandery.

Ohio Commandery.

Maj. Henry B. Freeman, U.S.A., to Minnesota Commandery.

Kansas Commandery.

Bvt. Col. Zemro A. Smith, U.S.V., to Missouri Commandery; Mr. William Miller Leeper, to New York Commandery.

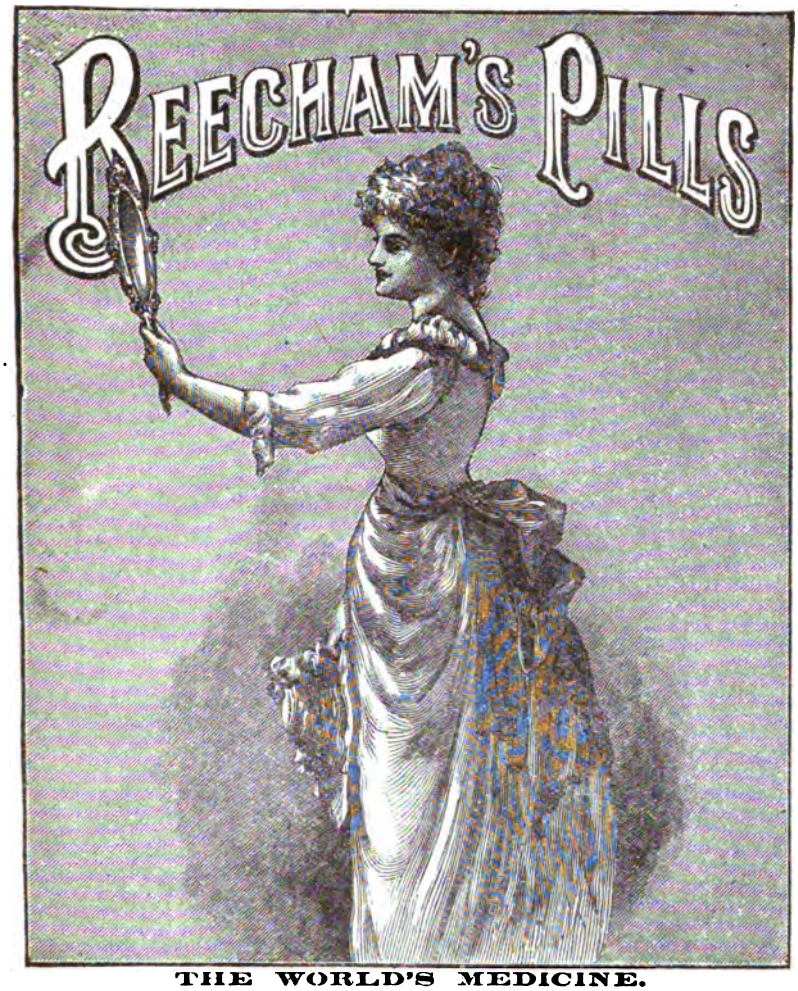
NECROLOGY.

Pennsylvania Commandery.

Rear-Ad. Thomas H. Patterson, U.S.N., April 9, 1889; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Edward L. Dana, U.S.V., April 25, 1889; Maj. George P. Rex, Surg. U.S.V., July 12, 1889; Capt. Charlemagne Tower, U.S.V., July 24, 1889.

California Commandery.

Capt. Lowell A. Chamberlin, U.S.A., August 9, 1889; 2d Lt. John C. Byram, U.S.V., August 21, 1889; 1st Lt. Joseph C. Shorb, late Asst.-Surg. U.S.A., October 1, 1889; Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Thomas B. Van Buren, U.S.V., October 13, 1889; 2d Lt. Henry S. Campbell, U.S.V., March 6, 1889.



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